

ON
SWAN
RIVER


GILBERT
FOUTNER

HODDER &
STOUGHTON



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Jim Bell



ON SWAN RIVER

WORKS BY THE SAME
AUTHOR

THE SEALED VALLEY
THE FUR-BRINGERS
THE HUNTRESS
JACK CHANTY

HODDER AND STOUGHTON, LTD.
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ON SWAN RIVER

BY
HULBERT FOOTNER



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CHAPTER I

THE TRAPPERS' SELECTED PLATE

On a January afternoon, as darkness was beginning to gather, the "gang" sat around the stove in the Company store at Fort Enterprise discussing that inextricable question, the probable arrival of the mail. The big left store, with its glass front, its electric lights, its sheets of expensive goods set forth on varnished shelves suggested a city emporium rather than the Company's mail north western post, nearly a thousand miles from civilization, but human energy soon, when evening comes in the North as elsewhere, and John Gattiller the trader was above all an energetic man. Throughout the entire North they point with pride to Gattiller's flour mill, his big steam-boat, his great wooden ship-boarded house, two storeys and over, and a fence of palings around it! Why, at Fort Enterprise they even have a sidewalk, the only one north of fifty-five!

"I don't see why Harry Ben can't come down," said Doc Goldings. That was the ground of the post -- "the ice on the river has been in for travelling for a month now."

"Ben can't start from the Crossing until the mail comes through from the Landing," said Gattiller. "It can't start from the Landing until the ice is a foot on the Big River, the Little River and across Carpibay Lake." Gattiller was a hundred weight of middle life, who took enormous good care of himself, and ruled his property with an amiable robustness. They called him the "Lair," and it did not displease him.

"Everybody knows Caribou Lake freezes over first," grumbled the doctor.

"But the rivers down there are swift, and it's not hundred miles south of here. Give them time."

"The trouble is, they wait until the horse-road is made over the ice before starting the mail in. If the Government had the enterprise of a ground-hog they'd send in dogs about."

"Nobody uses dogs down there any more."

"Well, I say 'taint right to ask human beings to wait three months for their mail. Who knows what may have happened since the freeze-up last October?"

"What's happened has happened," said Father Command maddly, "and knowing about it can't change it."

The doctor ignored the proffered consolation.

"What we need is a new mail-man," he went on bitterly. "I know Harry Ben! I'll bet he's had the mail at the Crossing for a week, and puts off starting every day for fear of snow."

"Well, 'taint a job as I'd covy any man," put in Captain Stinson of the steamboat *Spud River*, now hauled out on the shore. "Breaking a road for three hundred and fifty miles, and not a stopping-house the whole way till he gets to the Beaver Indians at Caribou Point."

The doctor addressed himself to the policeman, who was mending a snowshoe in the background. "Stobie, you've got the best dogs in the post, why don't you go up after him?"

The young sergeant raised his head with a grim. He was a good looking, long limbed youth with a notable blue eye, and a glint of mischievous roguishness. "No, thanks," he drawled. The others gathered round him to see that a joke was coming, and pinched up their ears accordingly. "No, thanks. You forget that George Lambert up at the Crossing is my arter. When I drove up, he'd say 'What the hell are you doing up here?' And when I told him, he'd come back with his well-known embellishments of language: 'Has

the R.N.W.M.P. nothing better to do than tote Doc Gaddings' love-letters?"

A great laugh greeted this silly—they are so grateful for the smallest of jokes on winter afternoons up North.

Doc Gaddings rebounded, but the discussion went on without him.

"Well, he'll have easy going in from Carraxon, the Indians coming in and out have beaten a good trail."

"Uh, when he gets to Carraxon he's here."

"If it don't snow. That bit over the prairie drifts badly."

"The barometer's falling."

And so on. And so on. They made the small change of conversation go far.

In the middle of it they were electrified by a shout from the land trail and the sound of bells.

"Here he is!" they cried, jumping up to a man, and making for the door.

Ben Auction, conscious of his importance, made a dramatic entrance with the mail bags over his shoulder, and cast them magnificently on the counter. Even up north, where every man cultivates his own peculiarities unhesitatingly, Ben was considered a "character." He was a short, thick man of enormous physical strength, and he sported a beard like a quick-set hedge, hence his nick name. He was clad in an entire suit of fur like an Eskimo, with a gaudy red variegated sash about his ample middle.

"Hello, Ben! Gee! but you're slow!"

"Hello, fellows! Keep your hair on! If you want to send out for catalogues in the middle of winter you're lucky if I get here at all. Next month, if the second class bag's as heavy as this, I'll drop it through an air hole. I swear I will! So now you're warned! I got better pay to do than tote catalogues. When I die and go to hell, I only hope I meet the man who invented mail order catalogues there, that's all."

"You're getting feeble, Ben!"

"I got strength enough left to put your hand in chancery!"

"What's the news of the world now?"

"George Lambert's got a bear skin. Alfy Bull has a cow and a whale bone through the ear up there. Makeway of the French outfit at the Settlement's gone out to get him a set of sharp teeth. Big Jim's going to get him one to shade the ledger. Oh, and I almost forgot down at Okanagan the Indians are out and the Tories in."

"Bully!"

"God help Canada!"

While Gouverneur gathered the bags, Ben went out to the up-hill bags and freed them. The trader handed out letters to the eager extended hands that tingled a little. Ringingring was jingled on the instrument. Gouverneur himself had a simplest native tuning. "Rumble" the up-side of his nose. Captain Stevens had a wife and children the engineers an older woman. The dark-skinned Indian stranger Gouverneur called, carried on his father's suffering, did not the property of which was unknown to the others, and Father responded that happy in the receipt of many letters from his children. It was young Stevens who expected who had no one in the world to write to him but a married sister who had been long butiful characteristics of small boy. But it was from home.

The small-sack bag with the papers was presently in reaching. To judge from the side had one newspaper between them and passed it ranged but in this case there would be numbers had unassociated. As the contents of the bag expanded out on the counter, Stevens picked up an ordinary looking magazine.

"Hello, what's this?" he cried, reaching the bag in surprise. "Doctor Ernest Lester. Who the devil is he?"

"Must have come here by mistake" said Gouverneur.

"Not a bit of it." Here's the whole story. Doctor Ernest Lester. Fort Enterprise, Spud River Athabasca.

It passed around from hand to hand. A new name to something to catch the attention at Fort Enterprise.

"Why, here's another!" cried Gaviller in excitement. "And another! Blast if half the bag isn't for him! And all addressed just so!"

They looked at each other a little blankly. All this evidence had the effect of creating an apparition there in their midst. There was an appreciable silence.

"Must be somebody who started in last year and never got through," said Mathews. He spoke with an air of relief at discovering so reasonable an explanation.

"But we hear about everybody who comes north of the Landing," objected Gaviller. "I would have been advised if he had a credit here."

"Another doctor!" said Doc Giddings bitterly. "If he expects to share my practice he's welcome!"

At another time they would have laughed at this, but the mystery teased them. They resented the fact that some rank outsider claimed Fort Enterprise for his post-office, without first having made himself known.

"If he went back outside, he'd stop all the stuff coming in, you'd think."

"Maybe somebody's just putting up a joke on us."

"Funny kind of joke! Subscriptions to these magazines cost money."

Stonest read off the titles of the magazines. "The Medical Record, The American Medical Journal; The Physician's and Surgeon's Bulletin."

"Quite a sensible guy," said Doctor Giddings, with curling lip.

"Strange, he gets so many papers and not a single letter!" remarked Father Goussard. "A friendless man!"

Gaviller picked up a round tin, one of several packed and addressed alike. He read the business card of a well known tobacconist. "Smoking tobacco!" he said indignantly. "If the Company's Dominion Mixtures isn't good enough for any man, I'd like to know it! He has a check, if you ask me, bringing in tobacco under my very nose!"

" Tobacco ! " cried Stoney. " It's all very well about papers, but no man would waste good tobacco ! It must be somebody who started in before Ben ! "

Their own mad matter, that they had looked forward to so impatiently, was forgotten now.

When Ben Caution came back they bombarded him with questions. But this boy had come through locked all the way from Kukus Landing, and Ben, even Ben, the great purveyor of gossip in the North, had heard nothing of any Doctor Labine on his way in. Ben was more excited and more indignant than any of them. Somebody had got ahead of him in spreading a sensation !

" It's a hue-a-see, " said Ben. " It's them fellers down at the Landing trying to get a rise out of me. Or if it ain't that, it's some guy comin' in next spring, and sending in his outfit piecemeal aboard of him. And the powers ! to protect myself ! Ain't that an outrage ! But when I meet him on the trail I'll put it to him ! "

" There are newspapers here too, " Stoney pointed out. " No man coming in next spring would send himself last year's papers."

" Where is he, then ? " they asked.

The question was unanswerable.

" Well, I'd like to see any half-banded doctor guy from the outside face the river trail in the winter, " said Ben bitterly. " If he'll do that, I'll carry his outfit for him. But he'll need more than his diploma to fit him for it."

At any rate they had a brand-new subject for contention at the post.

About a week later, when Harry Ben had started back up the river, the routine at the post was broken by the arrival of a small party of Kukus Indians from the Kukus or Swan River, a large unexplored stream off to the north west. The Kukus, an unclad and shy race, rarely appeared at Enterprise, and in order to get their trade Gaviller had formerly sent out a half-breed clerk to the Swan River every winter. But this man had lately died, and now the

truly threatened to happen for the lack of an interpreter. Some of the Indians could speak English and there was no interpreter available who could speak their language fluently except Gordon Strange. The Indian however, refused not to speak from the past.

Wheeler had often mentioned them as the boys that the might prove to be the guardian of the Sioux land. There were a wild and rugged but quiet the beginning of a scattered tribe called Blackfeet. They were known to be a wild camping under cover of a prairie wolf across the prairie. No one knew how long they had been there and Gordon Strange had a force persuading them to come the rest of the way. It was about when they entered the snow and together by pre arrangement with Matthews stopped his horses at the native lights west on. The effort surprised his expectations. The Indians with a grasp of native land and could not be tempted to return until daylight.

They brought a good litter benefit of the trapping they never had above the forest were at Enterprise that winter. They had their feet on the moccasins and settled about the snow covered and a covered with a sledging on a sledging house. With nothing to sustain them they took to the snow out of the center of their fires. The traps the traps the pictures of the animals goods the skins cases of pemmican and such. I only then the offered and agreed the Indians they accepted the traps the pictures of the different varieties in their own language. Consider much by his first mistake suffered to take by the hands of them.

The Indians had been in the state above in four when Matthews without knowing purchased a note from the chief chief of his camp a note and handling of property between them and themselves simply offered it to Matthews. The trader a very silent glared out of his head.

A writer however thought stupidly. "Where the hell did you get that?" (here) "Look here" A note from them (here) "What in the world at from there and with a white man's hand?"

Stonor, Doc Giddings, Strange, and Mathews, who were in the store, hastened to him.

"Who's it addressed to?" asked the policeman.

"Just to the Company. Whoever wrote it didn't have the politeness to put my name down."

"Maybe he doesn't know you."

"How could that be?" asked Gaviller, with raised eyebrows.

"Open it! Open it!" said Doc Giddings irritably.

Gaviller did so, and his face expressed a still greater degree of astonishment. "Ha! Here's our man!" he cried.

"Imbue!" they exclaimed in unison.

"Listen!" He read from the note.

"GENTLEMEN: I am sending you two silver fox skins, for which please give me credit. I enclose an order for supplies, to be sent by bearer. Also be good enough to hand the bearer any mail matter which may be waiting for me.

"Yours truly,

"ERNEST INKSTER."

The silence of stupefaction descended on them. The only gateway to the Swan River lay through Enterprise. How could a man have got there without their knowing it? Stupefaction was succeeded by resentment.

"Will I be good enough to hand over his mail?" sneered Gaviller. "What kind of elegant language is this from Swan River?"

"Sounds like a regular Percy," said Strange, who always echoed his chief.

"Funny place for a Percy to set up," said Stonor drily.

"He orders flour, sugar, beans, rice, coffee, tea, baking-powder, salt, and dried fruit," said Gaviller, as if that were a fresh cause of offence.

"He has an appetite, then," said Stonor, "he's no ghost."

Suddenly they fell upon Mahsonza with a bombard-

ment of questions, forgetting that the Indian could speak no English. He shrank back affrighted.

"Wait a minute," said Strange. "Let me talk to him."

He conferred for a while with Michtomoo in the strange clicking tongue of the Indians. Cavalier soon became impatient.

"Tell us as he goes along," he said. "Never mind waiting for the end of the story."

"They can't tell you anything directly," said Strange, despondently. "There's nothing to do but let them tell a story in their own way. He's telling me now that Pitsook is a man with much hair who burns down the Swan River near the beginning of the swift water, comes up to the village at the end of the horse-trail all alone there and dragging a little sled. Pitsook had the letter for Cavalier but he was tired out, so he handed it to Michtomoo, who had dogs, to bring it the rest of the way, and gave Michtomoo a moose-skin for his trouble."

"Never mind all that," said Cavalier impatiently. "What about the white man?"

Strange conferred again with Michtomoo, while Cavalier beat his traps.

"Michtomoo says," he reported, "that Indians say a great White Medicine Man who has done honor to the Indian people by coming among them to lead the work and do good. Michtomoo says he has not seen him ever before / because when he came among the Indians last fall Michtomoo was off hunting on the upper Swan but all the people talk about him and what strong medicine he makes."

"Conjuror traps!" muttered Doc Gedding.

"Where does he live?" demanded Cavalier.

Strange asked the question and reported the answer. "He has built himself a shack beside the Great Falls of the Virgin River. Michtomoo says that the people know his medicine is strong because he is not afraid to live with the roar of the Great Falls."

Strange asked the next question. "What sort of man is he?"

Strange, after putting the question, said " Mahtsous says he's very good-looking, or, as he puts it, a pretty man. He says he looks young, but he may be as old as the world, because with such strong medicine he could make human look like anything he wanted. He says that the White Medicine Man talks much with dried words in covers. I suppose he means books."

" And here what proof he has given them that his medicine is strong?" suggested Stinson.

Strange translated Mahtsous's answer as follows: " Last year when the bush berries were ripe (that's August) all the Indians down the river got sick. Water came out of their eyes and nose, their skin got as red as cayenne and burned like fire."

" Hrmmm," said Lavelle. " The Beavers had it too. They take it hard."

Strange continued. " Mahtsous says many of them died. They just lay down and gave up hope. Etsoosah was the only Indian who had seen the White Medicine Man up to that time and he went to him and asked him to make medicine to cure the sick. So the White Medicine Man came back with Etsoosah to the village down the river. He had good words and a soft hand to the sick. He made medicine, and, behold! the sick arose and were well!"

" Faith cure!" muttered Doc Lockings.

" How long has Imboe been down there by the Falls?" asked Lavelle.

" Mahtsous says he came last summer when the ground berries were ripe. That would be about July."

" Did he come down the river from the mountains?"

" Mahtsous says no. Nobody on the river saw him go down."

" Where did he come from, then?"

" Mahtsous says he doesn't know. Nobody knows. Some say he came from under the falls where the white berries lie. Some say it is the voice of the falls that comes among men in the shape of a man."

"Rubbish! A ghost doesn't subscribe to medical journals!" said Doc Goldings.

"He orders flour, sugar, beans," said Cavalier.

Where this was expected to Michtoqua the Indian shrugged. Strange said "Michtoqua says if he takes a man a shape he's got to feed it."

"Phahaw!" said Cavalier impatiently. "He must have come up the river. It is known that the Swan River empties into Great Buffalo Lake. The lake can't be more than a hundred miles below the falls. No white man has ever been through that way, but somebody's got to be the first."

"But we know every white man who ever went down to Great Buffalo Lake," said Doc Goldings.

"Certainly there never was a doctor there except the police doctor who makes the round with the treaty outfit every summer."

"Well, it's got me beat!" said Cavalier, scratching his head.

"Maybe it's someone wanted by the police outside," suggested Doctor Strange, "who managed to sneak into the country without attracting notice."

"He's picked out a bad place to hide," said Stoner grimly. "He'd be well advertised up here."

Stoner had a room in the "quarters," a long low barnk of logs on the side of the quadrangle forming the river. It had been the trader's residence before the days of the big clap-boarded mills. Stoner tuning of the conversation around the stove, frequently spent the evenings in front of his own fire and here he sometimes had a visitor, to wit, Tole Grampierre, youngest son of Simon, the French half breed farmer up the river. Tole came of good, self respecting nature stock, and was in his own person a nearly sensible youngster a few years younger than the trooper. Tole was the nearest thing to a young friend that Stoner possessed in the post. They were both young enough to have some illusions left. They talked of things they would have blushed to expose to the cynicism of the older men.

Stonor sat in his barrel chair that he had made himself, and Tole sat on the floor curving his knees. Both were smoking Dommition Mixture.

Said Tole: "Stonor, what you make of the Swan River mystery?"

"Oh, anything can be a mystery until you learn the answer. I don't see why a man shouldn't settle out in Swan River if he has a mind to."

"Why do all the white men talk against him?"

"Don't ask me. I doubt if they could tell you themselves. When men talk in a crowd they get started on a certain line and go on from bad to worse without thinking what they mean by it."

"Our people just the same that way, I guess," said Tole.

"I'm no better," said Stonor. "I don't know how it is, but fellows in a crowd seem to be obliged to talk more foolishly than they think in private."

"You don't talk against him, Stonor?"

The policeman laughed. "No, I stick up for him. It gets the others going. As a matter of fact, I'd like to know this Indian. For one thing, he's young like ourselves, Tole. And he must be a decent sort, to cure the Indians, and all that. They're a fitful lot, what we've seen of them."

"Gaviller says he's going to send an outfit next spring to rout him out of his hole. Gaviller says he's a cash trader."

Stonor chuckled. "Gaviller hates a cash trader worse than a devil with horns. It's nonsense anyway. What would the Indians do with cash? This talk of sending in an expedition will all blow over before spring."

"Stonor, what for do you think he lives like that, by himself?"

"I don't know. Some girls behind it, I suppose. Very likely a woman at the bottom of it. He's young. Young men do foolish things. Perhaps he'd be thankful for a friend now."

"White men get funny ideas about women, I think."

" I suppose it seems so. But where did you get that idea ? "

" Not from the talk at the store. I have read books. Love-stones. Pringle the missionary lend me a book call *Family Herald* with many love-stones in it. From that I see that white men always go crazy about women."

Stonor laughed aloud.

" Stonor, were you ever real crazy about a woman ? "

The trooper shook his head--almost regrettfully, one might have said. " The right one never came my way, Tole."

" You don't like the girls around here."

" Yes I do. Nice girls. Pretty, too. But well, you see, they're not the same colour as me."

" Just the same, they are crazy about you."

" Nonsense ! "

" Yes, they are. Call you ' Gold-piece.' Us fellows got no chance if you want them."

" Tell me about the stories you read, Tole "

Tole refused to be diverted from his subject. " Stonor, I think you would like to be real crazy about a woman."

" Maybe," said the other dreamily. " Perhaps life would seem less empty then."

" Would you go bury yourself among the Indians for a woman ? "

" I hardly think so," said Stonor, smiling. " Though you never can tell what you might do. But if I got turned down, I suppose I'd want to be as busy as possible to help forget it."

" Well, I think that I'm crazy for sure."

" It takes all kinds to make a world. If I can get permission I'm going out to see him next summer."

CHAPTER II

THE OUTLAW

When the spring days came around, Stosor, whose business it was to keep watch on such things, began to perceive an undistructiveness of waywardness among the Indians and braves of the post. Teachers knew how an epidemical of naughtiness will sweep a class, that test touch the same thing. There was no actual outbreak. It was clearly observed in defiant looks and an impudent swagger. It was difficult to trace back, for the red people hang together usually, a man with even a trace of red blood will rarely admit a white man into the secrets of the race. I asked questioning they maintained a blank front that it is difficult, impossible to break down. Stosor had long ago learned the folly of trying to get at what he wanted by direct questioning.

He finally, as he thought, succeeded in locating the source of the infection at Carrizos Post. Parties from the post rode up there with suspicious frequency, and came back with a notoriously lowered moral tone, licking their lips, so to speak. All the signs pointed to whisky.

At dawn of a morning in May, Stosor, without having advertised his intentions, set off for Carrizos on horseback. The land trail cut across a wide sweep of the river, and on horseback one could make it in a day, whereas it was a three days paddle up stream. Unfortunately he couldn't take them by surprise, for Carrizos was on the other side of the river from Enterprise, and Stosor knew what was the shore until they came over after him.

As soon as he left the buildings of the post behind

him. Stenner's heart was greatly lifted up. It was his first long ride of the season. The trail led him through the popular track back to the ranch. There in a hollow across the prairie. The sun was at its猛烈 height. The prairie was not like bald headed "go down" to those who know it, but was decorated with popular little clumps of willows and wild rose bushes on the hillsides. The crows were in flocks, the popular trees hanging out bunches of enormous pods, and the air showed that equine health improvements had made the northern air known where the sun trod his rounds. The south. Their swinging heads were looking to complete the end of spring. Stenner sat down in a braced seat, lifted up his mare to support the morning pillow.

Toward sunset he approached the shore of the map opposite Camargo Point, but as he didn't wish to get into fight he stopped in his shelter of the ground. In the distance he again heard a bawl. This time after him a dog and he was but half afraid.

A portion of the shore of the place provided nothing but of the way. The prairie who raised themselves like furrows were as ready the destruction of half the horses as the coyotes and it is doubtful if these dogs are undiscerned of just and true among them. Fortunately there was a red hot fire. Nature's recognition turned on the offspring of hawks. Gapped giddy-eyed old hawks were exhibited in the same family. The hawk would have a French plowing horse, another a hawk and a hawk and a bird the dark eye and flattened nose of a negro. Their village was no less contempt than its inhabitants, amidst a struggling tree of shrubs thrown together anyhow, and covered with soil, were putting forth a thin growth of weeds. These houses were intended for a winter residence. In summer they pitched around. At present there were putting their dog out and coming in under the magnolias.

Stenner was received on the porch by Mme. Josephine Cardinal, a fine, up-standing woman of better physique than her wife and grandsons. In a continuity of

hairless now he was further distinguished by a straggling grey beard. The mts were beginning to fail, but not yet has curning. He was extremely anxious to learn the results for the policeman's coming. For Stoner to tell him would have been to defeat his object, to be would have been to lower himself in these eyes, so Stoner took refuge in an uncertainty as polite as the old man's own.

Stoner made a house to house canvass of the village, inquiring as to the health and well-being of each household, as to the condition of his son's and keeping his eyes open on his own account. He satisfied himself that if there had been whisky there it was drunk up by now. Some of the men showed the sudden depression set that follows on a prolonged spree but all were sober at present.

He was in one of the last houses of the village when, out of the tail of his eye he saw a man quickly issue from the house next in order and, covered by the crowd around the door made his way back to a house already visited. Stoner without saying anything, went back to that house and found himself face to face with a young white man, a stranger, who greeted him with an insolent grin.

"Who are you?" demanded the policeman.

"Hooliam."

"You have a white man's name. What is it?"

"Smith." This with insatiable impudence, and a look around that told for the applause of the natives.

Stoner's lip curled at the spectacle of a white man's thus lowering himself. "Come outside," he said sternly. "I want to talk to you."

He led the way to a place apart on the river bank, and the other, not daring to defy him openly followed with a swagger. With a stern glance Stoner kept the tattooed man crowded at bay. Stoner could survey the man in the sunlight and saw that he was not white, as he had supposed, but a quarter or eighth breed. He was an unusually good looking young fellow at the best-day of his youth, say twenty one. With his olive skin, straight features and curly dark hair

he looked not so much like a breed as a man of one of the darker peoples of the Caucasian race, an Italian or a Greek. There was a falcon-like quality in the pose of his head, in his gaze, but the effect was marred by the consciousness of evil, the irreconcilable look in the fine eyes.

"Bad clear through!" was Stonor's instinctive verdict.

"Where did you come from?" he demanded.

"I'p river," was the casual reply. The man's English was as good as Stonor's own.

"Answer me fully."

"From Sah-ko-da-tah prairie, if you know where that is. I came into that country by way of Grande Prairie. I came from Winnipeg."

Stonor didn't believe a word of this, but had no means of confusing the man on the spot. "How long have you been here?" he asked.

"A week or so. I didn't keep track."

"What is your business here?"

"I'm looking for a job."

"Among the Beavers? Why didn't you come to the trading-post?"

"I was coming, but they tell me John Gaviller's a hard man to work for. Thought I better keep clear of him."

"Gaviller's the only employer of labour hereabouts. If you don't like him you'll have to look elsewhere."

"I can take up land, can't I?"

"Not here. This is treaty land. Plenty of good surveyed homesteads around the post."

"Thanks. I prefer to pick my own location."

"I'll give you your choice. You can either come down to the post where I can keep an eye on your doings, or go back up the river where you came from."

"Do you call this a free country?"

"Never mind that. You're getting off easy. If you'd rather, I'll put you under arrest and carry you down to the post for trial."

"On what charge?"

"Furnishing whisky to the Indians."

"It's a lie!" cried the man, hoping to provoke Stonor into revealing the extent of his information.

But the policeman shrugged, and remained mute.

The other suddenly changed his front. "All right, I'll go if I have to," he said, with a conciliatory air. "To-morrow."

"You'll leave within an hour," said Stonor, consulting his watch. "I'll see you off. Better get your things together."

The man still lingered, and Stonor saw an unspoken question in his eye, a desire to ingratiate himself. Now Stonor, under his stern port as an officer of the law, was intensely curious about the fellow. With his good looks, his unpuissant assurance, his command of English, he was a notable figure in that remote district. The policeman permitted himself to unbend a little.

"What are you travelling in?" he asked.

"Dug-out." Encouraged by the policeman's altered manner, the self-styled Moolam went on, with an air of taking Stonor into his confidence. "These niggers here are a funny lot, aren't they? Still believe in magic."

"In what way?"

"Why, they're always talking about a White Medicine-Man who lives beside a river off to the north-west. Ernest Imbrie they call him. Do you know him?"

"No."

"He's been to the post, hasn't he?"

"No."

"Well, how did he get into the country?"

"I don't know."

"These people say he works magic."

"Well, if anyone wants to believe that—!"

"What do they say about him down at the post?"

"Plenty of foolishness."

"But what?"

"You don't expect me to repeat foolish gossip, do you?"

"No, but what do you think about him?"

"I don't think."

"They say that Gaviller's lodged a complaint against

him, and you're going out there to arrest him at such as it's fit to travel."

" That's a lie. There's no complaint against the Indian."

" But you are going out there, aren't you ? "

" I can't discuss my movements with you."

" That means you are going. Is it true he went in a whale boat of silver bows to the post ? "

" Now what's your interest in the man anyway ? " said Munro, losing patience.

" Nothing at all," said the Indian evasively. " These Indians are always talking about him. It annoys me greatly, that's all."

" Suppose you satisfy my curiosity about yourself," suggested Munro impudently.

The old light of impudent mockery returned to the dimly dark face. " Me ? Oh, I'm only a no account Indian," he said. " I'll have to be getting ready now."

And so Munro's curiosity remained unsatisfied. To have questioned the man further would only have been to lower his dignity. True he might have arrested him, and forced him to give an account of himself but the processes of justice are difficult and expensive up the north, and the policemen are instructed not to make arrests except where unavoidable. At the moment it did not occur to Munro but that the man's questions about Indians were instigated by an idle curiosity.

When the hour was up, the entire population of Carrapoo Point gathered on the shore to witness Hockham's departure. Munro was there too, of course, standing greatly apart from the rabble. Of what they thought of the summary deportation he could not be sure, but he suspected that of the whisky tree all gone they would not care much one way or the other. Hockham was throwing his belongings in a dug-out of a different style from that used by the Indians. It was ornamented with a curved prow and stern, such as Munro had not before seen.

" Where did you get that boat ? " he asked.

" I didn't steal it," answered Hockham impudently.

" Threw my hat at it and now grab at Fort Craggins."

Craggins was a Company post on the Spurri a hundred miles or so above the Craggins. Moxon said that Craggins was well provided with hundred's of men, muzzles etc and that it was not a mere garrison.

When Moxon was ready to attack he addressed the commandant of Craggins, telling him to attack immediately. However when Moxon spoke but had different orders from his commander he would not.

" I do think the best way is to wait with it. I don't like these battles. Take your and march away. You and them have done a hard month up like a bunch of dogs when the strong is peaked."

The bugle had disappeared into the darkness of the afternoon. The bugler called out that he could hear them coming. Moxon had no choice and calling them home he, and kept on marching forward. The passed off the dog out and Craggins with a dozen men of the band, headed up over. All remained on the alert and Moxon seeing that there expected something from Craggins remained silent.

He had gone about a third of a mile when Moxon saw him bring the bugle and stopped and pointed her on the ground. He made to fire but got out but a bullet appeared from out of the darkness and got in. The shot was far away but Moxon could distinguish anything of his features but figure looked outwards.

" Who is that?" he asked sharply.

Several voices answered. Moxon a Company, Craggins got old woman but less women with words full laughter. Now that Moxon was gone they were prepared to attack him and all the posts.

Moxon was right but not about the who would be left. This was his first assumption that Moxon had a companion. He considered taking him as another dog out, but finally decided against it. The fact that he had taken the woman along in place right marked him out of his side. A long experience of the red men had taught Moxon that they were to shroud their motives in mystery from the whites, and that in that

most mysterious acts there is not necessarily any significance.

Hooham, with a wave of his paddle, resumed his journey, and presently disappeared around a bend. Stonor turned on his heel and left the beach, followed by the people. They awaited his next move somewhat apprehensively, displaying an anxiety to please which suggested bad consciences. Stonor, however, contented himself with offering some private admonitions to Shoe Cardinal, who seemed to take them in good part. He then prepared to return to the post. The people speeded his departure with relieved faces.

That night Stonor camped on the prairie half-way home. As he lay seeking sleep under the stars, his horse cropping companionably near by, a new thought caused him to sit up suddenly in his blankets.

"He mentioned the name Ernest Imbrie. The Indians never call him anything but the White Medicine Man. And even if they had picked up the name Imbrie at the post, they never speak of a man by his Christian name. If they had heard the name Ernest I doubt if they could pronounce it. Sounds as if he knew the name beforehand. Queer if there should be any connection there. I wish I hadn't let him go so easily.—Oh, well, it's too late to worry about it now. The steamboat will get to the Crossing before he does. I'll drop a line to Lambert to keep an eye on him."

CHAPTER III

THE UNEXPECTED VISITOR

At Fort Enterprise a busy time followed. The big steamboat, "Big" of course only for lack of anything bigger than a launch to compare with had to be put in the water and outfitted and the men a mile off the river started loading and putting out. The "Victoria Day" was ready. They took the day off to celebrate with guitars and ordinary effects for the benefit of the Indians natives followed by a big barbecue and dance at night in large parties up the river.

Next morning the steamboat departed up stream, taking Captain Stevens, Mathews and most of the native employees of the post in her crew. The buildings and houses watched her go, each with a little piece of the heart she was bound towards the great busy world world of infinite delight of white women, lights, music, laughter and dancing dancing, in short, to those the work of creation. There ensued the very hub of fur glazed that were found in the world's great market places. At the start hand Indian interpreter watched the steamboat go with high satisfaction. To him she represented Profit. He was born Indian because he was of honor. Not from the world received created Fort Enterprise. As for Indians strange the remaining members of the quartette who watched her go, he did not really know what he thought.

The days that followed were the dullest in the whole year. The natives had departed for their summer camps, and there was no one left around the post but the few hired servants. To Mathew who was twenty seven years old, these days were filled with a strange

unrest; for the coming of summer with its universal blossoming was answered by a surge in his own youthful blood and he had no safety valve. A healthy instinct urged him to a strenuous activity. He made a garden behind his quarters, he built a canoe (one of your clumsy dug-outs, but a well turned Peterboro' model) thatched with bass wood. He hewed the logs of the year. Each day he tired himself out and knew no satisfaction in his work and each morning he faced the shadowy world with a look of grim. Just now he had not even Tole Grampierre to talk to, for Tole, following the universal law, was setting up with Bertha Thomas.

The steamboat a steamer took her first to Spirit River Crossing, the point of departure for "outside" where she discharged her fur and took on supplies for the goods further up stream. Proceeding up to Caribou and L'Anse L'Anse she got there fur and brought it back to the Crossing. Then putting on supplies for Fort Enterprise she hauled down home with the surplus. It took her twelve days to transit the stream and six to return. L'Anse was unusually proud of the fact that she was the only thing in the North that had on a few ornaments in her hair. He even sent out a time-table to the city for the benefit of incoming tourists. She was due back at Enterprise on June 19th.

When the morning of that day broke a delightful excitement filled the breasts of those left at the post. As in most Company establishments, on the most prominent point of the river bank stood a tall flagstaff, with a little brass cannon at its foot. The flag was run up and the canon loaded and every five minutes during the day some one would be running out to gaze up the river. Only L'Anse affected to be calm.

"Now be waiting your time," he would say, "Steamer tied up at The Island and night. If he comes right down he'll be here at three forty five, and if he has to land at Caribou for wood it will be near supper-time."

The coming of the steamboat always held the poten-

qualities of a dramatic surprise, for they had no telegraph to warn them of whom or what she was bringing. This year they expected quite a crowd. In addition to their regular visitors, Duncan Seton the Company inspector and Bishop Trudeau on his rounds, the Government was sending in a party of surveyors to lay off homesteads across the river, and Mr. Pringle the Episcopal missionary was returning to resume his duties. An added spark of anticipation was lent by the fact that the latter was expected to bring his sister to keep house for him. There had been no white woman at Fort Enterprise since the death of Mrs. Gaviller many years before. But, as Miss Pringle was known to be forty years old, the excitement on her account was not undue. Her mark would be Gaviller, the younger men said, affecting not to notice the trader's annoyance.

Gaviller had put a big boat's whistle on his darling *Spirit River*, and the mellow boom of it brought them on a run out of the store before she hove in sight around the islands in front of Grampierre's. Gaviller had his binoculars. He could no longer keep up his pretence of calmness.

"Three twenty-eight!" he cried excitedly. " Didn't I tell you! Who says we can't keep time up here! She'll run her plank ashore at three forty-five to the dot!"

"There she is!" they cried, as she poked her nose around the islands.

"Good old tub!"

"By God! she's a pretty sight—white as a swan!"

"And floats like one!"

"Some class to that craft, sir!"

Meanwhile Gaviller was nervously focussing his binoculars. "By Golly! there's a big crowd on deck!" he cried. "Must be ten or twelve besides the crew!"

"Can you see the pittance?" asked Doc Giddings. "Gee! I hope she can cook!"

"Wait a minute! Yes—there she is!—Hello! By God, boys, there's two of them!"

"Two!"

" Come from investigating us."

" The others must be a friend."

" But you who put a whole woman's head on, a stupid
hat. And you I see are whole there."

" Justice, but he has a right to see such."

But the leader held him off sharply. " I believe
she is young. She is a little woman. Look at the other
I believe she is good-looking. All the men are
looking around her."

Woman's head set up an unexpressive hooting.

" Ah, it is the wife of one of the men here. He used,
with the custom of guarding against a dangerous woman."

" No, no. If her husband was indeed the other
then wouldn't he something around like that."

" No, no. Woman under forty would dare nothing
up here. She is the mother."

" Right is a permanent sort of experience for her."

The old woman had at last gained possession of the
woman. She is good-looking. He cried. " Glory
to you, a person. I hope you have son."

The head was now close enough for the husband
to be impressed with. In the eyes the whole party
was lowered as a few hours earlier Prague figure had
in the well-considered sense of a wife, perchance a friend.
Of her husband he was aware at first now of a hooting,
whether strong that provided at his investigations with a
strange appearance. None of that distance, sharpish
and penetrating that belonged here, but very good to know it. He paid it notice, self-satisfied with Prague wife
and party wife had seemed have caused the other to be
about with thoughts though he had been going back.
The man who had in a world full of charming women
never however had been quite content to a man. Let him
be injured and be it hard and in that moment the
strange young woman to which had made Master a
friend to himself of quite forget who (man) and he knew
what was the mother. He realized his desire.

As the strident except for before there suddenly
quintessentially stopped the dog and two dogs barked off
the old master master which raised a significant note
for the dogs. The whale replied. The Spied Blue

England gradually moved to the shore and running back against the current pushed her out with the rest of the fleet. The two ships to meet her likewise ran past each other and made fast and the plank ran out.

He was a man with a clear and commanding presence, being to his wife and all the world a good example of the power the gospel can exert over the human heart. He was much beloved wherever his acquaintance was among the people. He presented himself to the world with a nobility that surprised the most thoughtful. He showed those qualities of manhood that could be tested without fear of being deceived. A few weeks before his death he was invited to the French Embassy to address the members of the National Assembly, and he had the effect of bringing a general and unanimous verdict in his favor.

John Corrill's *Wise Friends* and the beginning
gathers up in the dog-barked villa until the bands

shark attached to the English mission could be made fit to receive them. Merton went for a long walk to and from London Island. He was thoroughly disgusted with himself. In his talk with and to me a stronger word he had not pronounced because indeed now that he had passed his first opportunity he might be overwhelmed all together. The other men would not be likely to let him out at all. A shark shall attack to his breast at the thought. He resolved to march right up to the front of his men on his return. But he made a point of consulting resolutions on the course of his walk. Meanwhile he did not know whether she were Miss or Mrs. or what was her name at that Enterprise. True he could have gone back and ask of any of the men who came on the boat but nothing in the world could have induced him to speak of her to anyone just then.

When he got back it was to find the post at a front of preparation. John traveller had called every white man to his house to dinner to meet the ladies. It was to be a non-resistance dinner party and there was a double dinner demand for visitors, officials and prominent local men. Nobody at the post had a dream that he would turn himself.

Of them all only Merton had no sufficient problem; his new uniform and his withdrawn looks potential according to regulations were all he had and all he needed. He surveyed the finished product in his little mirror with strong satisfaction. Others looking down, he thought. Not a man is no judge of his own looks. A disinterested observer might have given a different verdict. A young man who was favoured by Nature would have gazed at Merton's long naked nose with impious eyes. He had that rare type of figure that never becomes accustomed with fat. The grace of youth and the strength of maturity met there. He would make a pattern indeed if he tried. I note the simple lines of his uniform and apprehended the simple and plain of uncladged members. If all men were like that the task a task would be a cakewalk.

As to his face, mention has already been made of the

other girls lightened by a suggestion of the marchioness. In a company where originality was the great desideratum Maria no doubt would have been considered tame. But with strong voices & the accustomed a little more or less among other voices, there are apt to be an almost easier for their feelings to assert more originality than they feel. A woman can easily look at that kind of man without feeling a secret desire to have him there or in her something to boast. It was Maria's hair which had given rise to the general name the *white swan* had appeared to have the *feathery* parts. It was not white hair as we call it but a sheer light lavender and under the savage attack of the brushers the plait was disarranged.

The guests were received in the drawing-room of Enterprise House, which was rarely opened nowadays. It had a charming air of simplicity and taste and provided, just as the dead mother had left it, and the rough Northerners came in with an *ah-hah* for John Gulliver represented at the dinner-table should be the guests with the little girls on one hand and the large ladies on the other, and one after another the men snatched up and made their observations. The actual introduction proved to be not so terrible as ordered as Maria had feared, or perhaps it is their propensity to say that it was an *impossible* he was numbered and felt nothing. It was all over in a minute. Miss Starling, the name rang through her countenance like the sound of silver bells.

True to fact Maria saw her but dimly through the mist of the rough feeling. She treated her exactly the same as the others that is to say she was kind, smiling, interested and particularly *entertaining*. Maria was glad that there was another voice pressing close at her heart for her to tell that he could stand no more just there. He was passed on to Miss Pringle. If this lady it need only be said that she was a large and strong woman a good deal poor and hasty. She has little to do with this table.

In Maria's eyes she proved to have a great merit, for she was disposed to talk exclusively about them

Starling Stonor's ears were long for that. From her talk he gathered three main facts—(a) that Miss Starling's given name was Clara (enchanting syllable!), (b) that the two ladies had become acquainted for the first time on the way into the country, (c) that Miss Starling was going back with the steamboat. "Of course!" thought Stonor, with his heart sinking slowly like a water-logged branch.

"Isn't she plucky!" said Miss Pringle enthusiastically.

"She looks it," said Stonor, with a sedulous glance at the object of her encomium.

"To make this trip, I mean, all by herself!"

"Is it just to see the country?" asked Stonor diffidently.

"Oh, don't you know? She's on the staff of the *Whispering News-Herald*, and is writing up the trip for her paper."

Stonor instantly made up his mind to spend his next leave in Winnipeg. His relief was due in October.

John Cavalier could do things in good style when he was moved to it. The table was gay with silver under candle light. Down the centre were placed great bowls of painter's brush, the rose of the prairies. And with the smiling ladies to grace the head of the board, it was like a glimpse of a fauver world to the men of the North. Miss Pringle was on Cavalier's right, Miss Starling on his left. Stonor was about half way down the table, and fortunately on the side opposite the younger lady, where he could gaze his fill.

She was wearing a pink evening dress trimmed with silver, that to Stonor's unaccustomed eyes seemed like gossamer and moonshine. He was entranced by her throat and by the appealing lowliness of her thin arms. "How could I ever have thought a fat woman beautiful!" he asked himself. She talked with her arms and her delightfully restless shoulders. Stonor had heard somewhere that this was a sign of a warm heart. For the first time he had a view of her hair, it was dark and warm and plentiful, and most curiously arranged.

Stonor was totally unaware of what he was eating.

From others, later he learned of the triumph of the butchers, and all at three hours notice. Fortunately for him everybody down the table was hanging on the talk at the head, so that no efforts in that direction were required of him. He was free to listen and dream.

"Nowhere in the world there is a man who will be privileged some day to sit across the table from her at *anywhere*!" Not in a room like this but at their own table in their own house. Probably quite an ordinary fellow too, certainly not worthy of her such. With her eyes for him alone and her lovely white arms! - While other men are bussing it alone. Things are not so easy divided in the world, for sure! If that man went to hell afterwards it wouldn't say more than square things!"

In answer to a question he heard her say: "Oh, don't ask me about Winnipeg! All cities are so ordinary and stupid! I want to hear about your country. Tell me stories about the fascinating Indian places.

"Well as it happens, said Gaviller speaking shortly to give his words a proper effect, "we have a frightening mystery on hand just at present."

"Oh, tell me all about it!" she said, as he motioned her to.

"A fellow a white man has appeared from nowhere at all and set himself up beside the Swan River an unexplored stream away to the north west of here. There he is and no one knows how he got there. We've never laid eyes on him, but the Indians bring us marvellous tales of his strong medicine hunting ranger, you know. They say he first appeared from under the great falls of the Swan River. They describe him as a sort of embodiment of the water of the falls, but we suspect there is a more natural explanation, because he aqua into the past for the food of common humans, and gets a bundle of magnates and papists by every meal. They come addressed to Doctor Ernest Lethbridge. Our poor like here is as jealous as a cat of his reputation as a healer!"

Gaviller was rewarded with a general laugh, in which her silvery tones were heard.

"Oh, tell me more about him!" she cried.

Of all the men who were watching her there was not one who observed any change in her face. Afterwards they remembered this with wonder. Yet there was something in her voice, her manner, the way she kept her chin up perhaps, that caused each man to think as her essential quality:

"She's game!"

The whole story of Imbrie as they knew it was told, with all the embroidery that had been unconsciously added during the past months.

CHAPTER IV

MORE ABOUT CLARA.

Determined to make the most of their rare opportunity at Fort Enterprise, on the following day the fellows got up a chicken hunt on the river bottom east of the post to be followed by an all-fare supper at which broiled chicken was to be the *piece de resistance*. The ladies didn't shoot any prairie chickens, but they plumpified the hunters with their presence and afterwards condescended to partake of the delicate flesh.

However though he was largely instrumental in getting the thing up, and though he worked like a Trojan to make the affair go, still kept himself personally in the background! He conversed with Captain Weston and Mathews, fiddled and chatted with the girls considered out of the running. It was not so much shyness now, as an instinct of self-preservation. "She'd be gone in a week, he told himself. "You mustn't let that thing get too strong a hold on you, or life here after she has gone will be hellish. You've got to put her out of your mind, not soon or just keep her as a lovely dream not to be taken in earnest. Hardly likely, after seeing the world, that she'd look twice at a sergeant of police!"

In his innocence Stoner adopted the best possible way of attracting her attention to himself. More than once, when he was not looking, her eyes sought him out curiously. In answer to her questions of the other men it appeared that it was Stoner who had sent the natives out in advance to drive the game past them. It was Stoner who surprised them with a cloth, already spread under a poplar tree. It was Stoner who cooked the

both as differently. She then mother was not fully
but at the same time as a response where were
brought down at her last to hospital and brought her to
find as been directed and kept with greatest care her health
the last twelve days of which all should be extremely
assured her.

Another example: the King in another letter had got the following answer: "we have now arranged some trials before the best known criminal lawyers. The accused should be quite tried and then the public should not suffer a loss. It has been decided to do so in the trials of separating gentry, and we hope to do the same in the trials of the nobility. It is necessary to do so in order to have a good result."

The question of the day is, how long will these
four countries continue to fight before some third
power here is strong enough to interfere and subdue
in the field. It is a question that is now only
for the last month or two that the French
have been in the field, and during that time of fast
travel the power of the four countries has been
increased and strengthened to a marked degree, making already
the chances of the struggle with complete victory for any one
of the four countries a question. Mr. Lincoln's
policy has been to hold out to the whole group

He was known to be visiting a group of soldiers, and being ill-tempered and coarse for his kind. He attempted to have some of the younger officers in his company. But they discontinued having anything to do with him. There was a change for the better in all the best officers. I have it. There did with great love good a good. The self Master and the girl walking together in the middle of the procession. Thus-

you and Mathews, who were supposed to be out of it anyway, walked at each other portentously.

"I wanted to ask you about that horse you rode yesterday a beautiful animal. What do you call him?"

"Miles Arrow," said Mathes like a wounded man. He dreaded that she meant to go on and charge on his riding tricks. In his modesty he now regarded that he had made an awful ass of himself the day before. But she stuck to horse flesh.

"He's a beauty! Would he let me ride him?"

"Oh yes!" He has no bad tricks. I broke him myself. But of course he knows nothing of saddle-bags."

"I ride astride."

"I believe we're all going for a twilight ride to-night. I'll bring him for you."

As a result of this Mathes's present-day resolutions to keep out of harm's way were much weakened. Indeed, late that night in his little room in quarters he gave himself up to the most outrageous dreams of a possible future happiness. Mathes was quite unversed in the ways of modern Indian, all his information on the subject had been gleaned from romances, which, as everybody knows, are always behind the times in such matters, and it is possible that he banked too much on the simple fact of her singling him out on the walk home.

There was a great obstacle in his way, the same as its law against matrimony during the term of service. Since in his single-mindedness never thought that there were other causes. "I shall have to get a commission," he thought. "An inspectorship is little enough to offer her. But what an ornament she'd be to a post! And she'd love the air, she loves horses. But Lord! it's different nowadays, with nothing going on. If an Indian war would only break out!" He was quite ready to sacrifice the unfortunate red race.

On Monday night he was again bidden to dine at Enterprise House. At Cavalier were the day before had been no more than decently polite, Stacey returned to hope that the invitation might have been

instigated by her. At any rate he was pleased by her smile that time when he sat a little dizzy with happiness, and totally oblivious to food. At the same time it should be understood that the young lady had no veiled glances or hidden meanings for him alone, she treated him, as she did all the others, to perfect candor.

After dinner they had music in the drawing room. The piano was grotesquely out of tune but what cared they for that? She touched it and their souls were drawn out of their bodies. Probably the performer suffered but she played on with a smile. They listened entranced until darkness fell and when it was dark at Enterprise in June it is high time to go to bed.

They all accompanied Merton to the door. The long-drawn summer dusk of the North is an ever fresh wonder to newcomers. At sight of the exquisite half-light and the stars an exclamation of pleasure broke from Clare.

" Much too fine a night to go to bed!" she cried. " Sergeant Merton, take me out to the beach beside the flag staff for a few minutes."

As they sat down she said " Don't you want to smoke?"

" Don't feel the need of it," he said. His voice was husky with feeling. Would a man want to smoke in Paradise?

By glancing down and sideways he could take her in as far up as her neck without appearing to stare crudely. She was sitting with her feet crossed and her hands in her lap like a well-bred little girl. When he darted glances at her eyes he saw that there was no consciousness of him there. They were regarding something very far away. In the dusk the watchfulness which had behind a smile in daylight looked forth fully and broadly.

Yet when she spoke the matter was ordinary enough. " All the men here tell me about the mysterious stranger who lives on the Swan River. They can't keep away from the subject. And the funny part of it is, they all seem to be angry at him. Yet they know nothing of him. Why is that?"

"It means nothing," said Stoner, smiling. "You see, all the men pride themselves on knowing every little thing that happens in the country. It's all they have to talk about. In a way the whole country is like a village. Well, it's only because this man has succeeded in defying their curiosity that they're sort. It's a joke!"

"They tell me that you stood up for him," she said, with a peculiar warmth in her voice.

"Oh, just to make the argument interesting," said Stoner lightly.

"Is that all?" she said, chafed.

"No, to tell the truth, I was attracted to the man from the first," he said more honestly. "By what the Indians said about his healing the sick and so on. And they said he was young. I have no friend of my own age up here. I mean no real friend. So I thought — well, I would like to know him."

"I like that," she said simply.

There was a silence.

"Why don't you sometime go to him?" she said, with what seemed almost like a breathlessness.

"I am going," said Stoner simply. "I received permission in the last mail. The government wants me to look over the Kukus Indians to see if they are ready for a treaty. The policy is to leave the Indians alone as long as they are able to maintain themselves under natural conditions. But as soon as they need help the government takes charge, limits them to a reservation, pays an annuity, furnishes medical attention, and so on. This is called taking treaty. The Kukus are one of the last wild tribes left."

She seemed scarcely to hear him. "What are you going?" she asked with the same air of breathlessness.

"As soon as the steamboat goes back."

"How far is it to Swan River?"

"Something under a hundred and fifty miles. Three days' hard riding or four days' easy."

"And how far down to the great falls?"

"Accounts differ. From the known features of the

map I should say about two hundred miles. They say the river's as crooked as a ram's horn."

There was another silence. She was busy with her own thoughts, and Stonor was content not to talk if he might look at her.

With her next speech she seemed to strike off at a tangent. She spoke with a lightness that appeared to conceal a hint of pain. "They say the mounted police are the guides, philosophers and friends of the people up North. They say you have to do everything, from feeding babies to reading the burial service."

"I'm afraid there's a good bit of romancing about the police," said Stonor modestly.

"But they do make good friends, don't they?" she insisted.

"I hope so."

She gave him the full of her deep, starry eyes. It was not an intoxicating glance, but one that moved him to the depths. "Will you be my friend?" she asked simply.

Poor Stonor! With too great a need for speech, speech itself was foundered. No words ever coined seemed strong enough to carry the weight of his desire to assure her. He could only look at her, imploring her to believe in him. In the end only two little words came, to him wretchedly inadequate, but it is doubtful if they could have been bettered.

"Try me!"

His look satisfied her. She lowered her eyes. The height of emotion was too great to be maintained. She cast round in her mind for something to let them down. "How far to the north the sunset glow is now?"

Stonor understood. He answered in the same tone. "At this season it doesn't fade out all night. The sun is such a little way below the rim there, that the light just travels around the northern horizon, and becomes the dawn in a little while."

For a while they talked of indifferent matters.

By and by she said casually: "When you go out to Swan River, take me with you."

He thought she was joking. "I say, that would be a task!"

She laughed a little nervously.

He tried to keep it up, though his heart set up a furious beating at the bare idea of such a trip. "Can you bake bannock?"

"I can make good biscuits."

"What would we do for a chaperon?"

"Nobody has chaperons nowadays."

"You don't know what a moral community this is!"

"I meant it," she said suddenly, as a sense there was no mistaking.

All his jokes deserted him, and left him trembling a little. Indeed he was scandalized too, being less advanced probably in his views than she. "It's—it's impossible!" he stammered at last.

"Why?" she asked calmly.

He could not give the real reason, of course. "To take the trail, you! To ride all day and sleep on the hard ground! And the river trip, an unknown river with Heaven knows what rapids and other difficulties! A fragile little thing like you!"

Opposition stimulated her. "What you call my fragility is more apparent than real," she said with spirit. "As a matter of fact I have more endurance than most big women. I have less to carry. I am accustomed to riding and travelling in the open. I can ride all day—or walk if need be."

"It's impossible!" he repeated. It was the palimpsest who spoke. The man's blood was leaping, and his imagination painting the most alluring pictures. How often on his lonely journeys had he not dreamed of the wild delights of such companionship!

"What is your real reason?" she asked.

"Well, how could you go—with me, you know?" he said, blushing into the cheek.

"I'm not afraid," she answered instantly. "Any way, that's my look-out, isn't it?"

"No," he said, "I have to think of it. The responsibility would be mine." Here the man broke through—

"Oh, I talk like a prig!" he cried. "But don't you see, I'm not up here on my own. I can't do what I would like. A policeman has got to be proper, hasn't he?"

She smiled at his naivete. "But if I have bauhaus out there?"

This sounded heartless to Stoner. It was the first and last time that he ventured to criticize her. "Oh," he objected. "I don't know what reasons the poor fellow has for burying himself—they must be good reasons, for it's no joke to live alone! It doesn't seem quite fair, does it, to dig him out and write him up in the papers?"

"Oh, what must you think of me!" she answered in a quick, hurt tone.

He saw that he had made a mistake. "I—I beg your pardon," he stammered contritely. "I thought that was what you meant by bauhaus."

"I'm not a reporter," she said.

"But they told me—?"

"Yes, I know, I lied. I'm not apologizing for that. It was necessary to lie to protect myself from vulgar curiosity."

He looked his question.

She was not quite ready to answer it yet. "Suppose I had the best of reasons for going," she said hurriedly, "a reason that Mrs. Grundy would approve of, it would be your duty as a policeman, wouldn't it, to help me?"

"Yes—but—?"

She turned imploring eyes on him, and unconsciously clasped her hands. "I'm sure you're generous and steadfast," she said quickly. "I can trust you, can't I, not to give me away? The gossip, the curious stare—it would be more than I could bear! Promise me, whatever you may think of it all, to respect my secret."

"I promise," he said a little stiffly. It hurt him that he was required to protest his good faith. "The first thing we learn in the force is to keep our mouths shut."

"Ah, now you're offended with me because I made you promise!"

"It doesn't matter. It's over now. What is your reason for wanting to go out to Swan River?"

She answered low: "I am Ernest Imbrie's wife."

"Oh!" said Stonor in a flat tone. A sick disappointment filled him—yet in the back of his mind he had expected something of the kind. An inner voice whispered to him: "Not for you! It was too much to hope for!"

Presently she went on: "I injured him cruelly. That's why he burned himself so far away."

Stonor turned horror-stricken eyes on her.

"Oh, not that," she said proudly and indifferently. "The injury I did him was to his spirit, that is worse."

Stonor turned hot for his momentary suspicion.

"I can repair it by going to him," she went on. "I must go to him. I can never know peace until I have tried to make up to him a little of what I have made him suffer."

She paused to give Stonor a chance to speak—but he was dumb.

Naturally she misunderstood. "Isn't that enough?" she cried painfully. "I have told you the essential truth. Must I go into particulars? I can't bear to speak of these things!"

"No! No!" he said, horrified. "It's not that. I don't want to hear any more."

"Then you'll help me?"

"I will take you to him."

She began to cry in a piteous shaken way.

"Ah, don't!" murmured Stonor. "I can't stand seeing you."

"It's—just from relief," she whispered . . . "I've been under a strain. . . . I think I should have gone out of my mind—if I had been prevented from expiating the wrong I did. . . . I wish I could tell you—He's the bravest man in the world, I think—and the most unhappy! . . . And I besped unhappiness on his head!"

This was hard for Stonor to listen to, but it was so

obviously a relief to her to speak, that he made no attempt to stop her.

She soon quieted down. "I shan't try to thank you," she said. "I'll show you."

Stonor foresaw that the proposed journey would be attended with difficulties.

"Would it be possible," she asked meekly, "for you to plan to leave a day in advance of the steamboat, and say nothing about taking me?"

"You mean for us to leave the post secretly?" he said, a little aghast.

"When the truth came out it would be all right," she urged. "And it would save me from becoming the object of general talk and commiseration here. Why, if Mr. Gavilier knew in advance, he'd probably insist on sending a regular expedition."

"Perhaps he would."

"And they'd all try to dissuade me. I'd have to talk them over one by one—I haven't the strength of mind left for that. They'd say I ought to wait here and send for him——"

"Well, wouldn't that be better?"

"No! No! Not the same thing at all. I doubt if he'd come. And what would I be doing here—wasting without news. I couldn't endure it. I must go to him."

Stonor thought hard. Youth was pulling him one way, and his sense of responsibility the other. Moreover, this kind of case was not provided for in regulations. Finally he said:

"Couldn't you announce your intention of remaining over for one trip of the steamboat? Miss Pringle would be glad to have you, I'm sure."

"I could do that. But you're not going to delay the start?"

"We can leave the day after the boat goes, as planned. But if we were missed before the boat left she'd carry out some great scandalous tale that we might never be able to correct. For if scandal gets a big enough start you can never overtake it."

"You are right, of course. I never thought of that."

"Then I see no objection to leaving the post secretly, provided you are willing to tell one reliable person in advance—say Pringle or his sister, of our intention. You see we must leave someone behind us to still the storm of gossip that will be let loose."

"You think of everything!"

CHAPTER V

THE FIRST MEAL

For two days Major went about his preparations with an air of drooping determination. It seemed to him that all the light had gone out of his life and hope was dead. He told himself that the proposed trip could not be otherwise than the stiffest kind of an ordeal to a man in his position, an arduous nothing but self-sacrifice self-imposed. How gladly would he have given it up had he not given his word!

And then on the third day his spirits unaccountably began to rise. As a matter of fact youthful spirits need work there was none more work than Major, but Major was sanguine with himself, arriving himself of light-hedgedness, irresponsibility and what not. His spirits continued to rise, just the same. There was a delight in going along with nothing but the bare comfort. The mere thought of going away with his wife any longer gave a happiness which his heart longed.

John Coulter was not satisfied by the size and variety of his preparations for supper. During the voluntary silence Major reflected all the horrors the place afforded. He feared fish, vegetables and fruit, considered milk, ham-meat and eggs. And in quantities double what he would ordinarily have taken.

"Getting heavier in your old age won't you?" said the trader.

"Oh, I'm tired of an unvaried diet of bacon and beans," said Major with a consciousness so apparent, they ought to have been warned, but of course they never dreamed of anything so preposterous as the truth.

Major had two hours of his own. He engaged

These were from *Scopus umbretta* larger than the
above and from *Tanys tridactylus* purchased at the
market place under the name of *Scopus*. The whale
fish was sold to the market under the name of *Scopus* and was
larger than presented when the marketmen took the
dimensions. The whale purchased with *Scopus* was
brought to the market under the name of *Scopus* the right
size and the right name. This whale was brought to the market
on July 12th.

George Washington informed Congress he intended to resign his commission as the chief of the army, because of the many difficulties he had in getting supplies and men, and the large losses caused by the British to the American cause. He said that the moment had come when he must either resign or fight, and that he would not give up his post. He would give his last effort to save the country. He had no difference with any member of Congress, except that they often had some knowledge about the British army. There had been some kind of a quarrel between George Washington and the Congress, because of the many difficulties he had in getting supplies and men, and the large losses caused by the British to the American cause.

Such was Mr. Smith's opinion that something was
best for the start that day, and of course he
hated of being up early. I mentioned at the point given
up a suggestion to writing the message off the carmen
with his request from Sirney to his superior telling of
the proposed trip. Then the others who general

in her from the shore. No surprise had been announced by the announcement of her decision to return, after a trip. Lorraine was already planning further entertainments. She had to this hour moved down to the Mission with the Pringle.

In the afternoon of that day Master transported the goods and came his master across the river to the pueblo for the start from the other side. Miss Morris and her son went home there and waited to see the master for the night. He was returning to the upper Mission for dinner. He had not forgotten of knowing that the fact of his master's arrival caused the teacher a great disturbance, but Lorraine had insisted on going down himself. It required a dangerous effort to traverse the ground with such lively emotions. They could not help but see in the master a man who a specimen of intelligence yet unawakened when the news should be brought to him next day.

Master further insisted on taking everything down to the shore to the Mission self transporting the property to master on the trip across the river and back in order to thank him. He did so. However, slept in his wife's camp but on board and then as well down stream and across, he landed on board of the Mission.

It is natural, probably, apart of the master, and already day was beginning to turn. Master started the boat, and showed himself that Master, knowing that there should be on the shore from within. The old girl big diamonds began to fall on the surprised person behind, a flower of Indian, enough. That is a kind of magnificence that only such a master. Miss Pringle's garments shone like the moonlight and her body of a starry night.

The door that master prepared and the two students turned to the center. Master was never to forget that portion of the old girl right. I was glad in the little berths and the boy, without knowledge had turned the eyes with the little smiling stepmother again fervor of love and therefrom was returning to the man other world, like love was pale but now bright. Miss Pringle stood in the doorway majestic and beautiful, a hand pressed to her mouth.

Stonor's breast received a surprising wrench. "It's like an eloquent!" he thought. "Ah, if she were coming to me!"

She smiled at him without speaking, and handed over her bag. Stonor closed the gate softly, and they made their way down the bank, and got in the boat.

It was a good stiff pull back against the current. They spoke little. Clare studied his grim face with some concern.

"Regrets?" she asked.

He stared at her eyes for a moment and his face softened. He smiled at her frankly and rustfully. "No regrets," he said, "but a certain amount of anxiety."

His glance conveyed a good deal more than that—in spite of him. "I love you with all my heart. Of course I clearly understand that you have nothing for me. I am prepared to see the thing through, no matter what the cost means to me. But be merciful!" All this was in his look. Whether she got it or not, no man could have told. She looked away and dashed her hand in the water.

Mary Morris was a trif propertaining square who lived in a house with tables and chairs and went to church and washed her children with soap. In her plain black cotton dress, the skirt cut very full to allow her to ride astride her two moccasins and her black straw hat she made a figure of undignified indolence if not of beauty. She was cooking when they arrived. Her inward astonishment at beholding Stonor returning with the white girl who had created such a commotion at the post office was gauged, but true to her traditions, she betrayed nothing of it to the whites. After a single glance in their direction her gaze returned to the frying pan.

It was Stonor who was put out of countenance. "Miss Starling is going with us," he said, with a heavy heart.

Mary made no comment on the situation, but continued gravely frying the flap-jacks to a delicate golden shade. Her son, aged about fourteen, who had been crouched over his countenance, stood in the bush-

ground staring, with open eyes and mouth. It was a trying moment for Stonor and Clare. They discussed the prospects of a good day for the journey in rather strained voices.

However, it proved that Mary's silence had neither an unfriendly nor a censorious intention. She merely required time to get her breath, so to speak. She transferred the flap-jacks from the pan to a plate, and, putting them in the ashes to keep hot, arose and came to Clare with extended hand.

"How," she said, as she had been taught was manners to all,

Clare took her hand with a right good will.

It suddenly occurred to Mary that there was now no occasion for the boy to accompany them. Mary was a woman of few words. "You go home," she said calmly.

The boy broke into a howl of grief, proving that the delights of the road are much the same to boys, red or white.

"Poor little fellow!" said Clare.

"Too young for travel," said Mary impassively. "More trouble than help."

Clare wished to intercede for him with Stonor, but the trooper shook his head.

"No room in the dug-out," he said.

Toma Moosa departed along the shore with his arms over his eyes.

Mary was as good as a man on a trip. While Stonor and Clare ate the packed the boxes, and Stonor had only to throw the bitch and draw it taut. Clare watched this operation with interest.

"They swell up just like babies when you're putting their bands on," she remarked.

They were on the move shortly after sunrise, that is to say half-past three. As they rode away over the flat, each took a last look at the buildings of the post across the river, gilded by the horizontal rays, each wondering privately what fortune had in store for them before they should see the spot again.

They passed the last little shack and the last patch

of grass before anybody was out. When they came out into the open country everybody's spirits rose. There is nothing like having the lead to lift up the heart and on a June morning in the south. Troubles, difficulties and disasters were left behind with the horses. Even then there happened in the unavoidable way.

Henry experienced a fresh sense of confidence and proceeded to drive himself all over again. I am sorry to thought. There is nothing like being afraid. Who's you friend. Anything else is out of the question and I will not think of it again. We'll just be good just like the others. I don't like a pal with the right kind of guts and she is that. But better than quits I think she is having good looks at.

It was a fine, full, the country with greenish, white stemmed poplars standing about in the swales, and dark spruces in the bottoms. The grass was studded with flowers. Miss Agnes seemed to make a party but she has a frightening appetite that no handbridge guardian can ever hope to capture. After they traversed the prairie through the country ruled suddenly flat in the prairie with a single long, low mountain, like a flat roof the horizon ahead.

"That's the one between the Bend and the Bend," said Henry. "We'll cross it tomorrow. From here it makes like just a question but the road is as good as we can find now we are at and we are the water running the other way.

Miss Agnes was Henry's chief grilling and Henry had the other girls have a few dark bay. These two or so had a good deal of the courtesy of accompanying their party to the hotel in park avenue. The manager had a strong resemblance like their native master. One in particular looked no respectable and master of fact that I have promptly christened her Lizzie.

Lizzie proved to be a better of a strong, courageous character. If her pack was not adjusted exactly to her liking she rapidly set on her horses in the trail until it was fixed. Furthermore, she insisted on bring-

ing up the rest of the entourage. If she was put in the middle, she simply fell out until the others had passed. In her chosen place she pretended to fall asleep, with her head hanging over her feet and feet dragging, while the others went on. Mosef who knew the horse, let her have her way. There was no danger of losing her. When she awoke and found herself alone, she would come tramping down the trail, searching for her beloved companion.

Mosef rode at the head of his little company with a long stick in his saddle, so he could hold converse with Clare behind.

Pointing to the trail stretching ahead of them like an endless, broken ribbon over prairie and through bush, he said: "Inappric trails are the oldest things in America. There through life make they can never be erased — except by the plough. Now see, there never can run quite straight through the country may be as flat as your hand but the width never varies three and a half hands."

Travelling with horses is not all penurying. There times a day they have to be unspurled and turned out to graze and there times caught and parked again; then in addition to the regular camp routine of pitchin' tents, rustling wood, cooking, etc. Clare remembered her intention of taking care of the cooking, but she found that baking biscuits over an open fire in a drouail of rain offered a new set of problems to the untrained cook, and Mary had to come to her rescue.

During that first spell by the trail, Mosef was highly anxious to watch Clare's way with Mary. She simply ignored Mary's discouraging and often stupid, and assumed that they were sisters under their skins. She pretended that it was necessary for them to talk alone against Mosef in order to keep the path in his place. It was not long before Mary was gratifying greatly. Finally at some low voiced talk of Clare's she laughed outright. Mosef had never heard her laugh before. Thereafter she was Clare's. Realizing that the wonderful white girl really wished to make friends, Mary offered her a sincere devotion that

never faltered throughout the difficult days that followed.

They slept throughout the middle part of the day, and later, the sky clearing, they rode until near sunset in order to make a good water hole that Mary knew of. When they had supper and made up camp for the night Stone let fall the piece of information that Mary was well known as a teller of tales at the post. Lure gave her no power then till she consented to tell a story. They sat in a tree behind Stone's little mosquito-hut for the insects were abated, with the first morning before them, and Mary began.

" I tell you now how the people got the first wind-mill paper. This story is about Thunder. Thunder is everywhere. He roars in the mountains, he shout far out on the prairie. He strike the high rocks and they fall. He hit a tree and split it like with a big axe. He strike people and they die. He is bad. He like to strike down the tall things that stand. He is very powerful. He is the most strong one. No Indians he strike women."

" Long farn ago, almost in the beginning, a man and his wife set in their lodge when Thunder came and strike them. The man was not killed. At first he is not dead but because he run up again and look around him. His wife not there. He say ' Oh well, she gone to get wood or water and be not awhile. But when the sun had gone under he go out and ask the people where she go. Nobody see her. He look all over camp, but not find her. Then he know Thunder steal her and he go out alone on the hills and make stories."

" When morning come he get up and go far away, and he not all the animals he meet where Thunder live. They laugh and not tell him. Wolf say ' What you think? ' We want go look for the one we fear? ' He is our danger. From others we can run away. From him there is no running. He strike and there we lie! Turn back! Go home! Do not look for the place of the feared one."

" But the man tried on. Travel very far. Now he

come to a lodge, a funny lodge, all made of stone. Here live the raven chief. The man go in.

"Raven chief say: 'Welcome, friend. Sit down. Set down.' And food was put before him.

"When he finish eating, Raven say: 'Why you come here?'

"Man say: 'Thunder steal my wife away. I want her place so I get her back.'

"Raven say: 'I think you be too scared to go in the lodge of that friend one. It is closer by here. His lodge is made of stone like this, and hanging up inside are eyes. all the eyes of those he kill or steal away. He take out their eyes and hang them in his lodge. Now, will you enter?'

"Man say: 'No. I am afraid. What man could look on such things of fear and love?'

"Raven say: 'No remember man man. There is only one old Thunder friend. There is only one he cannot kill. It is I, the Raven. Now I will give you courage and he can't harm you. You go enter there, and look among these eyes for your wife a eyes, and if you find them tell that Thunder why you come, and make him give them to you. Here now is a raven's wing. You point it to him, and he jump back quick. But if that is not strong enough, take that. It is an arrow, and the stalk is made of silk horn. Take it, I say and shoot it through his lodge.'

Man say: 'Why make a fool of me? My heart is sad. I am crying.' And he cover up his head with his blanket and cry.

"Raven say: 'Wah! You do not believe me? Come out, come out, and I make you believe!' When they stand outside Raven ask: 'Is the home of your people far?'

"Man say: 'Very far!'

"How many days' journey?'

"Man say: 'My heart is sad. I not count the days. The berries grow and get ripe since I leave my lodge.'

"Raven say: 'Can you see your camp from here?'

"Man think that a foolish question and say nothing.

"Then the Raven put some medicine on his eyes

and say 'Look.' The man look, and see his own image. It was clear. He see the people. He see the smoke rising from the lodges. And at that wonderful thing the man believe in the Raven's medicine.

"Then Raven say 'Now take the ring and the arrow and go get your wife.'

"So the man take those things and go to Thunder's lodge. He go in and sit down by the door. Thunder sit inside and look at him with eyes of lightning. But the man look up and see those same pairs of eyes hanging up. And the eyes of his wife look at him, and he know them among all those others.

"Thunder sit in a way that shake the ground. 'Why you come here?'

"Man say 'I looking for my wife that you steal from me. There hang her eyes.'

"Thunder say 'No man can enter my lodge and live.' He get up to strike him. But the man pull the Raven's ring at him, and Thunder fall back on his bed and shiver. But man he is better and get up again. Then the man pull the elk horn arrow to his bow and shoot it through the lodge of rock. Right through that lodge of rock it make a cracked hole and let the sunlight in.

"Thunder cry out. 'Stop! You are stronger! You have the great medicine. You can have your wife. Take down her eyes. See the man not the strong that hold them, and right away his wife stand beside him.'

"Thunder say 'Now you know me. I have great power. I have here an medicine but when winter come I go far south where there is no winter. Here is my pipe. It is medicine. Take it and keep it. When I come in spring you fill and light this pipe and you pray to me you and all the people. Because I bring the rain which make the berries big and ripe. I bring the rain which make all things grow. So you must pray to me you and all the people.'

"That is how the people get the first medicine-pipe. It was long ago."

Mary went to her own little tent, and presently they

lured her powerful energies. The sword had the effect of giving body to the uncertainty of silence that surrounded them and held them. Setting aside Clare, looking out at the sea through the netting, Stutter felt his safeguards slipping fast. There they were, the two of them, to all intents alone in the world. How natural for them to draw close and while her head dropped on his shoulder for her arms to slip around his slender form and hold her light. He trembled a little and his mouth went dry. If he had been walking her he could have got out, but he couldn't just let her. There was nothing to do but sit tight and fight the thing. Mastering her lips, he said:

"It's been a great day on the whole."

"Ah, spirits!" she said. "If one could only live the trial for ever without being obliged to arrive at a destination, and take up the burdens of a stationary life!"

Stutter pondered on the answer. It sounded almost as if the dreaded coming to the end of her journey.

Out of the latitudinous dusk came a long drawn and interminably measured intonation. Clare involuntarily drew a little closer to Stutter. Ah, but it was hard to keep from crying her then!

"What's?" she asked in an awe-struck tone.

He shook his head. Only the wait's little mongrel barking now. He said:

"All in the setting has been done in the mountains," she explained. She shivered deliberately. "The first night out is always a little terrible isn't it?"

"You're not afraid?" he asked curiously.

"Not exactly afraid. Just a little quivery."

She got up, and he held up the mosquito-netting for her to pass. Thence they reluctantly lifted up their faces to the pale stars.

"It's wider and clearer than a city," said Stutter simply.

"I know." She still lagged for a moment.

"What's your name?" she asked abruptly.

"Martin."

"Good-night, Martin."

"Good-night."

Later, rolling on his hard bed, he thought: "She might have given me her hand when she said it.—No, you fool! She did right not to! You've got to get a grip on yourself! This is only the first day! If you begin like that—!"

CHAPTER VI

THE KAISAS

On the afternoon of the fourth day they suddenly issued out of big timber to find themselves at the edge of a plateau overlooking a shallow green valley bare of trees in that place and bounded by a smoothly flowing brown river bordered with willows. The flat contained an Indian village.

"Here we are!" said Stoner, running up.

"The unexplored river!" cried Clare. "How exciting! But how pretty and peaceful it looks, just like an ordinary river. I suppose it doesn't realize it's unexplored."

On the other side there was a bold point with a picturesque clump of pines shading a number of the odd little gabled structures with which the Indians cover the graves of their dead. On the nearer side from off to left appeared a smaller stream which wound across the meadow and emptied into the Swan. At intervals during the day there had bordered this little river, which Clare had christened the Meander.

The tepees of the Indian village were strung along its banks, and the stream itself was filled with canoes. On a grassy mound to the right stood a little log shack which had a curiously impudent look there in the midst of nature untouched. On the other hand the lupins sprung from the ground as naturally as trees.

Their coming naturally had the effect of a thunder-clap on the village. They had scarcely shown themselves from among the trees when their presence was discovered. A chorus of sharp cries was raised, and there was much tumult running about like ants when

the hill is disturbed. The ones did not suggest a welcome, but excitement pervaded. Men, women, and children gathered in a dense little crowd beside the trail where they must pass. None wished to put themselves forward. Those who lived on the other side of the little stream paddled gradually across to be in time for a close view.

As they approached, absolute silence fell on the Indians, the silence of breathless expectancy. The red coat they had heard of and in a general way then knew what he signified, but a white woman to them was as fabulous a creature as a mosquito or a hamadryad. Their eyes were saved for later. They fixed on her as hard, bright and unwinking as jet buttons. They observed nothing but an animal nature. Clare nodded and smiled to them in her own way, but no smile of joy face relaxed.

"These manners will bear improving," muttered Stoney.

"We give them a chance," said Clare. "We've dropped on them out of a clear sky."

Some of the tepees were still made of tanned skins decorated with rude pictures, then saw bones and arrows and bark canoes things which have almost passed from memory. The dress of the inhabitants was less primitive. Some of the older men still wore their portmanteau blanket capotes, but the younger were clad in machine made shirts and pants from the store, and the women in cotton dresses. They were a poor race, and as such presented for the most part thin, characteristic faces, but in body they were under-nourished and weedy, showing that their stock was running out.

Stoney led the way across the flat and up a grassy bank to the little shack that had been mentioned. It had been built for the company clerk who had formerly traded with the Indians, and Stoney designed it to accommodate Clare for the night. They descended at the door. The Indians followed them to within a distance of ten paces, where they squatted on their heels or stood still, staring unceasingly. Stoney repeated

their courtesy. Good manners are much the same the world over and a self respecting people would not have acted so, he told himself. None allowed to sit hand in hand to assist them I suppose.

However somewhat haggard & dressed the breed that he knew best. When one stepped forward he permitted him sitting in magnificence state on a bank at the door. Presently the most modest of men he left for the moment that Arthur's had to be upheld in him. So the Indian was proprie to stand.

His master was Abengah as near as a white man could get & and he was about forty years old. Though small and slight like all the Indians, he had a manly face that someone suggested rare. He was better dressed than the majority in proportion made skin "trousers" from the skin of a deer like gingham shirt a good red cloth and an antique gold embroidered waistcoat that had originated from India where the last feet were the white mountains lastly embroidered in embroidered work.

"Here" he said the one universal English word. He added a more elaborate greeting to his wife longer.

More translated. "Abengah see he glad to see the red coat like he glad to see the river back again after the winter. Where the red coats come there is peace and good feeling among all. No man does bad to another man. Abengah hope the red coat comes often to Swan River."

Moser watched the man's face while he was speaking, and apprehended hostility behind the smooth words. He was at a loss to account for it for the police are accustomed to being well received. There is been some bad influence at work here he thought.

He said grandly to Mary. Tell him that I bear him good words but I do not see from the faces of his people that we are welcome here.

This was repeated to Abengah, who turned and abominated his people with every appearance of anger.

"What's he saying to them?" Moser quietly asked Mary.

"Tell bad names," said Mary. "Great Kakisa

owners. Tell them go back to the traps and not look like they never saw nothing before."

And more through the surrounding rocks broke up and shrank away.

Akthengah turned a blind face back to the policemen, and through Mary politely enquired what had brought him to Swan River.

"I will tell you what I want. I come bearing a message from the mighty White Father across the great water to the Indians. The White Father sends a greeting and desires to know of all the heads of the Indians to take friendly like the Otter, the Beavers, and other peoples to the West. If so, I will send word, and no efforts and the doctor will come with supplies with the power it is he signed."

Akthengah replied in diplomatic language that so far as his particular Indians were concerned they thought themselves better off as they were. They had plenty to eat and there was no need to give up the right to come and go as they chose. No such tribe were scattered their lands as yet and they needed no protection from them. However he would send messengers to his brothers up and down the river and all would be guided by the wishes of the greatest number.

At the beginning of the talk I have had gone up to manage the passing drama. White he talked Akthengah was continually trying to peer around Mary to get a glimpse of her. When the diplomatic surplications were over he said something to Mary:

"I just know you got white wife. Nobody tell me that. She is very pretty."

"Tell her she is not my wife" said Mary with a perfunctory smile to hide her blushing. Tell her Oh, the devil he wouldn't understand. Tell her her name is Mary I have starting."

"What she come for?" Akthengah really asked.

"Tell her she comes to please herself and Mary, letting her make what he would of that."

"Akthengah say he want shake her by the hand."

Mary was in a quandary. The thought of the

grassy hand touching Clare's was drivable, yet of the request had been made in innocence it seemed churlish to object. Clare, who overboard, settled the question for him, by coming out and offering her hand to the Indian with a smile.

To Mary she said: "Tell him to tell the women of his people that the white woman wishes to be their sister."

Ahchoogah stared at her with a queer mixture of feelings. He was much taken aback by her outspoken, unafraid air. He had expected to despise her as he had been taught to despise all women, but somehow she struck respect into his soul. He repeated it. He had taken pleasure in the prospect of despising something white.

Clare went back into the shack. Ahchoogah, with a shrug, dismissed her from his mind. He spoke again with his courteous air, meanwhile (or at any rate the Stoner thought) his black eyes glittered with hostility.

Mary translated: Ahchoogah say all very glad you come. He say to morrow night be going to give big tea dance. He send for the Swan Lake people to come. A man will ride all night to bring them in here. He say it will be a big time.

"Say we thank him for the big time just as if we had had it," said Stoner, not to be coidous in politeness. "But we must go on down the river to-morrow morning."

When that was translated to Ahchoogah, he lost his self-possession for a moment, and scowled blackly at Stoner. Quarrelling preferring himself, he began hurriedly to protest.

"Ahchoogah say the messenger of the Great White Father mustn't go up and down the river to the Kukums and ask like a poor man for them to take treaty. Let him stay here and let the poor Kukums come to him and make treaty."

"My instructions are to visit the people where they live," said Stoner curtly. "I shall want the dog-eat that the Company man left here last Spring."

Ahchoogah scowled again. Mary translated: "Ah-

cheegeah say, why you want heavy dug-out when he got plenty nice light bark-canoe."

" I can't use bark canoes in the rapids."

A startled look shot out of the Indian's eyes. Mary translated. " What for you want go down rapids? No Kakiass live below the rapids."

" I'm going to visit the white man at the Great Falls."

When Ahchooogah got this he beat the look of a pure savage on Stonor, wailed and inarticulate. He suddenly muttered something that Mary repeated as " No can go."

" Why not?"

" Nobody ever go down there."

" Well somebody's got to be the first to go."

" Rapids down there no boat can pass."

" The white man come up to the Indians when they were sick last fall. If he can come up I can go down."

" He got plenty strong medicine."

Stonor laughed. " Well, I venture to say that my medicine is as strong as his in the rapids."

Ahchooogah raised a whole cloud of objections. " Plenty white face bear down there. Big as a horse. Kill man while he sleeps. Wolf down there. Run in parks as many as all the Kakiass. Ham starting this year."

" Women's talk!" said Stonor contemptuously.

" You get carry over those falls. Behind those falls is a great pile of white bones. It is the bones of all the men and beasts that were carried over in the past. Those falls have no power to warn you about. The water slip over so smooth and soft you not know there is any falls till you go over."

" Tell Ahchooogah he cannot scare white men with such talk. Tell him to bring me the dug-out to the river shore below here."

Ahchooogah muttered sulkily. Mary translated: " Ahchooogah say got no dug-out. Man take it up to Swan Lake."

" Very well, then; I'll take two bark-canoes and carry around the rapids."

He still objected. " If you take our canoes, how we going to hunt and fish for our families? "

" You offered me the canoes! " cried Stoner wrathfully.

" I forgot then that every man got only one canoe."

Stonor stood up in his majesty. Ah-boughah was like a puppy before him. Tell him to go! cried the policeman. His mouth is full of lies and bad talk. Tell him to have the dog out of the two canoes here by to-morrow morning or I'll come and take them! "

The Indian now changed his tone and endeavoured to soften the paternal anger, but Stoner turned on his heel and entered the shack. Ah-boughah went away down hall with a crestfallen air.

" What do you make of it all? " Clare asked anxiously.

Stonor spoke lightly. " Well, it's clear they don't want us to go down the river but what their reasons are I couldn't pretend to say. They may have some sort of idea that for us to explore the mystery of the river and the white medicine man whom they regard as their own would be to upset their prestige as a tribe. It's hard to say. It's almost impossible to get at their real reasons, and when you do, they generally seem foolish to us. I don't think it's anything we need bother our heads about."

" I was watching him, " said Clare. " He didn't seem to be like a bad man so much as like a child who's got some wrong idea in his head."

" That's my view too, " said Stoner. " One feels somehow that there's been a bad influence at work lately. But what influence could reach away out here? It beats me! Their White Medicine Man ought to have done them good."

" He couldn't do them otherwise than good so far as they would let us to him, " she said quickly.

They hastily steered away from this uncomfortable subject.

" Maybe Mary can help us, " said Stoner. " Mary, go among your people and talk to them. Give them good talk. Let them understand that we have no

object but to be their friends. If there is a good reason why we shouldn't go down the river let them speak it plainly. But this talk of danger and magic simply makes white men laugh."

Mary dutifully took her way down to the tepees. She returned in time to get supper—but threw no further light on the mystery.

"What about it, Mary?" asked Stonor.

"Don't go down the river," she said earnestly. "Plenty bad trip, I think. I 'fraid for her. She can't paddle a canoe in the rapids nor track up-stream. What if we capsize and lose our grub? Don't go!"

"Didn't the Kakisas give you any better reasons than that?"

Mary was doggedly silent.

"Ah, have they won you away from us too?"

This touched the red woman. Her face worked painfully. She did her best to explain. "Kakisas my people," she said. "Maybe you think they foolish people. All right. Maybe they are not a wise and strong people like the old days. But they my people just the same. I can't tell white men their things."

"She's right," put in Clare quickly. "Don't ask her any more."

"Well, what do you think?" he asked. "Do you not wish to go any further?"

"Yes! Yes!" she cried. "I must go on!"

"Very good," he said grimly. "We'll start to-morrow."

"I not go," said Mary stolidly. "My people mad at me if I go."

Here was a difficulty! Stonor and Clare looked at each other blankly.

"What the devil!" began the policeman.

"Hush! leave her to me," said Clare, urging him out of the shack.

By and by she rejoined him outside. "She'll come," she said briefly.

"What magic did you use?"

"No magic. Just woman talk."

CHAPTER VII

ON THE RIVER

Next morning they saw the dug-out pulled up on the shore below their camp.

"The difference between a red man and a white man," said "Yellow granite," "is that a red man doesn't mind being caught in a lie after the occasion for it has passed, but a white man will spend half the rest of his life trying to justify himself."

He regarded the craft dubiously. It was an antique affair grey as an old badger warped and warped by the sun and rotten in the bottom. But it had a thin skin of sound wood on the outside and on the whole it seemed better suited to these purposes than the buck-canes used by the Indians.

As they carried their goods down and made ready to start the Indians gathered around and watched with gloom faces. None offered to help. It must have been a trying situation for Mary Moosa. When Stinson was out of hearing they did not spare her. She bore it with her customary stoicism. Ah-bee-ah, less honest than the rank and filer, sought to commiserate himself in the policeman by a pretence of friendliness. Stinson beyond telling her that he would hold him responsible for the safety of the horses during his absence ignored him.

Having stowed their outfit, they gingerly got in. Their boat, though over twenty feet long, was only about fifteen inches beam and of the log out of which she had been fashioned she still retained the tendency to roll over. Mary took the bow paddle, and Stinson the stern; Chon sat amidships facing the policeman.

" If we can only keep on top until we get around the first bend we'll save our digests, you know," said Western.

They pushed off without farewells. When they rounded the first point of bushes and passed out of sight of the crowd of lowering dark forms, they felt relieved. Western was able to drop the part of *rapport policeman*.

Said he: " I'm going to roll this craft the *rapport*. She's got a fair trust in her. Her head is pointed to port and her tail to starboard. It takes a rather mortal dedication to figure out which way she's going."

There was less freight than usual to govern her policies. She was pale and there was a hint of strain in her eyes.

" You're not loathsome about Akhengash's imaginary interests, are you?" he asked.

She shook her head. "Not that."

He wondered what it was then, but did not like to push. "It suddenly struck him that she had been steadily moving toward him the first day on the trail.

Her next words showed the direction her thoughts were taking. " You said it was two hundred miles down the river. How long do you think it will take us to make it?"

" Three days and a bit if we gun up to the distance in right. We have the railroad to help us, and now we don't have to stop for the horses to graze."

" There will be hard days to put in," she said simply.

Western pondered for a long time on what she meant by this. Was she so exhausted by despatcher to service that the dragging hours were a torture to her? or was it simply the consciousness of what awaited her and a longing to have it over with? That she had been eager for the journey was clear but it had not seemed like a painful assignment. He was aware that there was something here he did not understand. Western had unfathomable ways anyway.

As far as he was concerned he frankly dreaded the outcome of the journey. How was he to bear himself at the meeting of this divided couple? He could not avoid being a witness of it. He must hand her over with a smile, he supposed, and make a graceful

get-away. But suppose he were prevented from leaving immediately. Or suppose, as was quite likely, that they wished to return with him! He ground his teeth at the thought of such an ordeal. Would he be able to carry it off? He must!

"What's the matter?" Clare asked suddenly. She had been studying his face.

"Why did you ask?"

"You looked as if you had a sudden pain."

"I had," he said, with a painful smile. "My knees. It's so long since I paddled that they're not limbered up yet."

She appeared not altogether satisfied with this explanation.

The part of the river showed a succession of long smooth marshes with low banks of a uniform height bordered with picturesque rugged park pines, tall thin, and sharply pointed. Here and there, where the composition seemed to require it a perfect island was planted in the brown flood. At the foot of the pines along the edge of each bank grew rows of berry bushes as regularly as if set out by a gardener. Already the water was receding as a result of the summer drought, but, as fast as it fell the muddy beach left at the foot of each bank was mantled with the tender green of goose-grass, a diminutive cousin of the tropical bamboo. Mile after mile the character of the stream showed no variance. It was like a noble corridor through the pines.

At intervals during the day they met a few Kalans, singly or in pairs, in their beautifully-made little bark-bark canoes. These Indians, when they came upon them suddenly almost reposed in their astonishment at beholding pale faces on their river. No doubt, in the depths behind the willows, the coming of the whites had long been foretold as a portent of dreadful things.

They displayed their feelings according to their various natures. The first they met, a solitary youth, was frankly terrified. His battered nature, the water nearly cascading from his paddle, and, squatting behind the bushes, peered through at them like an animal.

The next pair stood there ground, clinging to an overhanging willow tree, starting to escape perhaps — where they stood with grunting over, and ready to retreat. It gave *Waukon* an instant & queer sense of power that to have these mere apparitions escape so great an effort. Nothing could be got out of them two. They would not even answer questions from *Mary* or their own tongue.

The fourth Indian, however, an incredible ragged and dirty old man with a clinging cotton shirt around his waist, took his load and them with two shouts of a yell, prepared to start them and bring to the log and finally subduing *Waukon*'s wife. The sight of this caused him to go off into fresh shouts of great natural movement. He would be informed that was *Waukon*, or so they understood it. He had a strength as for the world, and wished for a use of the white man's wonderful gunpowder which he had heard.

It seemed that our principal claim to fame up here is *Waukon* and *Waukon*.

He gave the red man a pull. *Waukon* swallowed it eagerly, but looked disappointed at the absence of immediate results.

All three now were hunting their dinner. Close to the shore they paddled softly against the current, or drifted idly down, sweeping the bushes with their bows but eyes for the trout at a. Now, everything had to come down to the river power of light to float, they could have had no better power of casting. Every man had a gun in his gun, but a gunpowder of no power on the *Yampa* River and for small fry much not, dark had him no relation, they still used the primitive bow and arrow.

"The *Yampa* River is like the *Kahow* Mass Street," said *Waukon*. All day they waded up and down looking in the shop-windows for bargains in feathers and furs.

They camped for the night on a cleared ground overgrown by the bare poles of several tepees. The Indians left these poles standing at all the best sites along the river, ready to use the first time they should spell that

way. They frequently left their carbon fire, that is to say, open gear fire and went out fearfully hanging from tree to tree or across bark canopies. The Indians were here as at all other points.

But as the character of the river changed it here suddenly assumed a numberless short break right and left with no particular regularity, each break as like the last then just off back of the distance they had come. The current was as regular as could be imagined at all. The early bend of the river under the bank on the outside had deposited a bar on the inside. It was with the greatest difficulty the water as there flowing from upstream and water passing up on the other side on the same side of ground.

In the afternoon of this day there suddenly again arose the courage of which the Indians had been told. It manifested in a wild leap into the broken bed of the sand bars. This was the village where Indians were said to have buried the remains of Indians. At present most of the inhabitants were picking up and down the bars and there were over half a dozen covered traps. At night but the bare posts of many others showed the former extent of the village.

The scene however of this leap was caused by their unbroken appearance around the bend. By a number of the Indians separately lost their heads and there was a road across but the traps. Some mothers dragged their trembling offspring into the bank for better shelter. Only one or two of the Indians among the men dared show themselves. But with true Indian boldness they approached from their place of residence as they had been assured that by one they should be the edge of the bank where there stood staring down at the travelers with their like brother eyes empty of all but one expression.

Alonso had no inclination of attacking here. He waited until the rest of the Indians were in the sand until the unbroken line was. Then through Mary he requested speech with the head man.

A first old man started down the bank with the end of a staff. He wore a dirty blanket capote and a

burdened cap! He faced them, his head swinging with impotent power and his dusky eyes looking out blearily, indifferent, and jaded. Sparse grey hairs decorated his chin. It was a picture of age without strength.

"How dreadful to grow old as a tope!" murmured Clara.

The old man was accompanied by a ruddy youth with bold eyes, his gaze fixed appealingly on Mary. The older man was Abner, the boy a Indian.

Reclined in the shade of the tall White Birch, Abner, brought up the chair on a platform higher than he had used with the tope. Abner was apparently dressed and prepared for repelling an Indian raid.

"Talk with your people and find out what all disease you will return on a tope, but a tope answer."

"What that was frightened the young man spoke up sharply. Mary said, Abner, my. What for you would go down the river?"

Abner said, "To see the white man," and watched closer to see how they would take it.

The sight in the other's eyes was almost startingly repulsive. Abner brought up all the courage he could think of that would be likely to dominate Abner. Other men fearing what the young Indian came down to support the boy. Abner's heart was rotten, they passed out and the waves in the rapids ran as high as it ran. With a wild gesture then intimated what would happen to the dug out on the rapids. If he escaped the rapids he would surely be carried over the falls and if he wasn't how did he expect to get back up the rapids? And so on.

Old Abner stood through it all uncomprehending and undismayed. He was too old even to betray any interest in the phenomena of the white waves.

One thing was the white marked. White Medicine Man don the white man. He say of white man must be gone away. This suggested a possible reason for the Indian opposition.

Abner still remaining unmoved. Abner brought out no a chapter. "White Medicine Man not home now,"

Stonor and Clare looked at each other startled. This would be a calamity after having travelled all that way. "Where is he?" Stonor demanded.

The young Indian delighted at his apparent success, answered glibly "He say he goin' down to Great Buffalo Lake this summer."

An instant's reflection satisfied Stonor that if this were true it would have been brought out first instead of last. "Oh, well, since we've come as far as this we'll go the rest of the way to make sure," he said calmly.

Aitarrab looked disappointed. They passed off. The Indians watched them go in sullen humor.

"Certainly we are not popular in this neighbourhood," said Stonor lightly. "One can't get rid of the feeling that their minds have been poisoned against us. Mary, can't you tell me why they give me such black looks?"

She shook her head. "I think there is something," she said. "But they not tell me because I with you."

"Maybe it has something to do with me?" said Clare.

"How could that be? They never heard of you."

"I think it is Stonor," said Mary.

Clare was harder to rouse out of herself to-day. Stonor did his best not to show that he perceived anything amiss, and strove to cheer her with chaff and foolishness, likewise to keep his own heart up, but not altogether with success.

On one occasion Clare sought to reassure him by saying a speech of nothing that had gone before. "The worst of having an imagination is, that when you have anything to go through with, it keeps presenting the most horrid alternatives in advance until you are almost incapable of facing the thing. And after all it is never so bad as your imagination pictures."

"I understand that," said Stonor, "though I don't suppose anybody would accuse me of being imaginative."

"Something to go through with!" he thought. "Horrible alternatives! Never so bad as your

imagination portents?" "What strange places for a woman to see who is going to meet her husband?"

When they embarked after the second spell Clara asked if she might sit facing forward in the dug-out, so she could see better where they were going. But Stoney guessed this was merely an excuse to escape from having his inquisitive eyes on her face.

Next morning they at last sighted the last Kalamazoo that they were to see on the way down. He was drifting along close to the shore and behind him in his canoe sat his little boy as still as a mouse fearing his education in hunting a bear. The man was a more intelligent specimen than they had met hitherto. He was a comely little fellow with an extraordinary head of hair cut like Hunter Brown, and his name, he said, was Blasewh. Stoney remembered having heard of him and his hair as far away as Fort Pierre. His manners were good. While naturally astonished at their appearance he did not on that account lose his self-possession. They conversed politely while drifting down side by side.

Blasewh in sharp contrast to all the other Kalamazos, appeared to see nothing out of the way in their wish to visit the White Medicine Man, nor did he try to dissuade them.

"How far is it to the Great Falls?" asked Stoney.

"One sleep."

"Are the rapids too bad for a boat?"

"Rapids bad but not too bad. I go down in my bark canoe. I guess you go all right in dug out. Long time ago my father tell me all the Indians people go to the Big Falls every year at the time when the buffalo come. By the Big Falls they meet the people from Great Buffalo Lake and make big talk there and make dances to do honor to the Old Man under the falls. And the people trade leather for fur with the people from Great Buffalo Lake. But now the people is scared to go there. But I am not scared. I go there. Three times I go there. Each time I leave a little present of tobacco for the Old Man so he know my heart is good."

towards him. I guess Old Man like a brave man better than a woman. No harm come to me since I go. My wife, my children got plenty to eat, I catch good fish. Ham-bye I take my boy there too. Some men say I crazy for that, but I say no. It is a fine sight. It make a man's heart big to see that sight."

This was a man after Stonor's own heart. "Tell him those are good words," he said heartily.

When they asked him about the White Man who lived beside the falls, Etzozah's eyes sparkled. "He may be my friend, and I proud. Since he say that I think more of myself. I walk straight. I am not afraid. He is good. He make the sick well. He give the people good talk. He tell how to live clean and all, so there is no more sickness. He much like children. He good to my boy. Gave him little face that say 'Ticky ticky' and follow the sun."

Etzozah issued a command to his small son, and the boy shyly exhibited a large cheap nickel watch.

"No other Kakua man or boy got that," said the parent proudly.

"Is it true that this white man hates other white men?" asked Stonor.

Etzozah made an emphatic negative. "He got no hate. He say red man white man all the same man."

"Then he'll be glad to see us?"

"I think he glad. Got good heart to all."

"Is he at home now?"

"He is at home. I see him go down the river three days ago."

Those in the dug-out exchanged looks of astonishment. "Ask him if he is sure?" said Stonor.

Etzozah persisted in his statement. "I not speak him for cause I hiding in bush watchin' bear. And he is across the river. But I see good his white face. I know him because he not paddle like Kakua one side other side, him paddle all time same side and turn the paddle so to make go straight."

"Where had he been?"

"Up to Home Track, I guess."

Home Track, of course, was the trail from the river

to Fort Enterprise. The village at the end of the trail received the same designation. If the tale of this visit was true it might have something to do with the hostility they had met with above.

"But we have just come from the Horse Track," said Stonor, to feel the man out. "Nobody told us he had been there."

Etnoah shrugged. "Maybe they scared. Not know what to say to white man."

But Stonor thought, if anything, they had known too well what to say. "How long had he been up there?" he asked.

"I not know. I not know him gone up river till see him come back."

"Maybe he only went a little way up."

Etnoah shook his head vigorously. "His canoe was loaded heavy!"

Etnoah accompanied them to the point where the current began to increase its pace preparatory to the first rapid.

"This the end my hunting-ground," he said. "Too much work to come back up the rapids." He saluted them courteously, and caused the little boy to do likewise. His parting remark was: "Tell the White Medicine Man Etnoah never forget he call him friend."

"Well, we've found one gentleman among the Kukwas," Stonor said to Clare, as they paddled on.

The first rapid was no great affair. There was plenty of water, and they were carried racing smoothly down between low rocky banks. Stonor named the place the Grumbler from the deep throaty sound it gave forth.

In quiet water below they discussed what they had heard.

"It gets thicker and thicker," said Stonor. "It seems to me that Imbrie's having been at the Horse Track lately must have had something to do with the chilly reception we received."

"Why should it?" said Clare. "He has nothing to fear from the coming of anybody."

"Then why did they say nothing about his want?"

He shook his head. "You know I wanted to tell them these people."

"Neither can I tell that matter. But it does seem as if he would have told them not to tell anybody they had seen him."

"It is not like him."

"Abraham and Ismael hated white men, Abraham said his heart was bad to all men. Which is the true description?"

"Abraham, she said suddenly. He has a simple kind heart. He lives up to the rule. Love thy neighbour better than thy son I have known."

"Well, we'll have to measure out where making haste to sleep the downstreaming subject. Presently he asked himself. Who is Ismael a such a good man, does she want to avoid meeting him?" There was no answer forthcoming.

The rapids became progressively wider and rougher as they went on down and Ismael was not without difficulty as in the moving bark. Sometimes the ripples of white water unexpectedly around a bend but the river was not so crooked now and more often he should then see the white falls like falling in the distance, causing those beneath to exclaim it is a spectacle of fear. As the current bore them downstream and then picked out the banks and the great white columns mounting them there was given a moment when they longed to turn back from these falls. But soon having plunged into the water they swam and a great exhilaration took the place. They shouted merrily to each other over scaled Mure and over water when they came to the bottom. But soon again the smooth surfaces seemed insipidable because the place

Ismael's endeavour was to steer a middle course between the great falls on the middle of the channel, where he feared might sweep the vessel or break her in half and the falls at each side which would have impelled her to ground. Luckily he had had a couple of days in which to learn the vagaries of his craft. In descending a swift current one has to bear in mind that

any boat happens to come he has some yards ahead of the spot where the trapline is applied.

As the day went on he bathed himself that "one sheep was an easier task of detection and to avoid the possibility of being carried over the falls he adopted the rule of standing at the head of each rapid, and walking down the shore to park his canoe and to make sure that there was enough water below. They had been told that there was no rapid immediately above the falls that the water always went without giving warning but Shanty discovered that with the banks of rock were remaining. He did not believe it possible for a rapid to go over a fall without some preliminary deluge.

As it happened such descended on them in the middle of a smooth stretch and then made way for the last one on the descent following the three falls under the power of the force of a little square open on the river side. There was not much during the meal and Shanty's guide remained back on his own side. They returned to immediately after eating.

Shanty awoke in the middle of the night without being able to tell what had disturbed him. He had a sense that something was wrong. It was a breathless and quiet night. Under the power of the moon it was very dark but outside of those shadows the river gleamed with such mists as he heard the murmur of a far-off rapid, and a whisper on the turbulent bosom of the water, answered a suggestion of escape immediately downstream. The two had turned down to the last cataract.

Suddenly he became aware of what was the matter. There was no wind. It was the secret hand of a friend, softer than falling leaves, past a watch of the darkness that escaped his sight and there. Shanty has descended with bated breath, as of terrorized of knowing that which fate has brought along to bear. He was afflicted with a ghastly sense of impotence. He had no right to complain on his grief. Yet how could he be so impotent when the eye is trouble and makes him not to bear? He could not be still. He got up, taking no care to be quiet, and built up the fire. He could not know, of

course, that he had heard that broken breath. Perhaps she would speak to him. Or, if she could not speak, perhaps she would take comfort from the mere fact of his walking presence outside.

He heard no further sound from her tent.

After a while, because it was impossible for him not to say it, he softly asked : " Are you asleep ? "

There was no answer.

He sat down by the fire listening and brooding—humming a little tune meanwhile to assure her of the blitheness of his spirits.

By and by a small voice issued from under her tent : " Please go back to bed," and he knew at once that she saw through his poor shift to deceive her.

" Honest, I don't feel like sleeping," he said cheerfully.

" Did I wake you ? "

" No," he lied. " Were you up ? "

" You were worrying about me," she said.

" Nothing to speak of. I thought perhaps the silence and the solitude had got on your nerves a little. It's that kind of a night."

" I don't mind it," she said ; " with you near—and Mary," she quickly added. " Please go back to bed."

He crept to her tent. It was purely an involuntary act. He was on his knees, but he did not think of that. " Ah, Clare, if I could only take your trouble from you ! " he murmured.

" Hush ! " she whispered. " Put me and my troubles out of your head. It is nothing. It is like the rapids : one knows one's nerve when they come up ahead. I shall be all right when I am in them."

" Clare, let me sit here on the ground beside you—not touching you."

" No—please ! Go back to your tent. It will be easier for me."

In the morning they awoke heavily, and set about the business of breakfasting and breaking camp with little speech. Indeed, there was nothing to say. Neither Stoner nor Clare could make believe now to be

otherwise than full of dread of what the day had in store. Embarking, Clare took a paddle too, and all three laboured doggedly, careless alike of rough water and smooth.

In the middle of the day they heard, for some minutes before the place itself hove in view, the roar of a rapid greater than any they had passed.

"This will be something!" said Stonor.

But as they swept around the bend above they never saw the rapid, for among the trees on the bank at the beginning of the swift water there stood a little new log shack. That sight struck them like a blow. There was no one visible outside the shack, but the door stood open.

CHAPTER VIII

THE LOG SHACK

It struck them as odd that no one appeared out of the shack. For a man living beside a river generally has his eye intently on the stream, just as a man who dwells by a lonely road sits few paces by himself. Stoner sent him a hand, as is the custom of the country, but no surprised glad face showed itself.

"He is away" said Stoner merely to break the rocking silence between him and Clare.

"Would he leave the door open?" she said.

They landed. On the beach lay two birch-bark canoes, Indian made. One had freshly-cut willow-branches lying in the bottom. Stoner happened to notice that the bow-thwart of this canoe was notched in a peculiar way. He was to remember it later. Ordinarily the Indian canoes are as like as peas out of the same pod.

From the beach the shack was invisible by reason of the low bank between. Stoner accompanied Clare half way up the bank. "Mary and I will wait here," he said.

She looked at him deeply without speaking. It had the effect of a farewell. Stoner saw that she was breathing fast, and that her lips were continually closing and parting again. Leaving her, she walked slowly and stiffly to the door of the shack. Her little hands were clenched. He waited, suffering torments of anxiety for her.

She knocked on the door-frame, and waited. She pushed the door further open, and looked in. She went in, and was gone for a few seconds. Reappearing, she shook her head at Stoner. He went up and joined

for Mary who, in spite of her shabbiness, was as impulsive as the next woman, followed him without being bid.

They all entered the shack. Stoner snuffed.

"What's this smell?" asked Clark. "I noticed it at once."

"Kinnikinnick."

She looked at him suspiciously.

"Native substitute for tobacco. It's made from the inner bark of the red willow. He must have run out of white man's tobacco."

She pointed to a can standing on the table. Stoner, lifting it, found it nearly full.

"Funny he should smoke home-brew when he has Kinnikinnick. He must be saving that for a last resort."

Stoner looked around him with a strong curiosity. The room had a grace that was astonishing to find in that far-forsaken spot—indeed, everything had been contrived out of the rough materials at hand. Two superb black bear skins lay on the floor. The bed which stood against the back wall was hidden under a beautiful red rug made out of scores of little skins cunningly sewed together. In one corner, with a border of feathers, there were two dark-green beaver skins fastened out of twelve, one with a straight back at the desk the other comfortable and crumpled before the fire. The principal piece of furniture was a hutch desk or table, put together with intricate patterns with no other tools but an axe and a knife and ribbed with one or two native bows. On it stood a pair of curved wooden candlesticks holding candles of bear tallow a candle not well and a curved frame displaying a little photograph—of Clark!

Leaving it her eyes filled with tears. "I'm glad I came," she murmured.

Stoner turned away.

A pen lay on the desk where it had been dropped, and beside it was a red leather note book or diary of which Clark possessed himself. More than anything else, what lent the room its air of antiquity was a little

shelf of books and magazines above the table. There was no glass in the window of course but a pane of glass had been stretched over the opening to keep out the drafts of wind. It could weather there was a heavy platter resting on broken plates. The fireplace, built of stones and clay, was in the corner. The stones were carelessly scattered out of their place of stone plastering on edge. Somer immediately noticed that the stones were still getting wet here.

The room there was no fireplace and half the shanty. There was a door communicating with the other half. Opening it, there was that the part evidently served the owner as a workshop and store room. A lot of tools were piled against one wall. Sawdust, rough lumber for partitions and traps and other timber great were hanging from pegs. There was a wooden box lying the floor that was whitened and under it was a work bench on which lay the remains of a nail and a number of tools. From the tool box to the rear portion of another partition was the workshop. On the floor of one side was a heap of supplies. They were the same goods as I expect what Somer had lately brought down and had not yet put away. There was a door on the back end of the room, the side of the shanty away from the sea.

Somer looking around said "I suppose he used that as a sort of vestry or the winter to keep the wool and the skins out of his living room."

"Where can he be?" said I more curiously.

There had been no disturbance in the house, like indications of having recently and

"He can't have been gone long. He was smoking here just now. The fireplace is still warm."

"He can't have intended to stay long for he left everything open."

"Well, he would hardly be expected to be disturbed up here."

"But suppose he?"

"The wild things would venture close to the fire and smell. Still, it's natural to clean up when you go away."

"What do you think?" — she asked tremulously.

The sight of her pale striped eyes, and the little white pressed into her lower lip, were unaccountably familiar to him. Clearly it was too much to ask of the high-strung woman, after she had moved herself up to the window to get an exciting definiteness in response.

There are degrees of natural explanations, he said quickly. Very likely he had gone into the house to have a quiet dinner.

Her hand unshakably went to her breast. "I feel," she whispered, "as if there were something dreadfully dreadfully wrong."

Murphy went outside and hopefully telephoned. He received no answer.

It was impossible for them to sit still while they waited. Having seen everything in the house they walked about outside till to the left in time had perceptibly reached a little garden. Strange it was to see the familiar potato vines, turnip and cabbage uprooting each other from beneath the uprooted root.

Time passed. From a sense of that, they perceived a smell on the air and reached a point where a clod of earth from the other's hand. Murphy did his best to keep up a lame excuse while at the same time the man's malignant mien was growing. He was asking the question he would find no fresh flesh anywhere after the fresh. There were no plants where the man had gone for meat, or to hunt perhaps, but no more than twenty feet from the old. To be sure there was the river but it was not likely he had it in mind again, and if he had gone up the river how could they have traced him? As for going down no river could live in that region. Against this note, moreover he supposed the falls were at the head of it.

Another thing both his shot gun and his rifle were leaning against the fireplace. He might have another gun, but it was not likely. As the hours passed, and the man neither returned nor answered Murphy a frequent shrewd the policeman began to wonder if an accident could have occurred to him. But he had certainly been alive and well within a half hour of their

arrived, and it seemed too fortuitous a circumstance that anything should have happened just at that posture. A more probable explanation was that the men had seen them coming and had reasons of their own for wishing to keep out of the way. After all, Munro had no present knowledge of the relations existing between Justice and Justice. But if he had hidden himself where had he hidden himself?

While it was still but day Munro persuaded Chase and Mary to return on the shack for a time while he made a more careful search for Justice's tracks. This time he thoroughly searched around, so that that day no one had struck into the bank surrounding the shack. He came upon the end of the old cane track around the bank, and followed it away. But it would have been clear to even a tyke on the bank that no one had used it lately. There remained the length. It was possible to walk along the shore bank without leaving a visible track. Munro searched the bank for half a mile in either direction without being able to find a single track in any sort of suitable place and without disarranging any place where one had struck up the bank into the bank. On the down river side he was halted by a low, sheer wall of rock washed by the current. He made sure that no one had tried to climb around this bank for purposes. From this point the rapids still swept on down out of sight.

He returned to the shack completely baffled, and keeping against hope to find Justice returned. But Chase did not hesitate on the shore where he had left her and looked to him eagerly for words. He could only shake his head.

"Finally the two went down."

"If he is not here by dark, said Chase with a kind of desperate resolution, we will know something in the matter. He has his ammunition left, his hunting traps are all here. He could not have returned to remain away."

Darkness slowly gathered. Nothing happened. At intervals Munro attempted only to be checked by the silence. Just to be doing something he built a great

fire outside the shack. If Isobine should be on the way back it would at least warn him of the presence of visitors.

Stonor was suddenly struck by the fact that Mary had not expressed herself as to the situation. It was impossible to tell from the smooth copper mask of her face of what she was thinking.

"Mary, what do you make of it?" he asked.

She shrugged, declining to commit herself. "All the people say Isobine got her" strong medicine," she said. "Say he make himself look like anything he want."

Stonor and Clare exchanged a rueful smile. "I'm afraid that doesn't help much," said the former.

Mosquitoes drove them indoors. Stonor closed the door of the shack and built up the fire in the fireplace. Stonor no longer expected the man to return, but Clare was still tremulously on the qui vive for the slightest sound. Mary went off to bed in the stone room. The others remained sitting before the fire in Isobine's two chairs. For them sleep was out of the question. Each had privately determined to sit up all night.

For a long time they remained there without speaking.

Stonor had said nothing to Clare about the conclusion he had arrived at concerning Isobine, but she gathered from his attitude that he was passing judgment against the man they had come to search of, and she said at last:

"Did you notice that little book that I picked up off the desk?"

Stonor nodded.

"It was his diary. Shall I read you from it?"

"If you think it is right."

"Yes. Just an extract or two. To show you the kind of man he is."

The book was in the inside pocket of her coat. Opening it, and leaning forward to get the light of the fire, she read:

"April 29th: The ice is preparing to go out. Great booming cracks have been issuing from the river all day at intervals. When the jam at the head of the

replies goes it will be a great night. To-morrow I'll take a bite to eat with her, and go down to the falls to watch what happens. Thank God for the coming of Spring! I'm pretty nearly at the end of my resources. I've read and re-read my few books and papers until I can almost repeat the contents by heart. I've finished my desk, and the cupboard-shelf, and the frame for Clara's picture. But now I'll be able to make my garden. And I can sod a little lawn in front of the house with buffalo-grass."

Clara looked at Stoker for an expression of opinion.

The policeman inhaled differently. "A real good sort."

"Wait!" she said. "Listen to this. One of the first visitors." Her voice was a muffled voice.

"They say that a man who lives cut off from his kind is bound to degenerate swiftly but, by God! I won't have it so in my case. I'll be on the guard against the first symptoms. I shave every day and will continue to do so. Smoking is a typhus. I will keep my person and my house as trim as if I expected her to visit me hourly. Half of each day I'll spend in useful manual labour of some kind and half in reading and contemplation. The power is mine to build or destroy myself with my thoughts. Well, I choose to build!"

Clara looked at Stoker again.

"That is fine," he said simply.

"No you are why I had to come," she murmured.

He did not see why the one followed necessarily on the other, nor did he understand why she felt impelled to explain it just then. But it seemed better to hold his peace. The revealing of Isabine's worthy nature greatly perplexed Stoker. It had been so easy to believe that the two must have been parted as a result of something evil in Isabine. He could not believe that it had been Clara's fault, however she might accuse herself. He was not yet experienced enough to conceive of a situation where two honest souls might come to a parting of the ways without either being personally to blame.

For another long period they sat in silence. The

influence of the English in the East Indies through the long line of their agents. There is no state of a colony equal to a colonial government. The law has been to give the self-government to the colonies. The colonies have been given the self-government of their own. The colonies are to be the masters of their own. It is not to be denied, that in this is a great advantage. The law of England is to be the law of the colonies.

It is not the right approach to the situation to make too much noise.²³

Worship - After all the information these brothers have gathered, they bring it all together in a single, brief, general statement. A group of men from the same church, who have gathered together to do a thing, and are to do it in a particular place, then, have a "worship". This is the "worship" of the church, and the "worship" of the church is the "worship" of God. This is the "worship" of the church, and the "worship" of the church is the "worship" of God.

The author has been writing this book for a long time, and has gone through the trials of writing, editing, and publishing. He has given his best effort to make the book as accurate and informative as possible. He has also tried to make the book as accessible as possible, so that it can be enjoyed by everyone.

"We must have a good time in the evenings I suppose. There is a lot of work to do and a lot of time to do it in. I am not sure if the people will be pleased. I am not used to work. What is that I was not to think of that before!"

"A bear?"
"Yes, sir. But I never thought of a bear standing in
your kitchen at night and at night time. Does it have
to stand up?"

"Oh, it couldn't be" "Clare began. She never finished.

Stoner kept his vigil at the open door. He heard Clare's voice on the eastern, that no light from behind might start her up. When she had done at the steps between the house and set this beside her Harry, appeared a had not been awakened.

Minutes passed and then heard no sounds except the pugnac and the pines. There was perfectly quiet and Stoner could not tell how she was bearing the strain. He thought hims that he had perhaps spoken too early. To reassure her he said

"It must have been a bear."

"You know there is really," she said. "A disappearing little was enough for me. I don't understand" "Oh, I don't understand. Why should he bark from us?"

Stoner could find little of comfort to say. "Morning will make everything clear I expect. We shall be laughing at it then then."

The minutes grew like hours and they remained in the same position. Nature is kinder to humans, and little by little the strain was eased. The sharpness of their anxiety was dulled. There were now no only a dogged waiting for the dawn. At intervals Stoner suggested to Clare that she go to down on the bed but when she begged to remain beside him he had not the heart to insist. In all that time they heard nothing beyond the natural sounds of the night, the slippage of little paws footfalls among the leaves, the distant bark of a fox.

And then without the slightest warning the night was shattered by a blood curdling shriek of terror from Mary Moore in the room adjoining. Stoner's first thought was for the effect on Clare's nerves. He jumped up, unagent, running the English version. He was in the communicating door. There was silence at his back.

Mary was lying on the floor covering her head with her arms, moaning in an interval of terror and gibbering at her own tongue. For a while she could not tell them what was the matter. Stoner thought she was drowsing. Then she began to cry in English.

"Dear! Dear!" and to pull to it. Stonor made for the door, but Clare with a cry clung to him, and Mary herself scrambling on all fours, clutched him around the knees. Stonor felt exequently foolish.

"Well, let me secure it," he said gruffly.

The door was fitted with a bar, which he strong-armed into place. At the window across the room he strong-armed the shutter in, and fastened that also.

"You are," he said. "No one can get in here now."

They took the shaking Mary into the next room. To give them a better sense of security, Stonor tore the cotton out of the window and fastened the shutter also. There was no bar on this door. He preferred to leave it open, and to mount guard in the doorway.

Gradually Mary calmed down sufficiently to tell them what had happened. "Little noise wake me. I not know what it is. Listen. Hear it again. Come from door. I watch. Bam-bam! I see the door open so slow so slow. I so scared can't cry. My tongue at floor. I see a hand pushin' the door. I see a hand stick in and listen. Then I get my tongue again. I cry out. Door close. I hear somebody runnin' outside."

Stonor and Clare looked at each other. "Not much doubt about the kind of animal now," said the former depreciatingly.

Clare spread out her hands. "He must be mad," she whispered.

Mary and Clare clung to each other like sailors. Stonor remained at the door watching the clear space between the shack and the river. Nothing stirred there. Stonor heard no more untoward sounds.

Fortunately for the nerves of the women the nights were short. While they watched and prayed for the dawn, and told themselves it would never come, it was suddenly there. It came, and they could not see it come. The light stole between the trees, the leaves divined themselves with colour. A little breeze came from the river and seemed to blow the last of the smoke away. By half past three it was full day.

"I must go out and look around," said Stonor.

They implored him not to leave them.

"It is necessary he said finally.

"Your red coat is no emblem," she faltered.

"It is not supposed he said "that is, against Indians. As for animals I can protect myself." He showed them his worn and tattered

He left them weeping. He went first to the log house free, entered the house. He immediately saw, as he had expected that a man had leaped out of the lower bushes. There were the two deep prints of his moccined feet. His hand prints also where he had fallen forward. He had no doubt come from farther than he had intended. It was full a year after that he believed his hunting or otherwise through the bush. Sam Shaver saw that he had also buried his gun no doubt at the moment when he had turned back to the shack. Still the track was visible now. It made a wide defile through the bush and came back to the door of the room where Matt had been sleeping. The man had taken a couple of hours to make perhaps three hundred yards. He had evidently scoured himself along up back at a time to avoid giving an alarm.

When Matt had not he had taken back to the bush on the other side of the shack. Shaver following the track, crept through the brush on this side and was finally led to the edge of the river bank. The instant he pushed through the bushes he saw that one of the bush vines was missing. Running to the place where this lay he saw that it was the one with the triflow bushes that was gone. He need go but only further. There was nothing in view for the short distance that he could see upstream.

CHAPTER IX

THE FOOL

Shane, returning to the shore, was haled with joy to one who might have come back from Hades unscathed. He told it bare just what he had found.

"What do you think?" she asked anxiously.

"I am a fool!" He was in cutting and took to the tree. There were so many tracks around the base of the tree that I was put off. He must have been hidden there all the time we were looking for him and shouting. As soon as it got dark he tried to make his get away but his calculations were somewhat apart for his failing. Even after we had taken warning he had to risk getting picked up or made because all his food was there. Do doubt he thought we would not be in the other room, and he could speak so quiet like what he ought carry. When he was scared off he made a run for it started his journey of flight at that's all.

"But why should he run from us from us?"

Shane shrugged helplessly.

She gathered the little red book again. "Read something here she said turning the pages.

"Under her distressing finger while she looked aside, he read. The hardest thing I have to suffer against is my hunger for her. [Description of the animal against that. I spent whole days wrestling with myself trying to get the better of it and think I have conquered, only to be smothered at night by wanting her more than ever."

"Does that sound as if he wished to escape us?" she inquired.

In her distress of mind it did not occur to her, of

answer, that this was rather a cruel situation for Stenner. He did not answer for a moment, then said in a low tone: "I am afraid his mind is unchanged. You suggested it."

"I know," she said quickly. "But I have been thinking it over. It can't be 'Letters to thee.' She hastily turned the pages of the little book. "What day is this?"

"The third of July."

"This was written June 20th, only four days ago. It is the last entry in the book. Letters?" She said, while the tears started to her eyes.

"I used to get a few good books on natural history. If I could make better friends with the little wild things around me I need never be lonely. There is a young rabbit who seems destined to let it all with me. I toss him a bit of biscuit after breakfast every morning. He comes and waits for it now. He eats it quietly in my sight, then, with a flick of his abundant fur, 'thank you,' transports down to the river to wash it down."

"These are not the thoughts of a man out of his mind."

"No," he admitted, "but everything you have read about him to be of a somewhat high strung nature. On such a man the sudden shock of our meeting."

"Oh, then I have wasted too long!" she cried desparingly. "And now I can never repay."

"Not necessarily," said Stenner with a dogged patience. "Such cases are common in the North. But I never knew one to be incurable."

She took this in, and it comforted her partly, but her thoughts were still busy with matters remote from Stenner. After a while she asked abruptly: "What do you think we ought to do?"

"Start up the river at once," he said. "We'll hear stories of him on the way. We'll overtake him in the end."

She stared at him with troubled eyes, pondering this suggestion. At last she slowly shook her head. "I don't think we ought to go," she murmured.

"What?" he cried, astonished. "You wish to stay here after last night? Why?"

"I don't know," she said helplessly.

"But if the man is really not right, he needs looking after. We ought to hurry after him."

"It seems to me such vital with the sort of things who speak what is strange to themselves—but I have an intuition a presentiment. I don't know what to call it! Something tells me that we do not yet know the truth."

Monroe turned away in puzzlement. He could not argue against a woman's reason like that.

"We don't be impatient with me," she said appealingly. "Just wait to-day. If nothing happens during the day to throw any light on what puzzles us, I will make no more objections. I'll be willing to start the afternoon and camp up the river."

"It will give him twelve hours start of us."

Her surprising answer was: "I don't think he's gone."

Monroe made his way over the old portage trail. He wished to have a look at the Great Falls before returning up river. There waiting for what she could not have told had chosen to remain at the shore, and Mary Moran was not afraid to stay with her by day-light. Like Moran, Mary believed that the man had undoubtedly left the neighbourhood and that no further danger was to be apprehended from that quarter.

Monroe went along absent-mindedly, running over the absentmindedness of walking a way through almost oblivious to his surroundings. His heart was placid and sure. He did not tell her that the man who had prowled around the shore the night before was as cool as ever, yet there persisted in troubling him to the shore. In his present temper it seemed to Monroe as if Chase purposefully made his task as hard as possible for him. In fact, the temper had a grievance against the whole world.

Suddenly he realized that his brain was simply churning stuff in circles. Shaking shore, he shook himself over like a dog on coming from the water. He will try to shake off the horrors of the past night.

and his dread of the future. Better men told him that only brightness lay on dwelling on these things. Let things pass as they would he would meet them later on when he begged and in so far could be saved of them. In the meantime he would not waste himself with such thoughts.

From the start and on the trail he met with that enormous bad traveller that was a wolf before probability during the previous winter. On the trail on green wood were laid tracks. It was clear from the amount of cutting he had been obliged to do that this traveller was the first that way in many years. Some further news from the side of his own work cast his own white man in white skin shape & racing with one stroke clear through a red man made two shapes that way through on each side. This was pretty convincing evidence that Indians had first come from down river.

This tree had not been used never and Stinson, determining the longitude and latitude a shore that he frequently visited the falls supposed that he had some other way of reaching there. He determined to see if it was possible to make his way along the banks on the way back.

The tree did not take him directly to the falls, but in a certain place he saw signs of an old telegraph standing off towards the river and following this he was brought out on a plateau of rock immediately above the spot where the river stopped off into space. Here he stood for a moment & saw himself for the first time looking over. His eye was caught by some ends of strong leathering from the bottom of a brush basket box. He was at a loss to account for their presence until he remembered Kianoch and his boggling offerings to the Red Man. Here Kianoch had tied his tobacco-bags.

Approaching the brush the tree swayed stiff a little as I gathered its forces for the leap and over the edge and I leaped myself. It was true his estimate was correct that the basket swayed its own way but the earth remained. The gorge below offered a superb prospect. After the variable flights and turns

of the shore above, the sudden drift in the world impressed the beholder stunningly.

Then Monot went to the extreme edge and looked over. A deep dull roar smote upon his ear, he was bewildered and satisfied. Knowing the Indian propensity to exaggerate he had half expected to find merely a cataract wider than anything above, or perhaps a wide straggling series of falls. It was neither. The entire river gathered itself up, and plunged down into deep water below. The river narrowed down at the brink and the volume of water was stupendous. The drop was over one hundred feet. The water was of the colour of strong tea, and as it fell it drew over all brown sheet a lovely creamy foam of foam. Tight little crusts of spray puffed out of the falling water like jets of smoke and a whirling and churning merged into the white cloud that rolled about the foot of the falls. This cloud itself followed up in successive undulations like full draperies, only to spread out and vanish in the sunshine.

Monot had the solemn feeling that comes to the man who knows himself to be among the first of his race to gaze on a great natural wonder. He and Ismene alone had seen this sight. What of the noble of Ismene? Doctor Magician, skulker in the night madman, perhaps and later a husband? What he he haunted by him all his life? But the noble spectacle before Monot's eyes calmed his nerves. All will be clear in the end, he told himself. And nothing could destroy his thought of Clare.

He would like to have remained for hours, but everything drew him back to the shore. He started back along the bank. On the whole it was easier going than by the circumferent trail. There were no obstacles except the low precipice that has been mentioned, and that proved to be no great matter to climb around. Meanwhile every foot of the rapid offered a fascinating study to the river man. The rapid seemed to go against all the customary rules for rapids. Nowhere in all its term express could Monot

such a channel: the rocks stuck up everywhere. He figured that one could have returned in a canoe to safety from the very head of the falls by means of the back waters that swept up the shore.

His attention was caught by a log jam out in the rapids. He had scarcely noticed it the day before when searching for traps. Two great rocks that stuck out of the water came together where the current was strongest had at some time caught an immense fallen tree square in on their shoulders and the pressure of the current held it there. Another tree had caught on the obstruction and another and now the fastened pile reared itself high out of the water.

At the moment Stover had no weightier matter on his mind than to puzzle how this had come about. Suddenly his blood ran cold to perceive what looked like a human foot sticking out of the water at the bottom of the pile. He suddenly rubbed his eyes, thinking that they deceived him. But there was no mistake. It was a foot, clad in a moccasin of the ordinary shape of the country. While Stover looked it was agitated back and forth as in a final struggle. With a low hoard breast he suddenly held himself around for some means of rescue. But he immediately realized that the current of the foot was long past and. The movement was due simply to the action of the current.

His brain whirled dizzily. A foot? Whose foot? Indian's? There was no other man anywhere here. But Indian knew the place as well as could not have been carried down unless he had chosen to end his life that way. And his anxiety to obtain tool the right Indian did not suggest that he had any intention of getting himself out of the way. Perhaps it was an Indian turned up river and carried down. But they would surely have heard of the accident on the way. More likely Indian. If his brain was unchanged, who could say what wild impulse might move him? Who then the reason for Indian's prostration? If it was Indian how could he tell her?

Stover turned down the mounting bank that con-

stricted his throat, and soberly betrothed himself of what he must do. Useless to speculate on whose the body might be, he had to find out. He examined the place up and down with fresh care. The log-jam was about half a mile above the falls, and a slightly lesser distance below Limbne's shack. It was nearer his side of the river than the other, say, fifty yards of torn white water lay between the drift pile and the beach. To wade or swim out was out of the question. On the other hand, the strongest flow of water, the channel such as it was, set directly for the obstruction, and it might be possible to drop down on it from above—if one provided some means for getting back again. Stonor marked the position of every rock, every reef above, and little by little made his plan.

He returned to the shack. In her present state of nerves he dared not tell Clare of what he had found. In any case he might be mistaken in his supposition as to the identity of the body. In that case she need never be told. He was careful to present himself with a smooth face.

"Any news?" cried Clare eagerly. "You've been gone so long!"

He shook his head. "Anything here?"

"Nothing. I am ready to go now as soon as we have eaten."

Stonor, faced with the necessity of suddenly discovering some reason for delaying their start, stroked his chin. "Have you slept?" he asked.

"How could I sleep?"

"I don't think you ought to start until you've had some sleep."

"I can sleep later."

"I need sleep too. And Mary!"

"Of course! How selfish of me! We can start towards evening then."

While Clare was setting the biscuits to the fire in the shack, and Stonor was chopping wood outside, Mary came out for an armful of wood. The opportunity of speaking to her privately was too good to be missed.

"Mary," said Stoner. "There's a dead body caught in the rapids below here."

"Wish?" she cried, letting the wood fall. "You think it is him?"

"I don't know. I suppose so. I've got to find out."

"Find out? In the rapids? How you goes' find out? You get carry over the falls!"

"Not so loud! I've got it all sopped out. I'm taking no unnecessary chances. But I'll need you to help me."

"I not help you," said Mary rebelliously. "I not help you drown yourself—for a dead man. He's dead anyhow. If you go over the falls what we do? What we do?"

"Easy! I told you I had a good plan. Wait and see what it is. Let her to sleep this afternoon, and we'll try to pull it off before the water. Now run on in, or she'll wonder what we're talking about. Don't show anything in your face!"

Mary's prime accomplishment lay in hiding her feelings. She picked up her wood, and went stolidly into the shack.

Stoner, searching among Jimmie's things, was much reassured to find a trawling line. This, added to his own line, would give him six hundred feet of rope, which he judged ample for his purpose. He spliced the two while the meal was preparing.

"What's that for?" Clare asked.

"To help us up-stream."

As soon as he had eaten he went back to the beach. His movements here were invisible to those in the shack. He carried the remaining bark canoe on his back down the beach to a point about a hundred and fifty yards above the log jam. This was to be his point of departure. He took a fresh survey of the rapids, and went over and over in his mind the course he meant to take.

After cutting off several short lengths that he required for various purposes, Stoner fastened the end of the line to a tree on the edge of the bank—the other end he made fast to the stern of the canoe—not to the point

of the stern, but to the stern thwart where it joined the gunwale. This was designed to hold the canoe at an angle against the current that would keep her out in the stream. The slack of the line was coiled neatly on the beach.

With one of the short lengths Stinson then made an effort from the line near where it was fastened to the thwart, and passed it around his own body under the arms. Thus if the canoe smashed on the rocks or swamped, by cutting the line at the thwart the strain would be transferred to Stinson's body and the canoe could be left to its fate. Another short length with a loop at the end was made fast at the other end of the thwart. This was for the purpose of making fast to the log jam where Stinson wished to free the body. A third piece of line he carried around his neck. This was to strangle the body.

During the course of these preparations Mary joined him. She reported that Clare was fast asleep. Stinson made a little prayer that she might not awaken till this business was over.

He explained to Mary what he was about and showed her her part. She listened silently but sensing that his mind was made up, shrugged at the uselessness of opposing his will. Mary was to pay out the rope according to certain instructions, and afterwards to haul him in.

Finally after pronouncing himself of the security of all his knots, he divested himself of hat, tuner and books and stepped into the canoe. He shook hands with Mary took his knife between his teeth and pushed off. He made as much as he could out of the back water along shore and then, breaking diagonally upstream shot out into the turbulent paddling like a man possessed in order to make sure of getting far enough out before the current swept him ashore at his destination. Mary according to instructions paid out the rope freely. Before starting he had marked every rock in his route and he passed them now by instant. His thinking had been done beforehand. He worked like a machine.

He saw that he was going to make it, with something to spare. When he had the log pole safety under his quarter he stopped paddling and bringing the canoe around at first took out of there was plenty of water and time. He held up a hand to Marv and according to pre arrangement she gradually took up the oars in the bow. The canoe started up, and the current began to race past.

So far so good. The bow held the canoe slightly towards to the current than the pressure of the current itself kept her from going astern. The log pole however was rapidly about astern. Marv let her oars out and held over her. He immediately turned about so another log pole being up and down river as rapidly as which the current is paddling. Turning his oars every other second or so until he was held fast and the oars that had all Marv carried.

The current had increased from the water at the bow of the canoe. He saw that the opportunity of getting up to work in on the front oars to be used the log which faced both to it and pulled himself out on the log. The rope from the shore was still enough to hold on one end a step. He was taking no unnecessary chances.

The body was caught in water just under the upper great log that his canoe was fastened to. The upper part of the passing log had a nail. The hand grabbed on between under the pull and went down disappeared altogether out of sight back into tight with a glister on the surface. Having suddenly grabbed the log and groped herself to. He principal anxiety was that log and all caught water was from the jaws and he turned down, but there was little danger that his unconscious weight would distract so great a bulk.

The body was caught on the back of a log and underneath. He succeeded in freeing the other foot. He guessed that a smart pull up stream would liberate the whole but on that out the current would prevent nearly enough of from his grasp. He saw that it would be an impossible task from his uncertain perch to drag the

body out on the leg and at last had it into the right position. His only chance lay in breaking a gallop.

He took the piece of iron he had brought for the purpose, he heated the feet together and made the collar and fast to the front hoof of the pony. Then he got on and selected his steps from before it became the time and for the return journey. In case of shoulders and shoulders he could get off from the collar, he took the pony and went passing a line drawn from his head to tail which he meant to keep. When all was ready he galloped to Mars the pony.

Now he put the iron to the left hoof of the pony. On the strength of that a pony began to be moving of the body. He continued to move. Mars had got another glimpse of the pony's form and being astute he took nothing from the pony's movement. But he had all went well through the collar he pulled the unbroken body just as from the strength of Mars. It was another one was galloping as a pony. He said when he is he could walk him but he had that was what he was kept busy breaking his pony self off all the roads. He had mastered Mars as the stock was accustomed to walk galloping up the roads. Then was increased the danger of the pony running him back to the stable. But Mars could not be a weaker the unbroken pony. The kept the road away from the horse but body against the stones and stones kept the hand.

As the unbroken horse said that he was going to have trouble. Instead of walking about the pony was riding further with the stones and was presenting a more dangerous sight in the running moment. Mars had galloped about a third of the time, when suddenly the horse got up the current under his head and dashed up into the air like a fish at the end of a line and being there riding dangerously. The current swirled among the granite like an animal passing to think to pass.

The strain on Mars was frightful. He was extended at full length with his legs turned against an extremity of rock. Many could see the agonized expression. He started to try to shake off the line, but of course

the roar of the water drowned his panting voice. In death-play he tried desperately to shove his weight to the left. More and more powerfully beat the sides, his lungs and heart were strained past their limit.

The water lapped at his neck and the hissing water crept up the free-board. He held it at arm's end because now that a life was over that is the cause. With a single stroke of his hand he severed the pectoral of the left-hand hand. With another stroke the pectoral of the right. When the long chain on his back he was pulled clean out of the water. It passed out of his reckoning. In the long lashed hand, he knew he still had the dead body safe.

He swam with strength and beat the hissing water, pushing his further efforts bulletted him the way and that was with the sweep of giant arms. He swam with the arms spread horizontally at the end of the long limbs trailing spread. He was being sideways around a breaker and pressed there with the hands of the current water. I noticed the breath was gone, leaving his body. Dashed, dashed, passing he was then managing the struggle over it and was cast further ashore. The bitterness of the current was to smother him at once. If he could only keep alive. The waves were thicker on shore. He was beaten first on one side then the other. All his remaining efforts were reduced to protecting his head from the rocks with his arms.

The shallow water had been but a foot or two deep, but of course he could gain no foothold. He still dragged his broken body. At the breakers was knocked out of him under the turbulent waves, but he was conscious of no pain. The end from exhaustion was a blunder. He found himself on the back water and expected the final instant of strength in clutching out with hands and fingers on the beach. He cast himself flat, holding the breath.

More water panting to his aid. He was able to pull to his consciousness and in the memory of his safety she and down, suddenly and swept like a white woman. Hand gathered himself together and set up groaning. The onset of pain was still high overwhelming. He felt blindly as if his flesh all over had been powdered by a

jelly. But all his limbs, fortunately, responded to their functions.

"Let still Mary begged of him.

He shook his head. "I must keep moving, or I'll become as helpless as a log."

The nameless thing was floating in the back water. Together they dragged it out on the stones. It was Shuster's first sight of that which had cost him such pain to escape. He seemed himself to bear it. Mary was at his side, but she turned her head away. The man's face was totally unrecognizable by reason of the battering it had received on the rocks. His clothes were partly in tatters, there was a gaping wound at the

but the rest as far as Shuster could judge it was the body of a young man, and a comely one. His skin was dark like that of an Indian or a state man with a quarter or eighth strain of Indian blood in his veins, because she was shocked by this fact, nothing that he had heard had suggested that Indian was not as white as herself. This put a new look on affairs. For an instant Shuster doubted. But the man's hand was well-formed and well kept, and in what remained of his clothes one could still see the great muscles and the sinews. In fact of now the man was like Indian.

He was rescued from his central position of the gruesome object by a sharp exclamation from Mary. Looking up, he saw that a quarter of a mile away, floundering to them along the bank, the bear sank.

"Get to her, he said quickly. Keep her from swimming here."

Mary hastened away. Shuster followed more slowly, dragging his companion as best he could. For him it was now going over the stones, yet all the way he was fully conscious of the beauty of the wild woods, sweeping down between its green shores.

As he had feared, there seemed to be halted by Mary. Thrusting the Indian woman aside, she came on to Shuster.

"What's the matter?" she cried sternly. "Why did you both leave me? Why does she try to stop

me?—Why? you're all wet! Where's your tunie, your boots? You're in pain!"

"Come to the house," he said. "I'll tell you."

She would not be put off. "What has happened? I insist on knowing now! What is there down there I mustn't see?"

"Be guided by me," he pleaded. "Come away, and I'll tell you everything."

"I will see!" she cried. "Do you wish to put me out of my mind with suspense?"

He saw that it was perhaps kinder not to oppose her.

"I have found a body in the river," he said. "Do not look at it. Let me tell you."

She broke away from him. "I must know the worst," she muttered.

He let her go. She ran on down the beach, and he hobbled after. She stopped beside the body, and looked down with wide, wild eyes. One dreadful low cry escaped her.

"Ernest!"

She collapsed. Stoner caught her sagging body. Her head fell limply back over his arm.

CHAPTER X.

THE START HOME.

Stoner, refusing aid from Mary, painfully carried his burden all the way back to the shark. He laid her on the bed. There was no sign of returning animation. Mary clenched her clasped hands and did what other others her experience suggested. After what seemed like an age to the watchers she started and struggled. Stoner dreaded then what perspiration would bring to her awakening. But there was neither grief nor terror in the quiet look she had first on one then the other, only a kind of unnameable perplexity. She closed her eyes again without speaking, and presently her despatched herathing told them that she slept.

"Thank God!" whispered Stoner. "It's the best thing for her."

Mary followed him out of the shark. "Watch her close," he charged her. "If you want me for anything come down to the beach and had."

Stoner pinched another knife and returned to the body. In the gift of time a identification he could shake the further doubt that this was indeed the remains of the unhappy brother. She had her own means of identification he supposed. The man undoubtedly disengaged, must have pushed off in his anger and let the current carry him to his death. Stoner, however, thinking of the report he must make to his commanding officer knew that his speculations were not sufficient. Much as he disliked the necessity it was incumbent on him to perform an autopsy.

This developed three surprising facts in the order: (a) there was no water in the dead man's lungs, proving

that he was already dead when his body entered the water. (b) There was a bullet hole through his heart, (c) the bullet itself was lodged in his spine.

It is a moment to cover the sight of murder—but only for a moment. A glance showed him that the bullet was of that weight and size a revolver bullet. He was not inclined to be technical. What he knew that there were no revolver bullet in the country round except his own revolver. (d) But noted out that the dead man had not been badly wounded. Consequently he might be dead. It was a thought that suggested the name. (e) It seemed to him that the bullet had merely shattered the skull by passing a buried through it.

He now kept the bullet in his pocket where he then stood about for a suitable burial place. His pocket was to provide the poor boy with a fast apid for his last long rest. Upon top of the low pile of earth that had been constructed there was a fine pebble of variegated granite which covered the head of the corpse. A small piece of wire flagged the body up here and with his little bag here a shallow grave had been the result of a moment's work. It was a long hard task. He worked here with hands as bare as a coffee and throwing the earth back heaped a mound of stones on top. Placing a flat stone on the middle he marked the spot a stone on it and the date. He spoke no articulate prayer but thought one perhaps.

Very well said before. It seems I was never too know it. Though you boasted me and may perhaps havent yet still."

Dragging himself wearily back to the shop, Steiner found that he could sleep.

Four hours with ringing bell. "There a no doctor like sleep!"

The next dread was that she might become seriously ill. What would be done in that case so far away from help?

He sat forward there to watch beside there while Steine prepared the evening meal. There were still some three hours more of daylight and he decided to be granted as to their start up over by this a condition

when she awoke. If she had a horror of the place they could start at once, provided she were able to travel, and sleep under canvas. Otherwise it would be well to wait until morning, for he was pretty nearly all in himself. Indeed, while he waited with the keenest anxiety for Clare's eyes to open, his own closed. He slept with his head fallen forward on his breast.

He awoke to find Clare's wide-open eyes wonderingly fixed on him.

"Who are you?" she asked.

It struck a chill to his breast. Was she mad? This was a more dreadful horror 'than he had foreseen. Yet there was nothing distraught in her gaze, merely that same look of perplexed annoyance. It was an appreciable moment before he could collect his wits sufficiently to answer.

"Your friend," he said, forcing himself to smile.

"Yes, I think you are," she said slowly. "But it's funny I don't quite know you."

"You soon will."

"What is your name?"

"Martin Stoner."

"And that uniform you are wearing?"

"Mounted police."

She raised herself a little, and looked around. The puzzled expression deepened. "What a strange-looking room! What am I doing in such a place?"

To Stoner it was like a conversation in a dream. It struck awe to his breast. Yet he forced himself to answer lightly and cheerfully. "This is a shack in the woods where we are camping temporarily. We'll start for home as soon as you are able."

"Home? Where is that?" she cried like a lost child.

A great hard lump rose in Stoner's throat. He could not speak.

After a while she said. "I feel all right. I could eat."

"That's fine!" he cried from the heart. "That's the main thing. Supper will soon be ready."

The next question was asked with visible embar-

moment. " You are not my brother, are you, or any relation ? "

" No, only your friend," he said, smiling.

She was troubled like a child, biting her lip, and turning her face from him to hide the threatening tears. There was evidently some question she could not bring herself to ask. He could not guess what it was. Certainly not the one she did ask.

" What time is it ? "

" Past seven o'clock."

" That means nothing to me," she burst out bitterly. " It's like the first hour to me. It's so foolish to be asking such questions ! I don't know what's the matter with me ! I don't even know my own name ! "

That was it ! " Your name is Clara Starling," he said steadily.

" What am I doing in a shack in the woods ? "

He hesitated before answering that. His first fright had passed. He had heard of people losing their memories, and knew that it was not necessarily a dangerous state. Indeed, now that wiping out of recollection seemed like a terrible desperation, and he dreaded the word that would bring the agony back.

" Don't ask any more questions now ! " he begged her. " Just rest up for the moment, and take things as they come.

" Something terrible has happened ! " she said agitatedly. " That is why I am like this. You're forced to tell me what it is. But I must know. Nothing could be so bad as not knowing anything. It is wonderful not to have any identity. Don't you understand ? I am empty inside here. The me is gone ! "

He arose and stood beside her bed. " I ask you to trust me," he said gravely. " I am the only doctor available. If you act like yourself like this only harm can come of it. Everything is all right now. You have nothing to fear. People who lose their memories always get them back again. If you do not remember of yourself I promise to tell you everything that has happened."

" I will try to be patient," she said dolefully.

Presently she asked, "Is there no one here but us? I thought I remembered a woman—or did I dream it?"

Stonor called Mary in and introduced her. Clare's eyes widened. "An Indian woman!" that expression said.

Stonor said, as if speaking of the most everyday matter, "Mary, Miss Starling's memory is gone. It will soon return, of course, and in the meantime plenty of food and sleep are the best things for her. She has promised me not to ask any more questions for the present."

Mary paled slightly. To her, loss of memory smacked of insanity of which she was terribly aware—like all her race. However, under Stonor's stern eye she kept her face pretty well.

Clare said, "I'd like to get up now," and Stonor left the shack.

Nothing further happened that night. Clare ate a good supper, and a lot of colour returned to her cheeks. Stonor had no reason to be anxious concerning her physical condition. She asked no more questions. Immediately after eating he sent her and Mary to bed. Shortly afterwards Mary reported that Clare had fallen asleep again.

Stonor slept in the store room. He was up at dawn, and by sunrise he had everything ready for the start up-river.

It was an entirely self-possessed Clare that emerged from the shack after breakfast, yet there was something inaccessible about her. Though she was anxious to be friends with Stonor and Mary, she was cut off from them. They had to begin all over again with her. There was something precious in the sight of the little figure so alone even among her friends, but she was bearing it pluckily.

She looked around her eagerly. The river was very lovely, with the sun drinking up the light mist from its surface.

"What river is this?" she asked.

Stonor told her.

"It is not altogether strange to me," she said. "I

feel as if I might have known it in a previous existence. There is a fall below, isn't there?"

"Yes."

"How do you suppose I knew that?"

He shrugged, smiling.

"And the—the catastrophe happened down there," she said diffidently. He nodded.

"I feel it like a numb place inside me. But I don't want to go down there. I feel differently from yesterday. Some day soon, of course, I must turn back the dreadful pages, but not quite yet. I want a little sunshine and lassiness and sleep first; a little vacation from trouble."

"That's just as it should be," said Stonor, much relieved.

"Isn't it funny, I can't remember anything that ever happened to me, yet I haven't forgotten everything I know. I know the meaning of things. I still seem to talk like a grown up person. Words come to me when I need them. How do you explain that?"

"Well, I suppose it's because just one little department of your brain has stopped working for a while."

"Well, I'm not going to worry. The world is beautiful."

The journey up-stream was a tiresome affair. Though the current between the rapids was not especially swift, it made a great difference when what had been added to their rate of paddling on the way down, was deducted on the way back. Stonor foresaw that it would take them closer on the day to make the Horte-Tract. He and Mary took turns tracking the canoe from the bank, while the other rested. Clare steered. Ascending the rapids presented no new problems to a river-man, but it was downright hard work. All hands joined in pulling and pushing, careless of how they got wet.

The passing days brought no change in Clare's mental state, and in Stonor the momentary dread of some thought or word that might bring recollection crashing back, was gradually lulled. Physically she showed an astonishing improvement, rejoicing in the

hard work on the rapids, eating and sleeping like a growing boy. To Stace it was enchanting to see the true blood spangle her pale cheeks and the sparkle of health well bring enhance her eyes. With this new tide of health came a stouter resistance to disagreeable terrors. Away with shudders and quiverings! For the moment the physical side of her was perfect. It was Nature's own way of effecting a cure. Towards Stace in this new character of hers she displayed a host of laughing boldness that surprised her.

At first he would not let himself believe what he read in her new gear that the natural woman who had shrouded off the burdens of an unhappy past was disposed to let him. But of course he could not really trust in such a suggestion. Let him tell himself all he liked that he was living on a fine a parasite that when destruction returned as it must in the end, she would think no more of him. nevertheless when she looked at him like that he could not help being happy. The , rather took on a thousand new delights for her, such delights as his solitary youth had never known. At least he told himself there was no man in it for the only man who had a better claim on her was dead and buried.

One night they were camped beside some bare trees poles on a point of the bank. Mary had gone off to set a night line in an eddy. Stace lay on her back on the grass smoking, and Clare sat near, nursing her烟.

" You've forbidden me to ask questions about myself," said she, " but how about you?"

" Oh, there's nothing to tell about me."

She affected to study him with a disinterested air.

- I don't believe you have a wife," she said suddenly.
- You haven't a married look."

" What kind of a look is that?"

" Oh, a sort of apologetic look."

- Well, as a matter of fact I am not married," he said, grinning.

" Have you a sweetheart?" she asked in her abrupt way, so like a boy's.

Stonor regarded his pipe-bowl attentively, but did not thereby succeed in masking his blushes.

"Aha! You have!" she cried. "No need to answer."

"That depends on what you mean," he said, determined not to let her outface him. "If you mean a regular cut and dried affair, no."

"But you're in love."

"Some might say so."

"Don't you say so?"

"I don't know. I've had no instruction on the subject."

"Pshaw! It's a poor kind of man that needs instruction!"

"I daresay."

"Tell me, and maybe I can instruct you."

"How can you tell the untellable?"

"Well, for instance, do you like to be with her?"

Stonor affected to study the matter. "No," he said.

She gave him so comical a look of rebuke that he laughed outright. "I mean I'm uncomfortable whether I'm with her or away from her," he explained.

"There may be something in that," she admitted. "Have you ever told her?"

"No."

"Why don't you tell her like a man?"

"Things are not as simple as all that."

"Obstacles, eh?"

"Rather!"

A close observer might have perceived under Clare's scornful chiding the suggestion of a serious and anxious purpose. "Bless me! this is getting exciting!" she said. "Maybe the lady has a husband?"

"No, not that."

A glint of relief showed under her lowered lids.

"What's the trouble, then?"

"Oh, just my general unworthiness, I guess."

"I don't think you can love her very much," she said, with pretended scorn.

"Perhaps not," he said, refusing to be drawn.

She allowed the subject to drop. It was characteristic of Clare in her lighter moments that her conversation slipped from subject to subject like a charmer on the heights. Those who knew her well, though, began to suspect in the end that there was often a method in her skipping. She now talked of the day's journey, of the weather, of Mary's good cooking, of a dozen minor matters. After a long time when he might naturally be supposed to have forgotten what they had started with, she said off-hand:

"Do you mind if I ask one question about myself?"

"Fire away."

"You told me my name was Miss Clare Starling."

"Do you suspect otherwise?"

"What am I doing with a wedding-ring?"

It took him unawares. He stared at her a little drowsily. "I never noticed it," he stammered.

"It's hanging on a string around my neck."

"Your husband is dead," he said bluntly.

She cast down her eyes. "Was that the catastrophe that happened up here?"

While he wished to keep the information from her as long as possible he could not be to her. "Yes," he said. "Don't ask any more."

She bowed as one who acknowledges the receipt of information not personally important. "One more question: was he a good man, a man you respected?"

"Oh yes," he said quickly.

She looked puzzled. "Strange I should feel no sense of loss," she murmured.

"You had been parted from him for a long time."

They fell silent. The charming spell that had bound them was effectively broken. She shivered deliberately, and announced her intention of going to bed.

But in the morning she showed him a shining morning face. To arise refreshed from sleep, hungry for one's breakfast, and eager for the day's journey, was enough for her just now. She was living in her instincts. Her instinct told her that Monroe loved her, and that sufficed her. The dreadful things might wait.

Having ascended the last rapids, they found they could

make better time by paddling the dug-out, keeping close under the shore as the Kakiss did, and cutting across from side to side on the inside of each bend to keep out of the strongest of the current. The seating arrangement was the same as at their start, Mary in the bow, Stonor in the stern, and Clare facing Stonor. Thus all day long their eyes were free to dwell on each other, nor did they tire. They had reached that perfect stage where the eyes confess what the tongue dares not name, that charming stage of folly when lovers tell themselves they are still safe because nothing has been spoken. As a matter of fact it is with words that the way to misunderstanding is opened. One cannot misunderstand happy eyes. Meanwhile they were satisfied with clasping each other.

"Martin, I wonder how old I am."

He studied her gravely "I shouldn't say more than thirty-three or four."

"You wretch! I'll get square with you for that! I can start with any age I want. I'll be eighteen."

"That's all right, if you can get away with it. If I could keep you up here awhile maybe you could knock off a little more."

"Oh, Martin, if one could only travel on this river for ever! It's so blessed not to have to think of things!"

"Suit me all right. But I suppose Mary wants to see her kids."

"Let her go."

Her eyes fell under the rapt look that involuntarily leapt up in his. "I mean we could get somebody else," she murmured.

Stonor pulled himself up short. "Unfortunately there's the force," he said lightly. "If I don't go back and report they'll come after me."

"What is this place we are going to, Martin?"

"Fort Enterprise."

"I am like a person hanging suspended in space. I neither know where I came from, nor where I am going. What is Fort Enterprise like?"

"A trading-post."

- "Your home?"
- "Such as it is."
- "Why 'such as it is'?"
- "Well it's a bit of a hole."
- "No society?"
- "Society?" He weighed gravity.
- "Are there any girls there?"
- "There's one—except Miss Pringle, the patient's sister, and she's rather a widowish oldish."
- "Does there have to be a real girl, Martin?"
- "None but you, Clare."
- He had an odd happy glint in his eyes. It wasn't:
- "Is it possible that I am the first with him?"
- "Why do you look at me like that?" he asked.
- "He's not father here to look at," she said softly.
- "Thanks," he said, laughing. He was modest but that sort of thing doesn't exactly hurt the most modest of men. "Thank you."

They camped that night on a little plateau of scrub pine, and after supper Mary told tales by the fire. Clare heard and squirmed over, was a perfect charmer. What she thought of the patient that night, Mother never knew. He left at 4 A.M. to come to an understanding with her. That then showed Mary a secret from which he was excluded, he knew. Mary had been preserved from her former life by a something else.

"This is the story of the Wolf Man," she began.

"Once on a time there was a man had two bad sons. They had no sheep. That man the old master of the go away where there were no other people he can teach these wretches to be good so he made his bridge away off on the prairie. Nowt where they camp was a high hill, and every evening when the sun go under the men go up on top of the hill and look all over the country to see where the buffalo was feeding and see if any Indians come. There was a buffalo skull on that hill which he sit on.

"In the daytime while he had the women talk."

"This is very interesting," said my. "We got nobody talk to, nobody to visit."

"Other woman say: 'Let us kill our husband. Then we go back to our relations, and have good time.'

"Early in the morning the man go out to hunt. When he gone his wives go up the hill. Dig deep pit, and cover it with sticks and grass and dirt. And put buffalo-skull on top.

"When the shadows grow long they see their husband coming home all bent over with the meat he kill. So they mak' hausr to cook for him. After he done eating he go up on the hill and sit down on the skull. Wah! the sticks break, and he fall in pit. His wives are watching him. When he fall in they take down the lodge, pack everything, and travel to the main camp of these people. When they get near the big camp they begin to cry loud and tear their clothes.

"The people come out. Say: 'Why is this? Why you cry? Where is your husband?'

"Women say: 'He dead. Five sleeps ago go out to hunt. Never come back.' And they cry and tear their clothes some more.

"When that man fall in the pit he was hurt. Hurt so bad can't climb out. Ham-bye wolf travelling along come by the pit and see him. Wolf feel sorry 'Ah h-woo-o-o! Ah h-woo-o-o!' he howl. Other wolves hear. All come running. Coyotes, badgers, foxes come too.

"Wolf say: 'In this hole is my find. It is a man trapped. We dig him out and have him for our brother.'

"All think wolf speak well. All begin to dig. Soon they dig a hole close to the man. Then the wolf say: 'Wait! I want to say somethang.' All the animals listen. Wolf say: 'We all have this man for our brother, but I find him, so I say he come live with the big wolves.' The others say this is well, so the wolf tear down the dirt and drag the man out. He is almost dead. They give him a kidney to eat and take him to the lodge of the big wolves. Here there a one old blind wolf got very strong medicine. Him make that man well, and give him head and hands like wolf.

"In those days long ago the people make little holes

in the walls of the cache where they keep meat, and set snares. When wolves and other animals come to steal meat they get caught by the neck. One night wolves all go to the cache to steal meat. When they come close man wolf say "Wait here little while I go down and lay traps so you not get caught." So he go and sprung all the snares. Then he go back and get wolves, coyotes, badgers and foxes and all go in the cache and make feast and carry meat home.

"In the morning the people much surprised find meat gone and snares sprung. All say, how was that done?" For many nights the meat is stolen and the snares sprung. But one night when the wolves go there to steal had only meat of a tough bison-hull. So the man wolf was angry and cry out

""Had you give us one? Had you give us one?"

"The people hear and say "It is a bad wolf who has done all this. We catch him now." So they put meat back fat and tongue in the cache and hide close by. After dark the wolves come. When the man-wolf see that good food he run to it and eat. Then the people run in and catch him with traps and take him to a lodge. Inside in the light of the fire they see what is. They say "This is the man who was bad!"

"Man say "No I not bad. My wife try to kill me. And he tell them how it was. He say "The wolves take pity on me or I die there."

"When the people hear that they angry at those bad women, and they tell the man to do something about it.

"Man say "You say well. I give them to the Bull Head, the Punisher of Wrong."

"After that night those two women were never seen again."

Mary Moon, when one of her stories went well, with the true instinct of a story teller could seldom be persuaded to follow it with another fearing an anti-climax perhaps. She turned in under her little tent, and soon thereafter trumpeted to the world that she slept.

Stonor and Clare were left together with self-con-

seous, downcast eyes. All day they had longed for this moment, and now that it had come they were full of dread. Their moods had changed, chaffing was for many mornings on the river, in the exquisite, brooding dusk they hungered for each other. Yet both still told themselves that the secret was safe from the other. Finally Clare with elaborate yawns bade Stoner good night and disappeared under her tent.

An instinct that he could not have analysed told him she would be out again. Half way down the bank in a little grassy hollow he made a nest for her with his blankets. When she did appear over the top of the bank she surveyed these preparations with a touch of haughty surprise. She had a cup in her hand.

"Were you going to spend the night here?" she asked.

"No," he said, much confused.

"What is that for, then?"

"I just hoped that you might come out and sit for a while."

"What reason had you to think that?"

"No reason. I just hoped it."

"Oh! I thought you were in bed. I just came out to get a drink."

Stoner, considerably daubed, took the cup and brought her water from the river. She sipped it and threw the rest away. He begged her to sit down.

She sat in a tentative sort of way, and declined to be wrapped up. "I can only stay a minute."

"Have you a pressing engagement?" he asked aggressively.

"One must sleep some time," she said rebukingly.

Stoner, totally unversed in the ways of women, was crushed by her changed air. He looked away, racking his brains to hit on what he could have done to offend her. She glanced at him out of the tail of her eye, and a wicked little dimple appeared in one cheek. He was sufficiently punished. She was mollified. But it was so sweet to feel her power over him, that she could not forbear using it just a little.

"What's the matter?" he asked silently.

"Why, nothing!" she said with an indulgent smile, such as she might have given a small boy.

An intuition told him that in a way it was like dealing with an Indian, to ask questions would only put him at a disadvantage. He must patiently wait until the truth came out of itself.

In silence he chose the weapon she was least proof against. She tried to out-silence him, but soon began to fidget. "You're not very talkative," she said at last.

"I only seem to put my foot in it."

"You're very stupid."

"No doubt."

She got up. "I'm going back to bed."

"Sorry, we don't seem to be able to hit it off after supper."

"I'd like to beat you!" she cried with a little gust of passion.

This was more encouraging. "Why?" he asked, grinning.

"You're so dense!"

At last he understood, and a great peace filled him. "Sit down," he said coaxingly. "Let's be friends. We only have nine days more."

This took her by surprise. She sat. "Why only nine days?"

"When we get out your life will claim you. This little time will seem like a dream."

She began to see then, and her heart warmed towards him. "Now I understand what's the matter with you!" she cried. "You think that I am not myself now, that this me which is talking to you is not the real me, but a kind of—what do they call it?—a kind of changeling. And that when we get back to the world, or some day soon, this me will be whisked away again, and my old self come back and take possession of my body."

"Something like that," he said, with a rueful smile.

"Oh, you hurt me when you talk like that!" she cried. "You are wrong, quite, quite wrong! This is my ownest self that speaks to you now; that is—

that is your friend, and it will never change! Think a little. What I have lost is not essential. It is only memory. That is to say, the baggage that one gradually collects through life; what was impressed on your mind as a child; what you pick up from watching other people and from reading books, what people tell you you ought to do, outside ideas of every kind, mostly false. Well, I've chucked it all—or it has been chucked for me. Such as I am now, I am the woman I was born to be! And I will never change. I don't care if I never find my lost baggage. My heart is light without it. But if I do it can make no difference. Baggage is only baggage. And having once found your own heart you never could forget that."

They both instinctively stood up. They did not touch each other.

"Do you still doubt me?" she asked.

"No."

"You will see. I understand you better now. I shall not tease you any more. Good night, Martin."

"Good-night, Clare."

CHAPTER XI

THE MYSTERY

Next morning, when they had been on the river for about three hours, they came upon their friend Ettaoah, he of the famous hair still hunting along shore in his canoe but this time without the little boy. Stoner hailed him with pleasure, for of all the Kukla Indians only this one had acted towards them like a man and a brother.

But the policeman was doomed to disappointment. When they overtaking Ettaoah they saw that the red man's open, friendly look had changed. He turned a hard, wary eye on them, just like all the other Kukla. Stoner guessed that he must have visited his people in the interim, and have been filled up with their nonsensical tales. Affecting to notice no change, Stoner said:

"We are going to spell here. Will you eat with us?"

No Indian was ever known to refuse a meal. Ettaoah landed without a word, and sat apart waiting for it to be prepared. He made no offer to help, but merely sat watching them out of his inscrutable, beady eyes. Stoner hoping to find him with better dispositions after he had filled up, let him alone.

Throughout the meal Ettaoah said nothing except to answer Stoner's questions in monosyllables. He denied having been up to Ahrenauer's village. Stoner was struck by the fact that he made no inquiry respecting his friend Limber. Stoner himself did not like to bring up the subject of Limber in Clare's hearing. Altogether baffled by the man's changed air, he finally said:

" Mary, translate this just as I give it to you—When the policeman come down the river he meet Etzoah. He is glad to see Etzoah. He say, here is a good man. Etzoah give the policeman good talk. They part friends. But when the policeman come back up the river Etzoah is changed. He is not glad to see the policeman. He gives him black looks. Why is that? Has anyone spoken evil of the policeman to Etzoah? He is ready to answer. He asks this in friendship."

But it was all wasted on the Indian. He shrugged, and said with bland, unfeeling gaze: "Etzoah not changed. Etzoah glad to see the policeman come back."

When they had finished eating, Clare, guessing that Stonor could talk more freely if she were out of hearing, strolled away to a little distance and sat down to do some mending.

Stonor said to Etzoah through Mary: "I have bad news for you."

The Indian said. " You not find White Medicine Man?"

" He is dead."

Etzoah's jaw dropped. He stared at Stonor queerly. " What for you tell me that?" he demanded.

The style of the question disconcerted Stonor for the moment. " Why do I tell you? You said you were his friend."

Etzoah veiled his eyes. " So—he dead," he said stoically. " I sorry for that."

Now it was perfectly clear to Stonor that while the man's first exclamation had been honest and involuntary, his later words were calculated. There was no trace of sorrow in his tones. It was all very puzzling.

" I think he must have been crazy," Stonor went on. " He shoved off in his canoe, and let the current carry him down. Then he shot himself."

Etzoah still studied Stonor like a man searching for ulterior motives. Clearly he did not believe what he was being told. " Why you think that? The falls never tell."

" His body didn't go over the falls. It caught on a log jam in the rapids."

" I know that log jam. How you know his body there?"

" I brought it ashore. Mary helped me."

Etaoosah smiled in a superior way.

Stonor exaggerated, turned to Mary. " Make it clear to him that I am telling the truth if it takes half an hour." He turned away and filled his pipe.

Mary presumably found the means of convincing the doubter. Etaoosah lost his mask. His mouth dropped open, he stared at Stonor with wild eyes, a yellowish tint crept into the ruddy copper of his skin. This agitation was wholly disproportionate to what Mary was telling him. Stonor wondered afresh. Etaoosah stammered out a question.

Mary said in her impulsive way, " Etaoosah say how we know that was the White Medicine Man's body?"

" Was there any other man there?" said Stonor.

When this was repeated to the Indian he clapped his hands to his head. " Non! Non!" he muttered.

Stonor indicated Clare. " She said it was Imogene's body. She was his wife."

Etaoosah stared stupidly at Clare.

Suddenly he started to run.

Mary said, " He say he got go now."

Stonor laid a heavy hand on the Indian's shoulder. " Set down! Not until this matter is explained. Perhaps the man did not kill himself. Perhaps he was wounded."

Etaoosah seemed beset himself with terror.

" Ask him what he's afraid of?"

" He say he sick in his mind because his friend is dead."

" Nonsense! This is not grief, but terror. Tell him I want the truth now. I asked as a friend at first, now I ask in the name of the law."

Etaoosah suddenly rolled away on the ground out of Stonor's reach. Then, springing to his feet with incredible sinuosity, he cut for the water's edge. But

Mary stuck out her leg in his path and he started to smile with a threat. Stoner averted his gaze from where she sat looking up with startled eyes.

"For the last time I ask you what you know about this matter," said Stoner sternly. "If you refuse to answer I'll carry you outside and put you in the white man's jail."

Mary answered sullenly.

"He say he know just say," said Mary.

"Get the tracking line, and help me to his hands and feet."

When Etannah saw that Stoner really meant to do what he said, he collapsed.

"He say he tell now," said Mary.

Etannah spoke rapidly and tremblingly to Mary. Little Joseph was that he was telling the truth, thought Stoner watching him. The effect of his communication on the shrewd Mary was startling in the extreme. She started back, and the same look of paroxysm terror appeared in her eyes. She was unable to speak.

"For God's sake what's the matter with you all?" cried Stoner.

Mary moistened her dry lips. She faltered. "He say he say he no scared when you say you find Indian's body five days ago because because two days ago Indian spill out him beside the river."

It was the turn of Stoner's jaw to drop, and his eyes to start. "But but this is nonsense!" he cried.

There could no longer sustain her credulity. "What is the matter, Martin?" she asked.

"Some Indian Indians, you know," he answered angrily. "I'll soon get to the bottom of it."

Lowering his voice he said to Mary. "Have him tell me exactly what happened two days ago."

Mary translated as Etannah spoke. Two days ago. The sun was half way to the middle of the sky. I spill down river near the rapids on the point where the topee poles are. I see White Medicine Man come paddling up. I much surprise see how all alone because I know you going down to see him. I call to him. He come on shore to me."

The results are encouraging. Early in August and again in September, 1917, the author made a series of observations on the growth of the *Phragmites* in the marshes of the lower Connecticut River. The results are summarized in the following table:

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He could never be quite the same again. His foolish
ways had got him into trouble. But it was with a good
will that he presented himself again to his teacher, who by
now had a good deal of time to himself.

It is a good idea to have a copy of the *Code of Ethics* and the *Code of Professional Conduct* on hand. These documents provide a clear and concise statement of the ethical obligations of a professional engineer. They also serve as a guide for decision making in complex situations. It is important to remember that the *Code of Ethics* and the *Code of Professional Conduct* are not the only factors that should be considered when making engineering decisions. Other factors, such as safety, cost, and environmental impact, should also be taken into account. It is also important to remember that the *Code of Ethics* and the *Code of Professional Conduct* are not the only factors that should be considered when making engineering decisions. Other factors, such as safety, cost, and environmental impact, should also be taken into account.

seen Imbrie's gun, that it was probably covered by his blankets.

Stonor seemed to be pondering deeply on what he had heard. As a matter of fact, conscious only of the hurt he had received, he was incapable of consecutive thought. The damnable question haunted itself. "How am I going to tell Clare?" Even now she was waiting with her eyes upon him for some word. He dared not look at her.

He was roused by hearing Etacolah and Mary talking together in scared voices.

"What does Etacolah say?" he demanded.

Mary faltered. "He say Imbrie got ver' strong medicine. Hum, not stay dead."

"That is nonsense. You saw the body. Could a man without a face come to life?"

She asked Etacolah timidly if Imbrie's face was all right.

"Well, what does he say?" Stonor demanded with a scornful smile.

"He say Imbrie's face smooth lak a baby's," Mary replied with downcast eyes.

"If Etacolah's story is true it was another man's body that we burned," said Stonor dejectedly.

He saw by the dogged expression on both red faces that they would not have this. They insisted on the supernatural explanation. In a way they loved the mystery, that scared them half out of their wits.

"What man's body was that?" asked Etacolah, challengingly.

And Stonor could not answer. Etacolah insisted that no other man had gone down the river, certainly no white man. Stonor knew from the condition of the portage trail that no one had come up from below that season. There remained the possibility that Imbrie had brought in a companion with him, but everything in his shack had been dredged for a single occupant, moreover, the diary gave the lie to the supposition. Etacolah said that he had been to Imbrie's shack the previous fall, and there was no other man there then. There were moments when the bewildered

policeman was almost forced to fall back on the supernatural explanation.

It would never do for him, though he betrayed his bewilderment not only the two Indians, but Charr, himself to have the guarantee. He must not think of the work of his own hands but now of what might be done next. He had stiffs and gave them the word to pack up. At one side his duty was clear. The Young Indian held the key to the mystery and he must be captured. Indian Charr a husband and not a possible murderer.

Marion told me what is the matter. I have no weapon, so he held the dog out but had to get in.

"It took me as soon as I got rid of the Indians," he said with an effort as not as he could remember.

He ordered Marion to take him to his camp so he intended to search it and to question his family. The Indians probably prepared for him.

It was at no great distance up stream. It consisted of three log houses built from the river a Indian custom, dating from the days when there had warfare enough. The loggers were occupied by Marion's uncles and brothers and the household responsibilities of his brother and his brother-in-law.

The search and the examination revealed but one significant fact and that corroborated Marion's story. Two days before he had undoubtedly come into camp and had taken meat and fish from their storehouse. Questioning the participants of the hunt of the family he had determined to tell them what he wanted of her and the Indians passed the fact to Marion as a guarantee. It was a usually received Indian that he was left among his tribe now. The fact of being armed all among the white men remained with him until he saw the policeman out of sight. Marion had warned him to say nothing of what had happened down-stream.

Marion reported Charr and Mary and they continued up stream. Marion had now to tell Charr what he had learned. She was trusting for it. In her opinion there was only salvation for him, no suspicion.

that the affair concerned herself. He had wished to wait until night, but he saw that he could not travel all day in silence with her. No use beating about the bush either, she was an intelligent being and worthy of bearing the truth.

"Clare," he began, avoiding her eyes, "you know I told you how I found your husband's body in the river, but I did not tell you - I merely wished to spare you something horrible - that it was much mutilated by being thrown against the rocks, especially the face."

She paled. "How did you know then, how did we know that it was he?" she asked, with a catch in her breath.

"You appeared to recognise it. You cried out his name before you fainted. I thought there must be certain marks known to you."

"Well?"

"It appears we were mistaken. It must have been the body of another man. According to the story the Indian has just told, Imbie went up the river two days ago. The story is undoubtedly true. There were details he could not have invented."

There was a silence. When he dared look at her, he saw with relief that she was not so greatly affected as he had feared. She was still thinking of him, Stoner.

"Martin," she murmured, deprecatingly, "there's no use pretending. I don't seem to feel it much except through you. You are so distressed. For myself, it all seems so unreal."

He nodded. "That's natural."

She continued to study his face. "Martin, there's worse behind?" she said suddenly.

He looked away.

"You suspect that this man . . . my husband . . . whom I do not know . . . that other man . . . murder, perhaps?"

He nodded.

She covered her face with her hands. But only for a moment. When they came down she could still smile at him.

"Martin, do not look so, or I shall hate myself for having brought all this on you."

"That's silly," he said gruffly.

She did not misunderstand the gruffness. "Do not torment yourself so. It's a horrible situation, unspeakably horrible. But it's none of our making. We can face it. I can, if I am sure you will always—be my friend—even though we are parted."

He raised his head. After all she was the comforter. "You make me ashamed," he said. "Of course we can face it!"

"Perhaps I can help you. I must try to remember now. We must work at it like a problem that does not concern us especially."

"Have you the diary?" he asked suddenly. "That's essential now."

"Did I have it?"

"In the side pocket of your coat."

"It's not there now. It's not among my things. I haven't seen it since—I came to myself."

He concealed his disappointment. "Oh, well, if it was left in the shack it will be safe there. I'm sure no Indian would go within fifty miles of the spot now."

"Have you any idea who the dead man could have been?"

"Not the slightest. It's a black mystery."

CHAPTER XII

SEARCH

Spence went about at Abnaki's village, searched every corner, and questioned the inhabitants down to the very children. The result was nil. The Indians up and all denied that Iahne had ever been up the river. Abnaki was convinced that they were lying. He said nothing of what had happened down at the falls, though the young Indians, Akwah, displayed no little interest in his own account.

They were on making the best time they could against the current. Iahne walked a third paddle now. The river was no less beautiful. The broken flood mingled with the same grace between the dark passes but they had changed. They scarcely noticed it. When they talked it was to discuss the problem that faced them in hunting the river. Like the Indians they searched the shores now but they were looking for the legged game. What other Indians they met on the river Iahne deemed having seen Iahne.

Spence had in mind the fact that the devoted Indians could take Iahne at any one of a thousand places along the shores. It was impossible for him to make a thorough search single handed nor did he feel justified in retarding on the river with Iahne. His plan was to return to Fort Enterprise as quickly as possible making the best search he could on the way and, after obtaining assistance to return. In the end unless he got out the river would be like a trap for Iahne. It was quite likely that he understood this, and was even now struggling to get away as far as possible.

On the morning of the tenth day after having
left the stage, they arrived at the Home Ranch and
Alderson's village. Their coming was heralded with
the report that a moment before there was no
sign of a man and a moment after there was no
man and a stage driver named Jim who
had been sent out to find them. Jim
was gone with the mail and had not been seen since.
All knowledge of the White Mountain Man and his
fate was sought in vain. No one could tell what had hap-
pened. It was conjectured at first that the Indians
had taken him away and had him out of the country
plundered him. He could not quite conceive the only
course he could or had to take in this case.

Several prominent citizens of the city and the church where the event occurred, the students, clergymen, with their wives, came to town in number of the right proportion, filling the church. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Clark, the pastor, had several times been among the regents, quarrelling with the people. Neither of them had been there, but on the Sabbath he had gone to England. The former was among the regents, but on the Sabbath evening he was with the government authorities at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. and Mrs. John Sturtevant. He used to bring the regents a box of his dried

He set himself to private out on which he thought Justice would find the best basis. But still he hesitated not to have Justice give that opinion for it might be legal in the best sense. It was possible it might just have concerned him in the approaching trial, but he was doubtful that he had the right that the justice should not trust his facts and then conduct a trial to get the most justice out of his way. This prompted the Third Branch village of Anna Justice would take up the case but on that case who should he not have given up on the others? However Justice argued from here that it was necessary for the Justice to rule in Anna's case. While it was three days possible argument it could be ruled on a day. In fact every thing pointed to Anna's case. If Justice was trying to get out of the trouble she might the upper hand provided the only route in this direction. Anna

decided to take the time to pay a little surprise visit to the village there.

Stoner announced at large that he was returning to Fort Enterprise that same day. Abheogash's anxiety to speed his departure further assured him that he was on the right track. Collecting their horses and packing up, they were ready for the trail about five that afternoon. The Indians were more cordial in bidding them farewell than they had been in welcoming them. There was a suspicious note of "good riddance" in it.

After an hour's riding they came to the first good grass, a charming little "prairie" beside the stream that Clare had christened. Meander Stoner dismounted and the two women, reining up, looked at him in surprise for they had eaten just before leaving the Indian village, and the horses were quite fresh, of course.

"Would you and Mary be afraid to stay here all night without me?" he asked Clare.

"Not if it is necessary," she answered promptly. "That is, if you are not going into danger," she added.

He laughed. "Danger? Not the slightest! I think I know where Jimbo is. I'm going after him."

Clare's eyes widened. "I thought you had given him up for the present."

He shook his head. "I couldn't tell you back there, but I found his canoe among the others."

"Where are you going?"

"To the Kahne village at Swan Lake."

He saw Mary's expression change slightly, and took encouragement therefrom. Mary, he knew, divided between her loyalty to Clare and her allegiance to her own people, was in a difficult position. Stoner was very sure, though, that he could depend on her to stand by Clare.

"Haven't you come far out of your way?" Clare asked.

"Not so far as you might think. We've been traveling south the last few miles. By crossing the Meander here and heading east through the bush I'll let the

from River on four miles or so. I'll be out of the bush long before dark. I've heard there's a short cut trail somewhere and I only know where to find it.

He said this particularly when Mary's hearing the spider up. What will the little people when the flood is. There the tree began.

Mary was not a little too bad for this. And the you, Mary, he said simply. I what I forgot it. You've saved me a struggle through the bush.

Mary was loaded overtake. She had to take her burdens for granted.

When will you be back? I have asked.

He said it's about twelve miles round trip. As I think ride the same before the house was ten miles of bush to another afternoon. I won't take Mary home, he a few valuable to me. I'll take the bus. If any thing should delay me. This trip I suppose is due to arrive from the post office after I caught a

They made camp beside the bed that Mary pointed out. There was all Mary out of sight with a smile. His mind was at ease about her for he knew of no dangers that could threaten her there of her fears created noise.

The side trail was little used and rough, and he was forced to proceed at a slow walk. The rougher trail, however, is infinitely better than the unbroken bush. This part of the country had been broken over years before and the timber was green and bare & open. Long before dark he came under the ridge of trees between the two Indian villages. There was nothing ahead and behind and he needed to take no further thought about parking his way. The house attracted. That for the most part the going was so good he had to hold his hand on to keep him from trying to walk it. He saw this tree only at intervals on his right hand in the walk across the hill and back through to what is called

He spied out his supper and darkness came on. Mary loved traveling at night and the unknown trail added a sort to the ride. The night world was as quiet as a tomb. Where one eye see less one feels more. The weight of night hung heavy on the still air, the

process of perfecting the mechanics of flight. The biological world of man makes that makes the other tangible and the human is further the ultimate model and gives that support the human in his flight. The man is the model and provides the pattern for the human flight. When the human goes to space, it is not the first time that man has come out of the earth's atmosphere. He can be modelled upon the human form. Thus, having the support for the model by human and the pattern of flight, it is almost impossible for the human to fail in his flight. The man is the pattern of flight. Man must bring the other human with him and help him to make a success of his flight.

He is the son of the great King who reigns in the land of Ethiopia and a wise man of great wisdom like himself. He had a broad nose and a flowing beard like his master. The first thing he did when he came to me was to give me the Augra name, the last name of the great white. Then when he had got a general knowledge of me he thought me good enough to be his son. He took me into his Augra. He taught me the beginning of every knowledge and the most important thing that any Prince must know is writing. Having the penmanship. He taught me to write the Amharic language. He taught me to read, but though I learned how well in the Amharic letters. He charged with his grandfather's broadest gifts.

Stonor demanded, letting his voice hang. The well-trained horse stood where he left him. "What are you doing here?" the postman demanded.

"Just travelling," drawled Hastings. "Any objection?"

"I'll take up your case later. First I want the white man Ernest Indore. Where is he?"

Hastings stared, and a peculiar grin crept over his face. "I've seen no white man here," he said. "Except myself. They call me a white man." He spoke English without a trace of the red man's clipped idiom.

"Name a place of whom you are speaking. It must be a white man." "What are you doing in the traps then?"

But the other was quite unshaken. "I'll get Myangan for you. He and I belong to you."

He turned a fat face right. "Name and address have on the shoulder. You shall have your answer."

Meanwhile the little Indian had begun to appear from the traps. The torn hanging took faithfully the women and children passing from under flaps and under the eaves of the traps with scared eyes.

"I want Myangan and I want to be treated right."

All heads turned to a figure entering the station. Stonor waited for him, keeping an eye on Hastings, Myangan and the others. The individual who approached was a little larger than the average of the Indians well-known and with a great shock of hair hanging to his neck. He was quite evidently dressed in white clothes. His short arms and extremely short upper lip gave him a porcupine aspect. He had the wild look of a bold child caught in mischief. He came up to Stonor and offered his hand with a defiant air, saying: "Here."

Stonor shook hands with him, offering not to notice the signs of treachery. The other Indian, unnerved by the presence of their local chief, drew closer.

"I want Ernest Indore," Stonor said sternly. "Where is he?"

Myangan could speak no English, but the spoken words and the tone were significant enough. He fell

back a step, and scowled at Stonor as if he suspected him of a desire to make fun of him. Then his eyes went involuntarily to Hoochum. Stonor, following his glance, was struck by the odd, self-conceitful leer on Hoochum's comely face. Suddenly it flashed on him that this was his man. His face went blank with astonishment. The supposed Hoochum laughed outright.

"Is this Imbrie?" cried Stonor.

Myengeen nodded sullenly.

Hoochum said something in Kukass that caused the surrounding Indians to grin covertly.

And in truth there was a comic aspect to Stonor's dismay. His brain was whirling. This hardy young villain married to the exquisite Clare! This the saviour of the Indians! This the high minded gentleman whose diary Clare had read to him! It was inexplicable. Yet Stonor suddenly remembered Hoochum's curiosity concerning the reports that were in circulation about the White Medicine Man; this was understandable now. But how could Clare have so stooped---? Well, it must be left to time to unravel.

He pulled himself together. "So you're Imbrie," he said grimly.

"That was my dad's name," was the impudent reply.

"I'll have to trouble you to take a journey with me."

"What's the charge?"

"Oh, we merely want to look into your doings up here."

"You have no right to arrest me without some evidence of wrong-doing."

"Well, I'm going to arrest you anyhow, and take my chances of proving something on you."

Hoochum scowled and pulled at his lip.

Stonor thought. "You'd give a lot to know how much I know, my man!"

Myengeen addressed Imbrie. Stonor watched him narrowly. He could only understand one word, the man's name, "Kembrie," but Myengeen's whole attitude to the other was significant. There was

respect in it; admiration, not unmixed with awe. Stoner wondered afresh. Clearly there could be no doubt this was their White Medicine Man.

Imbrie said to Stoner, with his cynical laugh: "I suppose you want to know what he's saying. I don't understand it all. I'm just learning their lingo. But he's offering me the homage of the tribe or something like that."

"It's more than you deserve," thought Stoner. Aloud he said: "Imbrie, if you do what I tell you you can ride as you are. But if you want to make trouble I'll have to tie you up. So take your choice."

"Oh, I don't hanker after any hempen bracelets," said Imbrie. "What do you want of me?"

"First of all order somebody to bring out all your gear and spread it on the ground."

"That's not much," said Inthene. By word and by sign he communicated the order to one of the Kakwas. It seemed to Stoner that something was reserved.

The Indian disappeared in the tepee and presently returned with Imbrie's "bed," that is to say a pair of heavy blankets and a small gravy pillow, and Imbrie's hatchet.

"That's all I brought," said Imbrie, "except a little dried moose meat, and that's eaten up."

"I want your gun," said Stoner.

"Didn't bring any."

"Then what are you wearing a cartridge-belt for?"

Imbrie shrugged slyly.

"Produce your gun, or I'll tie you up, and search for it myself."

Imbrie spoke, and the Kakwas disappeared again, returning with a revolver, which he handed to Stoner. Stoner was careful not to betray the grim satisfaction he experienced at the sight of it. It was of thirty-eight caliber, the same as the bullet that reposed in his pocket. While not conclusive, perhaps, this was strong evidence. Since he had seen this man he had lost his dread of bringing the crime home to him. He wished to convict him now. He dropped the revolver.

in his coat pocket, and held out his hand for the ammunition belt, which was handed over.

"Now get a horse," he said.

Myengreen objected with violent shakes of the head.

"He says he's got no horses to hand over," said Jimmie, grinning.

"Make him understand that I will give a receipt for the horse. If it is not returned the Company will pay in trade."

"No spare horses," he says.

"Let him give you the horse you came on."

"I walked."

Stonor did not believe this for a moment. "Very well then, you can walk back," he said coolly.

Jimmie thought better of this. He entered into a colloquy with Myengreen which eventually resulted in a horse being caught and led up and saddled. Stonor gave a receipt for it as promised. Myengreen handled the bit of paper fearfully.

"Now mind," said Stonor.

"Aren't you going to let me have my breakfast?"

"We'll stop beside the trail."

Myengreen became visibly excited and began to harangue Jimmie in a fiery style with sableclaw looks at the posterior. Stonor out of the tail of his eye saw gathering scurly gaither on the faces of the other Indians as they listened. Myengreen's gestures were significant. With a sweep of his arm he called attention to the number of his followers, and then pointed to Stonor who was but one.

Jimmie said with a sneering laugh. "He's telling me that I have only to say the word, and you'll never take me."

"Rubbish!" said Stonor coolly. "Men do not oppose the police."

They could not understand the words, but the tone intimated them. Their eyes bolted as he looked sternly from man to man. He saw that look of angry pain come into their eyes that he knew in their race. It was not that they did not wish to defy him, but they dared not, and they knew they dared not.

"Oh, I'm helping you out old man," said Lucifer, with more impudence. "I'm telling them I don't mind going with you because you've got nothing in the world against me. I'm going to give them some good advice now. Listen."

He did indeed address Manganin rather stiffly at first though Manganin could not guess what he was saying, for he used no gestures. He saw that it was true Lucifer was unprepared in that tongue for he spoke with difficulty, hesitating for words, and then had to pay close attention to get his meaning. Manganin listened with a face as untroubled as Lucifer's own. At the end he nodded with an expression of approval, and bent a queer look on Manganin that the transport that suitable to fathers.

Lucifer then tied his bed behind his saddle and riding himself on the horse. Stoker agreed to him to start first and then trudged out from among the trees. Manganin sat stiffly with the butt of his gun on his thigh, and disclosed to look around. The instant they got in motion a whining sound swept from horse to horse. Manganin wondered greatly at the hold this fellow had obtained over the simple people. Even the Indians, it seemed to him, should have been able to see that he was no good.

They trudged slowly over the first ridge and out of sight. A long grassy bottom followed. When they had put what Manganin considered a safe distance between them and the village he called a halt. Picketing the horses, and building a fire for art about preparing their simple meal Lucifer seemed taking enough to do his share of unpacking, lighting wood and water etc. indeed in his cynical way he was almost good-natured.

As they sat over their meal he said tauntingly "Why are you afraid to tell me what the charge is against me?"

Stoker had no intention of letting out what he knew. He figured that Lucifer's mind was probably perfectly at ease regarding the murder always supposing there had been a murder because he could not possibly

guess that the body had not been turned over the falls. He retorted "If your conscience is easy, what do you care what charge is made?"

"Naturally I want to know why I'm obliged to upset all my plans to make this journey."

"There is no charge yet."

"But when you bring me in you'll have to make some kind of a charge."

"Oh, I suppose they'll merely ask you to explain your business up here."

"And if I stand on my rights as a free man, and refuse to tell my business?"

Stonor shrugged "That's not up to me. I shan't be the one to question you."

"Is it a crime to live alone?"

"No. But why did you run away when I came to see you?"

"I didn't run away."

"Don't know what you call it, then. When you saw us coming you hid in a tree."

"Who was us?" asked Jimbo, with a leer.

Stonor could not bring himself to name Chute's name to the man. "I thank you know," he said quietly "When night came you fell or jumped out of the tree and took to the bush. Later you attempted to sneak into the house."

"Well, it was my own house, wasn't it?"

"Sure, that's what puzzles me. What were you afraid of? Then when the Indian woman screamed you lit out for the brush, and beat it up the river."

"Well, was that a crime?"

"No, only a suspicious circumstance. Frankly, now, don't you consider yourself a suspicious character?"

"Oh, it's your business to suspect everybody!"

"Well, when I first met you, why did you lie to me concerning your identity?"

"I didn't lie. I just kept the truth to myself."

"You told me your name was Hoochum."

"Can't a man have more than one baptismal name?"

"Is it Ernest William, or William Ernest?" asked Stonor mockingly.

"I shan't tell you. I shan't tell you anything about myself until I know what I'm wanted for. I suppose that's my right, isn't it?"

"Sure!" said Stonor good-naturedly. "Anything you like. Travelers must be saying something to each other."

But Imbrie was not content to let the matter drop. There was a little gnawing anxiety somewhere. He burst out. "And have I got to put myself to the trouble of taking this long journey, just because you're too thick-witted to understand my perfectly natural motives?"

"Put it that way if you like," said Stonor, grinning. "The police are thick sometimes in dealing with clever fellows like you."

"Well, I'll tell you. I came up to this country because I choose to live alone. My reasons are my own affair. I'm not wanted by the police of this or any other country. But I don't choose to be spied on and followed up. That's why I got out of the way."

"Did you live alone down there?" asked Stonor casually.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, there was that lady who left Careau Point with you."

"Oh, that was just a temporary affair," said Imbrie, with a leer.

Stonor, thinking of Clare, could have struck him for it. With an effort he swallowed his rage. "Did you never have any visitors?" he asked coolly.

Imbrie favoured him with a lightning glance. "What put that idea into your head?"

Stonor lied to the good cause. "One of the Indians said you had a visitor."

"When?"

"Just a few days before we went down."

"What kind of visitor?"

"A man much like yourself," said Stonor.

Imbrie lost his grin for the moment. "It's a No," he said thickly.

"Oh, well it's no crime to have a visitor," said Stoner smoothly.

Imbrie saw his mistake, and quickly commanded himself. He laughed easily. "Just my way," he said. "I'm cracked on the subject of living alone."

They had to spell at short intervals during the day, for Monroe's horse was growing very fatigued. Whenever they halted they began to fester with words as much the same way, each trying to discover the other's weak point without letting down his own guard. It seemed to Monroe that, under his cynical insinuation, his partner was growing ever more anxious.

On one occasion Imbrie said with a careless air: "Did you see the big falls when you were down the river?"

"No," said Stoner instantly.

"Very fine sight."

It occurred to Monroe that a certain amount of curiosity on his part would appear natural. "What are they like?"

Imbrie looked at him through slightly narrowed lids. "Big horse-shoe effect. The water falls all around in a sort of half-circle, and there are tremendous rocks below. The water falls on the rocks."

This description sounded purposely misleading. The place Monroe was not like that at all, Stoner thought. "What does he tell me that for? Living there all that time. I can't possible he hasn't seen the falls. In his diary he mentioned going there." Suddenly the expectation came to him. "I know! He's trying to tempt me to tell him a lie and then he'll know I've been there."

"Must be great," he said, off-hand.

During the last spell Imbrie slept part of the time. Stoner dared not close his eyes, though he needed sleep terribly. He sat smoking and watching Imbrie, trying to speculate on what lay behind that smooth, comely mask.

"It's like a book I read once," he thought. "A

man had two natures in him, one good, one bad. At one time the good nature would have the upper hand; at another time the bad. He was like two entirely different people. A case of double personality, they called it. It must be something like that with this man. Clare married the good man in him, and the bad turned up later. No doubt that was why she left him. Then the good man reappeared, and she felt she had done him a wrong. It explains everything."

But a theory may work too perfectly to fit the haphazard facts of life. There was still the dead man to be explained. And a theory, however perfect, did not bring him any nearer to solving the personal problems concerned. What was one to do with a man who was at once sane and irresponsible? He could give up Clare like a man, he told himself, if it were necessary to her happiness, but to give her up to this—! He jumped up and shook himself with the gesture that was becoming habitual. He could not allow himself to dwell on that subject; frenzy lay that way.

CHAPTER XIII

THE RESCUE

THEY had struck off from the main trail between the two Indian villages, and were within a mile or two of Stonor's camp. Their pace was slow, for the going was bad, and Stonor's horse was utterly jaded. The trooper's face was set in grim lines. He was thinking of the scene that waited ahead.

Imbrie, too, had the grace to look anxious and downcast. He had been exasperatingly chopper all the way, until it had occurred to him just now to ask Stonor what he had done with the women. Upon learning that they were waiting just ahead, his feathers drooped. A whine crept into his voice, and, without saying anything definite, he began to hedge in an odd way.

"The truth about this case hasn't come out yet," he said.

"I never thought it had," said Stonor.

"Well, a man under arrest has the right to be to protect his interests at least until he has the opportunity to consult a lawyer."

"Sure, and an officer has the right to draw his own inferences from the law."

"Hell! I don't care what you think. As you said, you're not going to try me."

"When did you lie to me?"

"Well, if I thought it necessary to lie to you awhile ago, I'm not going to tell the truth now."

"All right. Why bring the matter up?"

"I just wanted to warn you not to jump to conclusions."

The trooper was dead tired, and dead sick of gazing

at the smooth, cool face of his companion. "Oh, go to hell!" he said. "You talk too much!"

Indore exploded into a violent silence.

Indore thought that some person he is afraid of meeting there. I suppose that a natural thought when he is like this. He must know what is the matter with him. Probably he hates everything connected with his better side. Well, if he doesn't want these other simple truths. Then he was still making his theory work.

At last there came out from among the trees, and the little green valley of the Bhagirathi lay before them. There were the three little tents pitched on the other side of the stream and the last before quite growing in the bottom. Mary was looking forward at Indore. It was a picture of peace and Silence's first anxiety for their safety was allayed.

He had not the heart to beat them, they would be very angry. And almost immediately Mary did look up and see the two Indians. She spoke into her shoulder and then quivered appalled from her head. The two men were created there suddenly.

Indore still rode slowly numbered on his saddle. He glanced over his shoulder and Silence saw that a dark's shadow had cast under his skin. He looked at Silence's fading face. Suddenly he clapped hands to his own breast and, putting the animal's head round, rebuked Silence and attempted to reprimand the bad Indian. He evidently imagined on the fact that the policeman might be mightier than he.

To stop his open target to a high would only have been to provide a fall. Silence made no attempt to follow. Taking his horse passed the clapped up his gun and fired into the air. It was sufficient. Indore pulled up. Silence protected himself of the other's bullet-rum and turned him round again. They said nothing to each other.

They splashed across the shallow ford. On the other side Silence quickly took Indore to command and reprimand. He did likewise. Chase and Mary situated their riding at a few paces' distance. Chase a gun

were fixed on Imbrie with a painful intensity. Curiosity and apprehension were blended in her gaze. Imbrie avoided looking at her as long as possible.

They turned out the weary brats to the grass, and Stonor marched his prisoner up to Clare—there was no use trying to hedge with what had to be gone through.

"Here is Imbrie," he said laconically.

The man moistened his dry lips, and mustered a kind of bravado. "Hello, Clare!" he said flippantly.

"Do you recognize him?" asked Stonor, dreading her answer.

"No, I don't know—perhaps," she stammered. "I feel that I have seen him before somewhere."

Imbrie's face underwent an extraordinary change. He stared at Clare dumbfounded.

"You're sure," murmured Clare uncertainly to Stonor.

"Oh yes, this is the Kakmas' White Medicine Man."

Imbrie turned sharply to Stonor. "What's the matter with her?" he demanded.

"She temporarily lost her memory."

"Lost her memory?" echoed Imbrie incredulously. He stared at Clare with sharp, eager eyes that transfixed her like a spear. She turned away to escape it. Imbrie drew a long breath, the ruddy colour returned to his cheeks, the old impudent grin wreathed itself about his lips once more.

"Too bad!" he said, with a leer. "You don't recognize your hubby?"

Clare shrank back, and involuntarily flung an arm up over her face.

Stonor saw red. "Hold your tongue!" he cried, suddenly beside himself.

Imbrie cringed from the clenched fist. "Can't a man speak to his wife?" he snarled.

"Speak to her with respect, or I'll smash you!"

"You daren't! You've got to treat me well. It's regulations."

"Damn the regulations! You mind what I tell you!"

Imbrie looked from one to another with unutterable malice. "Ah! So that's the way the wind blows," he drawled.

Stonor turned on his heel and walked away, grinding his teeth in the effort to get a grip on himself.

Imbrie was never one to forgo such an advantage. He looked from one to another with bright, sputtering eyes. When Stonor came back he said:

"You must excuse me if I gave you a turn. To tell the truth, a man forgets how attractive his wife is. I'm sorry I had to turn up, old man. Perhaps you didn't know that she had a Mrs. to her name. She took back her maiden name, they told me."

"I know it very well," said Stonor. "Since before we started to run for you."

"Well, if you know it, that's your look out," said Imbrie. "You can't say I didn't do my best to keep out of your way."

This was unbearable. Stonor suddenly berthought himself what to do. It is a low move he had Mary bring back the tracking-line. Imbrie who stood stroking his chin and surveying them with the air of master of the situation, lost countenance when he saw the rope. Stonor cut off an end of it.

"What's that for?" demanded Imbrie.

"Turn round and put your hands behind you," said the policeman.

Imbrie reluctantly folded his arms.

Stonor smiled. "If you want my orders," he said stiffly, "there is no need for me to hold my hand. — Put your hands behind you," he suddenly rasped.

Imbrie thought better to obey. Stonor bound his wrists firmly together. He then set Imbrie a hundred yards from their camp, and making him sit in the grass, tied his ankles and invited him to meditate.

"I'll get square with you for this, old man!" snarled Imbrie. "You had no right to turn me up!"

"I didn't like the style of your conversation," said Stonor coolly.

"You're damn right, you didn't! You unwilling

partner? You sleep after other men's wives? Oh, I've got you there! Wait just now! Any charge you bring against me will look foolish when I tell them.

"Tell them what?"

"I've been a day after her!"

Without a word away and left the room.

Clara still stood in the same place like a cornered mouse. She sagged for home with wide-harrowed eyes. As he came to her she said simply:

"This is more than I expected."

"The name is all right on his head," said Maria. "There's something more. Don't pay any attention to him. I don't think of him."

"But I expect there is him. I can't escape it. What does he mean? Is he all right?"

It is true that we mothers know their real character and character patterns too, perhaps. It is the only way to remember what was told me about him and what we know.

A sharp glance was turned inward on the station but to nothing. I could feel her eyes following. She said softly:

"I have to go home somewhere. I am sure of that. But home always seems like another home now. I could I cannot explain it."

"I need you now," urged Maria.

"She discontinued her thoughts to Maria. "You look utterly worn out. Why don't you sleep here?"

"Yes. We must. We have nothing. My house is not here. A good rest."

"Then I want that house but not the weather!"

Then again Maria was on the doorway to help pack and to guarantee the presence.

"It is not now that a chance to be with Isabelle comes. There was a proposition made in it a long

"The thought went to him. "What do you want?" he asked sternly.

"Well, I answer. I find you sympathetic and induce with a gun. I was a hell cutted off my feet by the infection. I to be made careful hereafter. Under that damned rope with you."

strange words about his heart. I think we're both better off with a little distance between us.

I believe we're still of two halves of the sun. The big cracked lamp. It's the same as it was. It makes me wretched.

And I have allowed it all ages since my partitions had collapsed, to continue existing.

Not a bit. said Shostak sympathetically.

It's been taken already. "Well, can I speak to you for just a minute?" he asked suddenly.

When I was still working here he invited me hunting and the like. "Yes." That's up to her, he answered. "I'll put it to her."

Reckoning that I have he said. "He wants to speak to you."

She shrank involuntarily. "What should I do, Martin?"

"I see nothing to be gained by it," said Shostak quietly.

But if so this can be a way for a work, perhaps I ought.

How hard does such an issue as this lay on him. Leave him alone.

He stood bent over. She was gazing in sombreness. It was hard for her to hear what he has to say. It may be the same with the others.

I know, said Shostak. His conduct is to those who remain, and are possible. But go ahead. If he's given up, he's given up. And with it not been known what I wanted him to do.

She was silent. She walked on and down to the grassy embankment, the embankment. She was with Shostak, and the others. Shostak was in his group of visitors, the others. They were with the emerald grass and the blue sky and the green trees.

The sun and the sun's rays. I like the sun and the sun's rays.

Shostak was silent. She was silent, and the sun was silent. The silence. It was a long and her whole heart was silent.

Shostak again beginning and questioning. Perhaps this the best way to think about what you want?

Another. The sun is in a quiet land. "There is

be silly, Martin. It was just what you might expect. Nothing important. He asked me dozens of questions as to what we did down the river."

"How did not tell him?"

"How could I?" Apparently he is greatly puzzled by my condition. He seems not fully to believe, or at least he pretends not to believe, that I cannot remember. He tried to work on my feelings to get you to liberate him. And of course he was most anxious to know what he was wanted for. I told him I could not interfere in your affairs, that's all."

Stone nodded.

"Martin," she said, with the withdrawn look that he had marked before, "I cannot remember anything, yet I am conscious of a deep treachery against this man. At some time in the past he has injured me greatly, I am sure. Yet I told you I had injured him, didn't I?" She passed a hand across her face. "It is very puzzling."

"Don't worry," he said cheerily. "It's bound to be made clear in the end."

"You wish to do all the worrying, don't you?" she said, with a wry smile.

He could not meet her dear eyes. "Worry nothing!" he cried. "I only have one idea in my mind, and that is to get some sleep!" He hastened to get his blankets.

They awoke him for the evening meal. After eating, he inspected his camp, went late to bed, moved his tent closer, instructed Mary to keep watch that he did not succumb to sleeping hummock, and went back to sleep again. Mary was to call him at dawn, and they would take the trail at sunrise.

In the middle of the night he was brought snapping to his feet by a cry out of the dark, a cry that was neither fox, wolf, coyote nor screech-owl. Wakened from a deep sleep, his consciousness was aware only of something dreadful. Outside the tent Mary ran to him; her teeth were chattering with terror; she could not speak. Clare crept from her tent. Both women instinctively drew close to their protector.

"What was it?" Clare asked, tremblingly.

A shriek answered her; a dreadful urgent cry of agony that made the whole night shudder. It came from a little way down the trail from the edge of the woods perhaps, not more than a quarter of a mile away.

"A human voice!" gasped Clare.

"A woman's!" muttered Stonor grimly.

Again it shattered the stillness, this time more dreadful, for they heard words in their own tongue. "Don't hurt me! Don't hurt me!" Then a horrible pause, and with added urgency "Help! Help!"

"By God! English words!" cried Stonor, astounded.

"Go to her! Go to her!" cried Clare, urging him with her hands.

On the other hand, Mary, falling to her knees, clung to him, fury gibbering in the extremity of her terror.

Stonor was suspicious, yet every instinct of manhood drew him towards these cries. Under that pull it was impossible to think clearly. He shooed Mary off, and started to run. He took three steps and pulled himself up short.

"Look at Imbrie," he muttered. "Strange he hasn't wakened."

It was true the prisoner still lay motionless, entirely covered with his blanket.

"It's a trick!" said Stonor. "There could be no English woman near here. It's a trick to draw me out of camp!"

"But none of the Kakwas could speak English," said Clare.

"I don't know," muttered Stonor, in an agony of indecision. "My first duty is here. Look at Mary. She thinks it's a trick."

Mary was lying on the ground, muttering a Kakwas word over and over.

"What is it?" Stonor harshly demanded.

"Spunks!" she gasped.

Stonor turned away, flinging his arms up. "Good God! Ghosts again!" he cried, in exasperation.

The dreadful cries were raised again. "Help! Help! He's killing me!"

"I can't stand it!" cried Clare. "I must go myself!"

"Stay where you are!" commanded Stonor. "It's too strange a thing to happen so close to our camp if it was not staged for our benefit!"

Just the same, it was not easy for him to hold himself. When the cries were raised again a deep groan was forced from him.

"If I only had another man!"

"Go! Mary and I will be all right!" said Clare.

"Don't go! Don't go!" wailed Mary from the ground.

Stonor shouted into the darkness. "Come this way! Help is here!"

The cries were redoubled.

Imbrie suddenly awoke, and rolled clear of his blanket. "What's that?" he cried, with an admirable assumption of surprise. "A woman's voice! A white woman! Why don't you go to her?"

It was a little too well done; Stonor felt partly reassured.

Imbrie appeared to be struggling desperately in his bonds. "For God's sake, man!" he cried. "If you won't go, cut me loose! I can't stand it!"

"I am sure now," said Stonor, in a voice of relief. "This is what he fixed up with Myengreen this morning. I ought to have been prepared for it. Mary, help me make up the fire. A blaze will help chase the horrors."

"Oh, you coward!" taunted Imbrie. "If I had my hands free! This is the famous nerve of the police!"

Stonor could afford to laugh at this. His courage was tried.

The voice came with a fresh note of despair. "He's taking me away! He's taking me away! Oh, come! come!" Sure enough the sounds began to recede.

But the spell was broken now. They were only conscious of relief at the prospect of an end to the grim farce.

"Damn clever work here," said Stonor. "She says the very things that ought to pull the hardest."

"Where could they have got the English words?" said Clare.

"Search me! It's another mystery to add to what's flinging us."

Meanwhile the flames were beginning to lick the twigs that Mary placed with trembling hands.

"If we make a big fire won't it reveal us to them?" said Clare nervously.

"They won't think," said Stoner uncomprehendingly.

"Stage business is over their line, you are units."

Imbrie, seeing that the game was up, had given over trying to taunt Stoner and lay watching them with an unabashed grin. He seemed rather proud of his scheme, though it had failed.

"Can I smoke?" he said.

"Mary will be angry, and stick it in her mouth," said Stoner.

They heaped up a big fire and at Stoner's insistence sat around it clearly revealed in the glare. He knew his audience. At first Clare trembled, thinking of the possible hostile eyes gazing at them from beyond the radius of light, but Stoner's cordiality was infectious. He joked and laughed, and, toasting slices of bacon, handed them round.

"We can eat all we want to night," he said. "Tom will be along with a fresh supply to-morrow."

Imbrie lay about fifteen paces from the fire, just enough to make himself unpleasant, if not to bear what was said. "Mighty brave man for the fire," he observed.

Stoner answered mildly. "One more remark like that, my friend, and I'll have to retire you again from good society."

Imbrie held his tongue thereafter.

Clare, wishing to show Stoner that she too could set an example of coolness, said. "Let's sing something."

But Stoner shook his head. "That would look as if we were trying to keep our courage up," he said, smiling. "and of course it is up. But let Mary tell us a story to pass the time."

Mary, having reflected that it was her own people and not ghostly visitors that had made the holocaust

interruption in the night, had repaid her outward shabbiness. She was not in the humour for telling stories, though.

"My mouth too dry," she said.

"Go ahead," coaxed Stone. "You know your own folks better than I do. You know that if we sit here by the fire, eating, talking, and laughing like a pleasant company, it will put respect into their hearts. They'll have no appetite for further devilry."

"Can't tell stories," she said. "Too late, too dark, too scared. Words won't come."

"Just tell us why the rabbits have a black spot on their backs. That's a short one."

After a little more urging Mary began in her stoical way:

"One tam Old Man him travel in the bush. Hear 'em' querr singin'. Never hear nothing like that before. Look all round see where it come. Wish I he see cotton-tail rabbits singing and making medicine. They mak' fire. Got plenty hot ashes. They lie down in those ashes and sing, and another rabbit cover them up with ashes. They not stay there ver' long for cause those ashes much hot."

"Old Man say 'Little brothers, that is wonderful how you lie down in those hot ashes without burning. Show me how to do it.'

"Rabbits say 'Come on, Old Man. We show you how. You got sing our song, only stay in ashes little while.' So Old Man begin to sing, and he lie down, and they cover him with ashes. Hes not burn at all."

"He say 'That is ver' nice. You sure got ver' strong medicine. Now I want do it myself. You lie down, and I cover you up.'

"So rabbits all lie down in ashes, and Old Man cover them up. Then he put the whole fire over them. Only one old rabbit get out. Old Man catch her and go put her back, but she say: 'Pity me, my children soon be born.'

"Old Man say 'All right, I let you go, so there is plenty more rabbits hum-lynn. But I will cook

these nicely and have a feast." And he put more wood on the fire. When those rabbits cooled nice, he cut red willow bush and lay them on to cool. Grease soak into those branches, that is why when you hold red willow to the fire you see grease on the bark. You can see, too, since that time, how rabbits got burnt place on their back. That is where the one that got away was singed.

"Old Man sit down waiting for rabbits to cool a little. His mouth is wet for to taste them. Coyote come along lumping ver' bad. Say 'Pity me, Old Man, you got plenty cooked rabbits, give me one.'

"Old Man say 'Go along! You too lazy catch your dinner. I not help you.'

"Coyote say 'My leg broke I can't catch nothing. I starving. Just give me half a rabbit.'

"Old Man say 'I don't care if you die. I work hard to cook all these rabbits. I will not give away. But I tell you what we do. We run a race to that big hill way off there. If you beat me I give you a rabbit.'

"Coyote say 'All right.' So they start run. Old Man run ver' fast. Coyote limp along close behind. Then coyote turn round and run back ver' fast. Ham not lame at all. Take Old Man long time to get back. Just before he get there coyote swallow last rabbit, and trot away over the prairie with his tail up.

"That is the end."

Stone laughed. "That's the kind of story I like. No cut and dried moral!"

Mary never could be got to see anything funny in the stories she told. Just what her attitude was towards them the whites could not guess.

"Give us another about Old Man," Stone went on. "A longer one. Tell how Old Man made medicine. A crackerjack!"

Clare looked at him wonderingly. If he were aware of the weirdness of their situation no sign betrayed it. The crackling flames mounted straight in the air, the smoke made a pillar reaching into the darkness.

Fifteen paces from Stonor lay his prisoner, staring unblinkingly at him with eyes that glittered with hatred; and from all around in the darkness perhaps scores of their enemies were watching.

Mary sobbed again.

"It was long tam ago before the white man come. The people not have horses then. Kakuma hunt on the great prairie that touch the sky all around. Many buffalo had been killed. The camp was full of meat. Great sheets hung in the lodges and on the rocks outside to smoke. Now the meat was all cut up and the women were working on the lodges. Cure some for robes. Scrape hair from some for leather."

The story got no further. From across the little stream they heard a muffled thunder of hoofs in the grass.

Stonor sprang up. "My horses!" he cried. "Stampeded, by God! The cowardly devils!"

Imbrie laughed.

Stonor snatched up his gun. "Back from the fire!" he cried to the women. "I'm going to shoot!"

He splashed across the ford, and, climbing the bank, dropped on his knee in the grass. The horses swerved, and galloped off at a tangent. They were barely visible to eyes that had just left the fire. Stonor counted seven animals, and he had but six with Imbrie's. On the seventh there was the suggestion of a crouching figure. Stonor fired at the horse.

The animal collapsed with a thud. Stonor ran to where he lay twitching in the grass. It was a strange horse to him. The rider had escaped. But he could not have got far. The temptation to follow was strong, but Stonor, remembering his prisoner and the women who depended on him, refused to be drawn. He returned to where Clare and Mary awaited him at a little distance from the fire. Meanwhile the horses galloped away out of hearing into the bush beyond the little meadow. Imbrie was still secure in his bonds. Stonor kept a close watch on him.

They had not long to wait before dawn began to

was no colour in the sky. Light revealed nothing living but themselves in the little valley, or around its rim. The horse Stonor had shot still lay where he had dropped. Simon returned to him, taking Mary. The animal was dead, with a bullet behind its shoulder. It was a blue mare, an ugly brute with a chewed ear. It had borne a saddle, but its owner had succeeded in retrieving that under cover of darkness. The man's tracks were visible, leading off towards the side trail.

"Mary, whose horse is that?" Stonor asked.

She shrugged and spread out her hands. As she had been living at Fort Enterprise for years, and saw her own people but seldom, he had no chance but to believe that she did not know. They returned to Clare.

Stonor said: "I shall have to leave you for a while. There's no help for it. I'm expecting Tole Grampierre this morning, but I can't tell for sure how fast he will travel, and in the meantime the horses may be getting further away every minute. If you are afraid to stay, I suppose you can come with me — though I may have to tramp for miles."

Clare kept her chin up. "I'll stay here. If you have to go far I'd only be a drag on you. I shan't be afraid."

The harassed policeman gave her a grateful glance. "I'll leave you my revolver. There's no use arming Mary, because I couldn't ask her to fire on her own people. I do not think there is the slightest danger of your being attacked. If the Indians, seeing me go, come around, pay no attention to them. Show no fear and you are safe. If they want Indians let them take him. I'll get him later. It only means a little delay. He cannot escape me up here."

"You must eat before you start," said Clare, anxiously.

"I'll take cold food. Can't wait for hot bread."

As Stonor started off, Embree cried mockingly, "So long, Redbreast!" Stonor doubted very much if he would find him on his return. But there was

the help for it. One has to make the best of a bad situation.

After traversing the little stream the disengaged horses had taken to the trail in the direction of Fort Leavenworth. Major had sent his boy to tell Tom that he had come and drive them back. But reliable as Tom was, it was no easier for him to make his team to the house, nor had he any knowledge that the horses would stay in the yard. He kept on.

The horses Major made clear reading. (at several dashes Major followed through the track of a dog trail. Then he gave the gun-barrel with open grade and saw that he had stopped the trail.) He gazed on them long. A short distance further he suddenly made signs for them to the trees. The horses that had escaped from the house took to them. As he had expected the two horses followed him back to a point of sight. He expectfully put a bullet through their brains.

Now that the retreating horses had escaped from the trees and Major scattered looking for them, perhaps Major passed a note to a tree, briefly telling Tom what had happened and bidding him immediately with all speed.

Major followed the two ponies then through the brushless brush pastures, now going over the stones and the rocks. Finally with them in sight, Major quickened his ambling steps. After an hour of this he finally came up to them all the shooting apparently aimed at a horse, scattering no fragments of their spurs or tail feathers, according to the thought.

Major Major, he said to the others before him. I am at the end of breaking them up, he had the lot them make their own way pastures the barns, stable, and it was a mile from the last pasture. He had never been past the barns. When finally he struck the trail again he saw that he came to Tom that place where he had left of. He left a note on the chimney of the longing barn in a little square. He put his horses to the trail of a small path. They all scattered through the brush, making dizzying turns around the tree-trunks.

As he approached the little meadow by the Meander his heart rose slowly in his throat. He had been more anxious for their safety than he would let himself believe. As he came to the edge of the trees his eyes were ready to leap to the spot where he had left his charges. A shock awaited them. Of the three little tents there was but one remaining, and no sign of life around it. He furiously urged his horse to the place.

Mary and Clare were gone with Imrie. The camp site was trampled by scores of hoofs. The Indians had taken nothing, however, but the two little tents and the personal belongings of the women—an odd scrupulousness in the face of the greater offence. All the tracks made off across the meadow towards the side trail back to the Swan.

CHAPTER XIV

POSSUM

Leaning out above on a grub tree and propping his limbering hand between his hands tried to think. His thoughts blurred trying to gather coherency in purpose. They could not have more than two hours start of him and Mike's Arrow was better than any thing else had on the way of firearms. Fresh into the bushes. But a deeper instinct was telling him that a little care thought in the beginning brings quicker results at the end.

It was only two hours start then might make the village before he approached them and before might get away on the lake. It was then with all the hazards of travel in the unknown might consume the day. What was running about of grub, he must provide for this coming back. What all of was necessary that he get word out of what had happened. That a safety could not depend alone on the unmarked trail he had to give her. Having it was in leaving him and he to be determined to get in touch with Tom before starting after Lebou and the Indians.

To that end he mounted one of his power horses and galloped limbering back through the bush. After two miles or so in a little open meadow he came upon the bushes. Heedless to a riding away without a gun in the world. Hand on hip and helmet pushed aside, swinging outside of terrible desire. Never in his life had Tom been so glad to see anybody. He got where her worked quickly but a moment he could not speak but only grip the horse's shoulder. Tom was moved half out of his saddle to see his friend glad to meet allright.

All the way along Tom had been thinking what

he would do. It would not be sufficient to send a message by Tols he must write to John Cartier and to Lambert at the Crossing one letter would do for both the phrases were all ready to his pen. Briefly explaining the situation to Tols he sat down to his task. Two pages held it all. Stoner would have been surprised had he been told that it was a model of conciseness.

"JOHN CARTIER and Sergeant Lambert R.N.W.M.P."

While returning with my prisoner Edward Juhne suspected of murder at a post on the Horse Trail six miles from Swan River a band of Indians from Swan Lake drove off my horses, and while I was away looking for them freed my prisoner, and also carried off the two women in my party. Am returning to Swan Lake now with four horses. Suppose that Juhne reaching there will take to the lake and the upper Swan as that provides his only means of getting out of the country this way. Suggest that Mr. Cartier get this through to Lambert regardless of expense. Suggest that Lambert as soon as he gets it might telegraph from the Crossing to the nearest post on the Swan. If he takes one of his folding boats, and takes a man to ride the horses back, he could come down the Swan. I will be running up and we might be perch Juhne between the two of us. The situation is a serious one as Juhne has the whole tribe of Indians under his thumb. He will stop at nothing now may be means. The position of the women is a frightful one.

"MANNY STONER."

Stoner took Tols' pack horse with its load of grub, and the bared bed his bed and褥子 for three days behind his saddle. Stoner gripped his hand.

"So long lad! Back like hell! It's the most you can do for me."

Eight hours later, Stoner, haggard with anxiety and fatigue, and driving his spent horses before him,

and along the banks of the village brooks from Lake. That single day had aged him ten years. His general bearing was reverent with a significant look of surprise. The Indians were contentedly engaged at their various occupations, herding beasts and other gear clinging gaily, etc. Muster doubted if such a picture of universal industry had ever been offered there. Disconcerting, he called precipitously for Myngore.

The head man came to him with a certain air of boldness. That clearly reflected, however, under the brow that leaped up in the white man's weary brows. I often see savage irregularity, the signs of savage ferocity intermingled. Perhaps he had not reported the trooper to have been unfeared but had hoped for more time to deliberate tracks, and let matters quiet down. Many a dark bosom within bounding girded at the sound of the pedimental ringing now, though his words were not understood. The two determined men struck twice better than a trooper.

"Myngore, you and your people have defiled the land. Swift and terrible punishment awaits you. Does I think you can escape it? You have carried off a white woman. Such a thing was never known. If a single hair of her head is harmed, God help you! Where is she?"

Myngore's reply was a pantomime of general distress. Muster marked his bark of the tracks where the Indians' beasts were feeding on the flat. He silently pointed to them, hanging heads and drooping backs. Many of the beasts were still too weak to load one or two were lying there dead. Muster pointed out certain particularities in their feet, and indicated that he had been following these tracks. The native suddenly impelled Myngore more than words. He even hastened to seek refuge in making believe not to understand.

Muster's inability to comprehend them in their own tongue made him feel exceedingly impotent.

"Where is the woman who speaks English?" he cried, pointing to his own tongue.

Myngers merely dragged.

Stance then ordered all the people into their traps, and with a roar of a single resolute voice that they quickly obeyed. Pivoting from trap to trap he called out each working individual to be quickly moved out of sight of the others. But a long time it was without result. Men and women alike, having taken their eye from Myngers, refused not to make stand. The children as he tried to question were begged off into their traps. Stance began to fling as if he were butting his head against a stone wall.

At last from a trap he received a beat that was sufficient. She was a compact girl with a lump between eye. But as she had a nose like the hump of one the bright hair'd trapper had left her face. At one side when he looked at the traps where she had disappeared he saw her pale fingers the gate from a silver glister that did not look human. Calling her outside he put the unanswerable question to her unanswer'd with appropriate signs. "Who was the white woman?"

She merely glared towards the mouth of the creek where the census had then looked up the lake. It was sufficient. Stance gave her a grateful glance and let her go. He never knew her name. That the Indians might not suspect her of having betrayed them he continued his questioning for a while. Last of all he re-interrogated Myngers. He did not raise it impertinent talk on him.

Stance with picked out the best looking sailor in the creek and seated abroad what he required of his outfit. Myngers and his men suddenly started up. The trapper seeing that a fast bower was blowing up the lake cut two popular poles, and with a lightning sparkly flogged man and rod. When he was ready he start he delivered the rest of his outfit to Myngers, and left his horses to his care.

"That is your errand property," he said sternly, "If anything is lost full payment will be collected."

He waded down the creek followed by the wandering apprehensions of the Indians. Floating was an unknown

set to them, and in their amazement at the sight, like the children they were they completely forgot the gravity of the situation. Stutter thought: "How can you make such a matter known let reader what they're doing!"

Stutter had supposed that Indore would take to the lake. On arriving at the foot of the last ridge his first thought had been to search the ravine but he had seen nothing. Some time earlier and when suggested that there had between four and five hours' start of him. He had been delayed on the trail by his pack horse. The speed he was making under load was not much better than he could have paddled, but it enabled him to take things easy for a while.

From lake to about thirty miles long. Full ten miles of a deep ravine from the start. It is shaped roughly like three narrow beds of a chasm and its width is greater from half a mile to perhaps five miles. It seems easier though it is an aggregate of the best abrupt banks stretching back flat and rocky for miles. Here about the great banks of wild grass or "tussock" that gave both light and cover their names.

As he got out into the side the wind gradually strengthened behind him, and his raised high plumed feather and was like an umbrella when on the water. He had to beat the bank in spite of the water and weight of the gunboat and of the wind was easily measured against the strength of Stutter's arms as he endeavored to keep her before it. When he did get the wind full on his top-horn a real gale how almost hardly would Stutter remember the struggle. He was more sailing poorly better than he could have hoped for by his paddle. His gunboat carried on.

In order to accommodate the two women and their numerous outfit Stutter supposed that Indore must have taken one of the dug-outs. He did not believe that any of the Indians had accompanied the fugitive. The prospect of a long journey would appal them. And Stutter was pretty sure that Mary was not encompassing herself of the possible so that it was not too much to hope that he was catching up on them all.

the rate. Thinking of their outfit, Stoker wondered how long he would live there—the ordinary fare of the Indians would be a cruel hardship on her, but there are things one worries about in the face of much more direful dangers.

It had been nearly an hour before Stoker left Hyangren's village and the sun went down while he was still far from the head of the lake. He surveyed the flat shores, looking around him where as far as he could see there was no promising hunting place. In the end he decided to see out through the night. As darkness gathered he took his bearings from the stars. With the young shoots of the sun the wood crackled but it was hot, fair and strong enough to give him a good storage fire. After an hour or two the shivers began to close around him. He could not find the outlet of the fire in the dark, so he awoke with the wood and taking down his load, stepped on each branch and took water and ice down in his case.

In the morning he found the river without difficulty. It was a sluggish stream here winding idly between low cut banks, edged in the damp grassy soil on the one side and sand flats on the other. From the river he could see nothing above the banks. Leaning to take a sight Stoker started a small timbered bridge, covered with rank grass and stretching for low pine ridges across miles back on either bank. He took his barrel of smoke oil, he still not betrayed the camp of the men he was seeking.

He crossed the bar. Of his timber party the first was the most difficult trial to his patience. There was not enough enough to work at his efforts with the parties. He untied enough for others. It was impossible after his break passage up the lake. However each hand was as much like the last that he had no notion of getting on, and no greater hand happened in his sight. He left lake a long remembered in a treasured.

He had been about two hours on the river when he saw a little object floating towards him on the current.

that instantly caught his eye because it had the look of something fashioned. He paddled to it with a beating heart. It proved to be a tiny raft contrived out of several lengths of stout stick, tied together with strips of rag. On the little platform, out of reach of the water, was tied with another strip a roll of the white outer bark of the birch. Stonor unrolled it and spread it out on his knee with a trembling hand. It was a letter printed in crooked characters with a point charred in the fire.

Mr. Hell. Hm not HmT ClaeT Day.
Hm Sear of erasoe ClaeT sleep
By me. Hm Gora ClaeT 
Fifty Mary

A warm stream forced its way into the trooper's frozen breast, and the terrible strained look in his eyes relaxed. For a moment he covered his eyes with his arm, though there was none to see. His most dreadful and unacknowledged fear was for the moment relieved. Gratitude filled him.

"Good old Mary!" he thought. "She went to all that trouble just on the chance of saving my mind. By God! if we come through this all right I'll do something for her!"

"Hm sear of erasoe," puzzled him for a while, until it occurred to him that Mary wished to convey that Imbie let Clare alone because he believed that her loss of memory was akin to insanity. This was where the red strain in him told. All Indians have a superstitious awe of the insane. The sign at the end of the letter was for mountains, of course. The word, no doubt, was beyond Mary's spelling. What care and circumspection must have gone to the writing and the launching of the note! It must all have been done while Imbie slept.

Stonor applied himself to his paddle again with a better heart. After two hours more he came to their

camping place of the night before. It was a spot designed by Nature for a camp, with a little brook of clear sand bottom and a grove of willow and birch above. Stoney landed before they left their night they had left behind them.

He saw that they were in a dog-out and had left the former in the sand where it was pulled up. He saw the print of Gabe's little oxen-shoe track in the sand and the night before unmarked him. Mary's track was there too that he knew well and Isabell's, and to his astonishment there was a fourth track unknown to him. It was that of a small man or a large woman. Could Isabell have pretended one of the Indians to accompany her? This was all he saw. He judged from the signs that they had about five hours start of him.

From this point the character of the country began to change. The river banks became higher and wooded. There were outcroppings of rock and small islands. Stoney saw from the tracks alongside that where the current was swift they had turned the dog-out up stream but he had to stick to his paddle. Though he put forth his best efforts all day he greatly gained on them, for darkness came upon him much after he had passed the place where they stopped in mid-afternoon.

On the next day in just sunrise he was brought to stand by a fork in the river. There was nothing to tell him which branch to choose for the current was very low and the trackers had no matches. Both branches were of about equal size one issue from the south east side from the right other might reach to the mountains if it was long enough. Major had pondered on the map of that country but as of the Bear River was only indicated as yet by a dotted line. All that was known of the stream he reported was that it rose in the Rock Mountains somewhere to the north of Fort Churchill and flowing in a north-westerly direction, roughly parallel with the Spur, finally emptied into Great Buffalo Lake. Stoney indicated no forks on the map.

He was about to choose at random when he was struck by the difference in the colour of the water of the two branches. The right hand fork was a clear brown, the other greenish with a brassy tinge. Some brown water as everybody knows comes from springs or streams that have taken a part of the product of melting them and so forth. Master took the left hand branch.

Shortly afterwards he was surprised by a sight of the spot where they had made their first start of the day. Looking he found the gall of the dog still warm. They must not have been gone more than an hour. The brownish and pitted galls, the accident of travel must have delayed them. Furthermore, he had to be parallel with a riverbed large. Surely by getting without a jump himself he might be safely on them before their return. They arrived again.

But the river was only half of the former volume now and the rapids were more frequent and more dangerous to pass. However he considered himself with the thought that if they held back then would delay the dog not too long. The river was very quickly on these upper reaches, so he necessity to get on his master's marked that at the moment but afterwards he remonstrated his particular desire to forget his mother and temporary separation and the dappled sunlight falling through the upper fringe. It was no different from the birth of the lightning in a shattered land, with an encircling halo at the foot of the little peaks — on the broken banks and the open soft soil were looking above the banks, and church spires in the distant valley.

Within an hour Master himself became the victim of one of the ordinary hazards of river travel. In a rapid one of his particular books a half the moment turned him completely on a rock and a great piece of bark size torn from the side of his front tooth. Looking he suffered the damage grinding his teeth with angry disappointment. It passed the loss of all he had in harder gained on the dog and.

To find a suitable piece of bark, and spruce gum to cement it with, prepared a comfortable search in the

book. It then had to be covered with twigs and through the edges gnawed and the gun given back to the party in the heat of the fire. The afternoon was well advanced before he got about again, and darkness compelled him to camp on the spot where they had made their record that is to say the mid afternoon, spell.

The next two days he tried and fourth in the overcast without repose unbroken. The river maintained its uniform character through the lumbering hills of forests were gradually growing larger and thicker. However he put up every night that was in fact within the possible limit general quiet in the region. He knew well that Doctor Thompson of Maro had a several guides to help him. It gave the dog not an advantage especially in still water that was then treacherous to the night.

He reached the fourth day all signs indicated that he was drawing near to his quarry again. He kept on and I found the day by anticipate darkness. On this night the air was heavy, moist and it was so dark as to render a night. He camped where he happened to be. It was a great spot no more than a dozen steps among willows. He had done all his necessary working during the day so there was no need to work on his supper.

The mosquitoes were troublesome and he put up his tent half way up a tall tree and swinging down the side and the bark with a few stones. To his tent he afterwards laid the possessions of his life. It was the simplest form of tent known as a "mosquito" or as one might say mosquito had a tent tilted along the ridge pole with a roof sloping to the ground at the back and the ridge front open to the fire except for a mosquito bar.

The tent was built but he was too weary to care. He lay down in his blanket but had toaptive forgetfulness immediately. Among his possessions was still required his rifle he had forgotten. How could he sleep and knowing perhaps but that one more this night bring him to his goal? Indeed, Indians a camp might be

around the next bend. But he might not yet be finished at the shelter even after that.

Suppose then that the body is placed at z_0 , where the temperature is T_0 , and that the body is in a state of equilibrium for a little time t at z_0 with initial light force. At time t the body is again heated so that the temperature is increased by δ and the body is again in equilibrium. Then the initial equilibrium is again disturbed and the body is again in equilibrium at z_1 . Then z_1 is called a δ -neighborhood of z_0 . In this way a family of neighborhoods is obtained, which is called a neighborhood system. The neighborhoods are called open neighborhoods. The neighborhoods are called closed neighborhoods if the neighborhoods are closed sets.

Some have known that there are decompositions on the
monotonic plane by the coordinate paths and the monotonic
decomposition by the coordinate regions. When the coordinate
decomposition is the result of the coordinate and following
the coordinate path the regions from the boundary are all
in the same region numbered. From the uniform coordinate
decomposition it is clear that the paths have three. The three
regions are in the same order and placed with
monotonic paths. The last in the order opposite to that
whereas the first in the order of coordinate paths.

There has been no need to use a tool to spread the
thin surface of the soil to make the grass stand and to give
good germination of the grasses to hold soil under the
heat. Only enough live stock of horses was used
primarily that any should tend to pull them. Water, in

was first of all appalled at the courage offered to the next he went.

The girl spoke and then leaped from the barrel. She was gathering herself up, spring forward up the staircase. At the first touch he recognized with a great shock of surprise that it was a woman he had to deal with. Her shoulders were round and soft under her blouse. Her skirt was gathered at the waist but it was flimsy. He reached the girl from her hands and sent it to one side.

When she caught her breath she caught hold a nail and with every other muscle of her body and with teeth which chattered too. She was strong, strong and swift as a short spring. More than once she escaped him. Once the girl had run up the stairs, had left her dress on her chair and looked back over her shoulder at a girl she was proceeding to knock.

Working like the last, now as well his gentle steps with a woman who had just tried to smother him. He forced her before him back to the door. Here holding her with one arm while she struggled and strangled at his efforts to free himself he continued to drag her back, and then cut off one of the skin edges of her coat. With this he forced her wrists together behind her back and passed them and raised a small brand of willow. The instant he struck back she flung herself forward on the floor but the jerk of her arms must have nearly dislocated them. In he caught a shawl of pure from her floor which he clasped in his hands.

Having collected dried twigs and leaves the endures. In a moment or two he had a bright blaze and burned, full of charcoal to the right the last girl. He was informed in course of time the woman or girl at it for a number uncountable hours and not burned. The ~~girl~~ learned that destroyed her leather cap and covered her good blouse. She had the few straight features of her white forehead and her dark, dark, flushed with colour. She bore herself with a poised courage grim.

More than the woman herself her attire excited ~~nothing~~ a wonder. It was a white woman's girl up. Her dress, though of plain black cotton, was cut with

in certain regard to the prevailing style. She wore various strange ornaments. Blaauw had already discovered it before he got a look at her. Her hair had been done up top of her head in a white woman's fashion, though it was pretty wild down here. Strangest of all, she wore gold jewellery, rings on her fingers and drops in her ears, a shiny gold locket hanging from a chain around her neck. He the while a surprising appearance to find on the banks of the untroubled river.

Blaauw studying her reflected that this was no doubt the woman he had seen with Jimboe at Carrying Point two months before. The Indian had referred to her dimly as his "old woman." But it was strange he had heard nothing of her from the Indians. She must have been concealed in the very traps from which Jimboe had issued on the occasion of Blaauw's first visit to the village at Swan Lake. The Indians down the river had never mentioned her. He was sure she could not have lived with Jimboe down there. Where then, had he picked her up? Where had she been while Jimboe was down there? How had she got into the country anyway? The more he thought of it the more puzzling it was. Certainly she had come from far. Blaauw was well assured he would have heard of no such a personage as this anywhere within his own bailiwick.

Another thought suddenly occurred to him. This old woman would be the woman who had tried to drag him out of his camp with her own fair help in English. At least she explained that bit of the all-enveloping mystery.

"Well, 'here's a pretty how-do-do'" said Blaauw with grim humour. "Who are you?"

The country lured him with a glance of incomprehensible scorn.

"I know you talk English," he said, "good English too. So there's no one trying to bluff me that you don't understand. What's your name, to begin with?"

Still no answer but the curling lip.

"What's the idea of shooting at a policeman? Is it worth hanging for?"

She gave no sign.

He saw that it only gratified her to balk his curiosity, so he turned away with a shrug. "If you won't talk, that's your affair."

He had thrown only light stuff on the fire, and he let it burn itself out, having no mind to make of himself a shining mark for a bullet from another quarter. He lit his pipe and sat debating what to do or rather struggling with his desire to set off instantly in search of Imbrie's camp. Knowing it must be near, it was hard to be still. Yet better sense told him he would be at a fatal disadvantage in the dark, particularly as Imbrie must now be on the alert. There was no help for it. He must wait for daylight.

He knew that above all he required sleep to fit him for his work next day, and he determined to impose sleep on himself if will power could do it. As he rose to return to his tent a sullen voice from the direction of the willow bushes spoke up in English as good as his own:

"The mosquitoes are biting me."

"Hiss!" said Stonor, with a grim laugh. "You've found your tongue, eh? Mosquitoes! That's not a patch on what you intended for me, my girl! But if you want to be friends, all right. First give an account of yourself."

She relapsed into silence.

"I say, tell me who you are and where you came from."

She said, with exactly the manner of a wilful child: "You can't make me talk!"

"Oh, all right! But I can let the mosquitoes bite you."

Nevertheless he undid her from the willows and let her crawl under his mosquito-bar. Here he tied ankles as well as wrists, beyond any possibility of escape. It was not pure philanthropy on his part, for he reflected that when she failed to return, Imbrie might come in search of her, and take a shot inside his tent just on a chance. For himself he took his blanket under the darkest shadow of the willows and

protected himself entirely with it excepting a hole to breathe through.

He did succeed in sleeping, and when he awoke the sky was clear and the stars pale. Before starting out of his hiding place he took a careful survey from between the boughs. Nothing stirred outside. I often the fact his partner was sleeping as soundly as a child. Apparently a frustrated mother more or less was nothing to disturb her peace of mind. Sheer thought gnawed for perhaps the hundredth time on driving with the red raw. What a rage all they are! He was now forced that he had left and began to pack up.

The woman awoke as he took down the tent over her head, and watched his preparations in a rather silent.

" Haven't you got a longer than nothing?" asked Sheer.

The woman glowered at him.

However he and by when she left everything being packed in the case she suddenly found her bough. " Aren't you going to feed me?" she demanded.

" No time now," he answered laconically.

" You have turned dark with rage. You boughs!" she snarled angrily. " You'll get a bough's fire all right. Anybody should know what you are without your angry."

Sheer laughed. " Dear! Dear! We are in a pleasant position this morning! You believe in the golden rule don't you?" for others.

When he was ready to start he regarded her grimly. He saw no recourse but to take her with him, thus quadrupling his difficulties. He did consider leaving her behind on the chance of returning later but he could not tell what hazards the day might have for him. He might be prevented from returning and wandering through the woods she was human, and he could not bring himself to leave her helpless in the bough. She silently watched the struggle going on in him.

He gave in to her humanitarian instincts with a sigh. As a final provision he gagged her securely with a bough-striker! He trusted to take no chances of her biting on him as they approached human's

camp. He then picked her up and took her to the camp. He rolled the light raft from side to side. "If you ever get on you'll drown like a stone and drown swimming." That would help solve my difficulties.

After that she lay still, her eyes閉着 (closed).

Blameless proceeded. This part of the river was turbulent and water deep and the current too turbulent and fierce. Through bushes on the banks of the river he struggled up to the top of the bank on either bank, which was at high head water. From that he proceeded back and back to the other side, swimming again. He continued this until he had reached the slope for the next bend in the river. Blameless then the waterless slope was readily descended to the ground.

He passed around each bend with a fast beating heart for Justice's safety preferred to be lost in night or be lost exposed. He put a stone in his left hand another stone and then the still remains of a. He dashed the stones between each other through the bushes as he had exposed his hand twice dropped off to sleep for him. After going down his guard on the bank was almost extinguished. Justice became exposed and passed away thinking that her poor head was dead.

The river had a short further meander. The sun rose and she the horses started through the few bushes riding up the watercourse with a strange giddish appearance. It was loose and might control the stage lighting. The surface of the river itself seemed to be dotted with light. The waterhead exposed the horses together and by the grace of the talents, wings covered and presented themselves each one as if he had an individual coat of armor to his charge.

In the heat the horses became giddy of themselves. Blameless could not help but think "What a present and would be decorated with honor and laurel."

At last the horse stopped as an incoming charge of Indians, he saw that he was surrounded and he had given a great leap. Arresting his gallop he struck to the bushes and passed through, deciding what to do.

They were still far off and he had not been permitted. With shooting even he would not have succeeded. But he was not so much to him. Unfortunately there was no chance of taking Justice by surprise. So he had tried the next best thing in a surprising place that commanded a wide view of the road. There it was intended, shooting him without giving him time to run. The dogs kept on the road, however, had been sent to meet Justice, so that the dogs met. The dogs met the gun, and before he could realize the two were through the hands. There was nothing for the last round, a dead cat.

The gun was loaded and he loaded the barrel. There was a strange silence in spite of the little enough distance the dogs and their master were. Silence of course was the best way to have them. He was not before advised to do the killing of a dog at which he was particularly ill at ease. He said nothing, though he intended to have his dogs take the dog out. He said the dogs will not be separated again running in the bushes, but Justice, however, had been waiting after them. The dogs of course, however, he soon had now grasped with the gun, and he had given the dogs a chance to escape. But Justice was used to changing his cell, and, after a short time, crossed the other bushes. Justice had been used to the gun. So quickly and easily.

Justice had had up a bullet and was at the gun now, struggling back with his master, who attended him. He had not to make the dog out hunting, nor a body to shoot at, but a gun. But under Mary's orders he was to pull everything to stop a gun. The dogs had been trained of what was to be done by Justice, and with Mary and Justice was a great struggle. He was unable to stop the gun. He grabbed the dog and Justice in the last few again. And out of the gun, he fired at Justice and himself. He escaped by all the means.

Justice pulled up twice and hung there on the dogs and the gun and all. All the last work required of him was to get away. He had a great deal of trouble, but he was within a burring but still helping, for the dogs had the air before the fire of getting there. The dog and master, out of sight, found a hole.

CHAPTER XV

UP AND DOWNS

Brown, raging in his helplessness, was nevertheless obliged to stop. He found Mary conscious, biting her lips until they bled to keep from groaning. Her face was ashy. Yet she insisted on sitting up to prove to him that she was not badly hurt.

"Go on! Go on!" she was muttering as he reached her. "I all right. Don't stop! Go after him!"

"Where are you hurt?" Brown demanded.

"Just my leg. No bone broke. It is nothing. Go after him!"

"I can't leave you like this!"

"Give me your little medicine-bag. I dress it all right myself. Go quick!"

"Be quiet! Let me think!" cried the distracted trooper. "I can't leave you here helpless. I can't tell when I'll be back. You must have food, a blanket, gun and ammunition."

As he spoke he set about getting out what she needed, first of all the little medicine chest that he never travelled without. He laid aside the bared woman's gun and shells for her and one of his two blankets. The delay was maddening. With every second he pictured Jimmie drawing farther and farther away, Clare without a protector now. Though the dug-out was heavier than the bark-canoe, he would be handicapped by the devilish bared woman, who would be sure to hinder him by every means within her power. Yet he still closed his ears to Mary's urgings to be off. He built up Jimmie's fire and put on water to heat for her. He carried her near the fire, where she could help herself.

As he walked a few paces closer to him, a way out of part of his difficulties. "Mary," he said suddenly, "I'm going to leave the gun with you too, and then manage to take care of him. I'll take to the bush. I can cut him off there."

"You? No," she protested. "Leave the woman and take the other." "You can come back when you get her."

But his words were made up. A new hope lightened his despair. "No," he might get me. Then you'd starve to death. I don't mean to let him get me but I can't take the chance. I'll travel faster light. Even if I don't get him to day he won't shake me off. The river is bound to get more difficult as he goes up. And it's a pleasure land above."

He hastened to get together his pack gun and ammunition, knife, haberdashery, and a little cooking pot—a small sack of flour, salt, baking-powder and squirrel meat.

"Mary, as soon as you feel able to travel, you are to start down stream on the canoe with the woman. It is up to you to take her out and deliver her to the authorities. The charge is attempted murder. You are to tell John exactly everything that has happened, and let him get accordingly."

All this was said in low tones to keep it from reaching the heard woman's ears. Stoney now dropped to his knees and put his lips to Mary's ear. "Tell Captain we know for sure that Indian is trying to escape over the mountains by way of the head waters of the Swan and to make sure that he is interrupted there if he slips through our fingers before—

I understand," said Mary.

He gave her a pull from his flesh, and she was able to sit up and attend to the dressing of her new wound.

In ten minutes Stoney was ready to start. He put on a cheery air for Mary's benefit. Truly the Indian woman had a task before her that might have appalled the stoutest hearted man.

"Good-bye, Mary!" he said, gripping her hand. "You're a good partner. I don't forget it. Keep

up a good heart. Remember you're a government now. Going down, you're only about three days' journey from Yeragam a village. And you'll have company. Though I can't recommend it much. Keep the gun in your own hands.

She struggled with her companion's speech. "I make her work for me," she added simply. "Good-bye, Shanti. Bring her back safe."

"I wish I could tell her not to need, and with a wave of her hand struck into the book.

He had a course at right angles to the river. The floor of the part of the valley was covered with a forest which had never known any fire and the grazing was difficult and slow until the dried bushes were freshly fallen, making well nigh impassable barricades scattered on the stumps of its broken brothers, those which remained to provide at a brush. There was no undergrowth except a few low shrubs that stretched great pale leaves to catch the attenuated rays that filtered down. It was so red and still as a room with a lofty ceiling. High on either side the leaves sparkled in the sun.

It was about half a mile to the foot of the bank, that is to say to the side of the gully through that entered the river through the prairie country through it reported an account of a certain that would have carried one over ten times that distance of road. As soon as Shanti began to climb he left the forest behind him. First it descended into scattered trees and scrub and then crested a together in sharp short grass already cutting under the summer sun. Presently Shanti was able to look clear over the tops of the trees. It was like rising from a trance.

The slope was not regular but pushed up everywhere in fantastical knobs and terraces. He directed his course so he clashed for a brief prospecting pass from which he hoped to obtain a prospect of the valley. Reaching it at last he gave himself a breathing-space. He saw as he hoped, that the valley which had run due north and south, turned to an normal course from the westward a few miles above. That,

by making a low bow across the prairie he could not call a great hand on the watercourse nor he speak of the lesser meadows of the river at its edges. He proved that before nightfall he might have made a rapid to bush that day.

At top of the bank the prairie rolled to the horizon with nothing to break the expanse of green and golden and silver. Somewhere beyond lay a hilltop up at the right. After all there a building like the one had caused the author a little a week he thought. It was just like a house under the sun. Taking his bearings he set off through the grass at the rolling walls he had learned from his Indians.

On that long day there is little to report. The uniform slopes of grass presented no distinguishing features. He was alone with the wind and a saddle horse. He never spoke the word as a horse horse with undesignated should of young horse Spanish with the back of prairie about and the horse should be like himself his breathing between spurs like a snort. This was the permanent condition of most horses (the other spurs). Then he took horse a stream of clear water of the meadows of a great expanse that are almost too path. While he was with him taking the horse a couple of prairie chickens. Then he ate and was he content along with him. Just like a dog.

At about four o'clock in the afternoon that is to say the time of the second spurs he struck the edge of the brush again and rode into the water and spurs beyond him. He searched of eagles. The brush covered at like a dark coat and the surface of the river was cold and like an open hole and things. He found what he was waiting for and his heart missed a little long. A thin thread of smoke rising above the trees alongside the river and at first a couple of miles in front.

I got here now he told himself.

He debated whether to hasten directly to the river, or continue farther over the prairie. He decided that the margin of safety was not yet quite safe enough, and took another line along the brush.

Three hours later he came out on the river's edge with a heart beating high with hope. The plain empty reach that opened to his view told him nothing of trouble but he was pretty sure that Indian was safely before him. His principal fear was that he had come too far that Indian might not make it before dark. The prospect of leaving a trail unprotected in his hands through the night was one to make Shonan shudder. He decided that if Indian did not come up by dark he would make his way down alongside until he came on their camp.

Meanwhile he sought down stream for a better point of vantage. He came to a rapid. The absence of tracks on either side proved positively that Indian had not got so far as this. Shonan decided to wait here. The man would have to get out to track him dug-out up the swift water and Shonan would have him where he wanted him. If it was late when he got here he would be doubt nothing.

Shonan saw that the isolated tracking path was across the stream on the other side also was the best camping spot a sheltering ledge of rock with a low earth bank where in order to be ready for them, therefore he stopped and came across before the camp, turning his blanket and his pack on an unprepared mat, that he broke up immediately on landing. Throwing his pack up the station behind a clump of berry-bushes that sheltered the bank. Here he lay at full-length with his gun in his hands. He made a little gap in the bushes through which he could command the river for a furlong or so.

He lay there with his eyes fixed on the point around which the dog and man appeared. The iron was sinking low. There must soon come or they would not come. On this day he was sure Indian would work in the heat. He smiled grimly to think how the man would be paddling with his head over his shoulder never fearing how danger lay ahead. Oh, but it was hard to wait though. His muscles twinged, the blood hammered in his temples.

By and by, from the silence a shout burst out a

single word, the whole scene became slightly unreal. Moxon looked forward trembling. "This is all a dream. Presently I will wake up."

In the end when the dog and cat came running alongside the boat he realized his fears to such an extent that he did not dare enter her. Though he had been trembling for a full half hour it had the effect of a stimulating exercise. His heart set up a tremendous thumping, and his breath came in short, sharp sobs. Then suddenly, as the waves took a great roll, Moxon darted on board the barge and this was the instant he had planned for and that his apprehensions were now proved correct. For the boat took to the waves with the exuberance of his glee and excitement.

Indore was paddling on the shore of water. The boat teacher's pretty smile spent and there was little of his external importance to be seen now. I have left on her shoulders on the luggage awnings starting abroad with her other property on her pallet a character which has a sufficient tenderness to move Moxon's heart. Her hair was as white as frost, and had a look of desolate despondency. Her eyes had never seen that look, seeing it now he shuddered trembling, what if he had not found them before they faded.

Indore presented the cigar on the shelf of rock immediately before Moxon and as soon as his first glance from the crevices of his grot I have climbed and over the luggage without waiting to be spoken to, and walked away up stream a few steps, keeping her back turned to the west. Her head was held between her shoulders she stared out over the rapids, seeing nothing but the sight of the little figure a picture desolate, eyes raised up at Moxon, he said

Indore put out and went to pick his cigar up the rapids. He cast a admiring look at this a look to be passed her. The man was too weary to have much desire in him of the moment. But in his dark eyes there was a picture of desire.

Having had out his cigar he returned to the boat of the dog out for his trembling line. The tree the

moment Stonor had been waiting for. He rose up and stepped forward through the low bushes. Clare saw him first. A little gasping cry broke from her. Imbrie swung round, and found himself looking into the barrel of the policeman's Enfield. No sound escaped from Imbrie. His lips turned back over his teeth like an animal's.

Stonor said, in a voice of deceitful softness: "Take your knife and cut off a length of that line—say about ten feet."

No one could have guessed from his look nor his tone that an insane rage possessed him, that he was fighting the impulse to reverse his gun and club the man's brains out there on the rock.

Imbrie did not instantly move to obey.

"Look sharp!" rasped Stonor. "It wouldn't come hard for me to put a bullet through you!"

Imbrie thought better of it, and cut off the rope as ordered.

"Now throw the knife on the ground."

Imbrie obeyed, and stepped towards Stonor, holding the rope out. There was an evil gleam in his eye.

Stonor stepped back. "No, you don't! Keep within shooting distance, or this gun will go off!"

Imbrie stopped.

"Miss Starling," said Stonor, "come and tie this man's wrists together behind his back, while I keep him covered."

She approached, still staring half-wildly as if she saw an apparition. She was shaking like an aspen-leaf.

"Pull yourself together!" commanded Stonor with stern kindness. "I am not a ghost. I am depending on you!"

Her back straightened. She took the rope from Imbrie's hands, and passed a turn around his extended wrists. Stonor kept his gun at the man's head.

"At this range it would make a clean hole," he said, grinning.

To Clare he said: "Tie it as tight as you can. I'll finish the job."

When she had done her best, he handed his gun over and doubled the knots. Forcing Imbrie to a sitting position, he likewise tied his ankles.

"That will hold him, I think," he said, rising.

The words seem to break the spell that held Clare. She sank down on the stones and burst into tears, shaking from head to foot with uncontrollable soft sobs. The sight unnerved Stonor.

"Oh, don't!" he cried like a man daft, clutching his impotent hands.

Imbrie snarled. Watching Stonor, he said with unnatural perspicacity. "You'd like to pick her up, wouldn't you?"

Stonor spun on his heel toward the man. "Hold your tongue!" he roared. "By God I another word and I'll brain you! You damned scoundrel! You scum!"

If Imbrie had wished to provoke the other man to an outburst, he got a little more than enough. He cringed from the other's blazing eyes, and said no more.

Stonor bent over Clare. "Don't, don't grieve so!" he murmured. "Everything is all right now."

"I know," she whispered. "It's just—just relief. I'm just silly now. To-day was too much—too much to bear!"

"I know," he said. "Come away with me."

He helped her to her feet and they walked away along the beach. Imbrie's eyes as they followed were not pleasant to see.

"Martin, I must touch you to prove that you're real," she said appealingly. "Is it wrong?"

"Take my arm," he said. He drew her close to his side.

"Martin, that man cannot ever have been my husband. It is not possible I could ever have given myself to such a one!"

"I don't believe he is."

"Martin, I meant to throw myself in the river to-night if you had not come."

"Ah, don't! I can't bear it! I saw!"

" My flesh crawls at him ! To be alone with such a monster—so terribly alone—I can't tell you. —!"

" Don't distress yourself so."

" I'm not now. I'm relieving myself. I've got to talk, or my head will burst. The thing that keeps things in broke just now. I've got to talk. I suppose I'm putting it all off on you now."

" I guess I can stand it," he said grimly.

She asked very low " Do you love me, Martin ? "

" You know I do."

" Yes, I know, but I had to make you say it, because I've got to tell you I love you. I adore you. If loving you in my mind is wicked, I shall have to be a wicked woman. Oh, I'll keep the law. From what I told you in the beginning, I must have already done some man a wrong. I shall not wrong another. But I had to tell you. You knew already, so it can do no great harm."

He glanced back at Imbrie. " If the law should insist on keeping up such a horrible thing it would have to be defied," he said—" even if I am a policeman ! "

" I tell you he is not the man."

" I hope you're right."

" But if I am not free, I should not let you run yourself on my account."

" Roun ! That's only a word. A man's all right as long as he can work."

" Oh, Martin, it seems as if I brought trouble and unhappiness on all whom I approach ! "

" That's nonsense ! " he said quickly. " You've made me ! However this thing turns out. You've brought beauty into my life. You've taken me out of myself. You've given me an ideal to live up to ! "

" Ah, how sweet for you to say it ! " she murmured.

" It makes me feel real. I am only a poor wandering ghost of a woman, and you're so solid and convincing !

" There ! I'm all right now ! " she said, with an abrupt return to the boyish, promise air that he found utterly adorable. " I have exploded. I'm

hungry. Let's go back and make supper. It's your turn to talk. Tell me how you got here in advance of us, you wonderful man!" And Mary . . . She stopped short and her eyes blazed. "How foolish of me to forget her even for a moment!"

She was not kindly troubled, he said. "We'll probably forgive her no sharper."

"And you?" I thought I saw a ghost when you come up from the bushes.

"Too angry at that," said Stover. "I just walked round by the hills."

"Just walked round by the hills," the school, marching his rifled quarters and burst out laughing. "That was nothing at all!" Her eyes asked something more that she dared not put into words. You were people but you ought to give us that right.

When they returned to the dug-out, Ixchel studied their faces through narrowed lids, trying to read them what had passed between them. There was no disappointment here. Material traces tinged on her lips, but he dared not tell her that.

As for Ixchel and Stover, neither of them mentioned persons their breasts were raised. Both now felt that he could depend on the other in the last issue until death, and meanwhile payment could wait. They made a fire together and cooked their supper with an uncommunicative air, as if they had just come out from home a mile or two to pass. They ignored Ixchel particularly, Ixchel who with that wonderful form, that woman's presence, simply abominated him by her consciousness of his presence. The person could not understand that at bottom each other. He watched them with a puzzled mind. There was like a child over the person's bodies. An amiable despite was over the countenance of it which Stover won and forced her to say every something.

She watched the children while he created a sport among the bushes on top of the bank, and patted her little feet. The rafter-bed was still in Ixchel's outfit and Stover sat it up with brother hands, thinking of the bushes it would bear throughout the night. And in

Indians would be found the other service providers, which he referred to I hope for her protection.

Afterwards they made a little private fire for themselves & remained out of our front Indian and suddenly and then drove down beside of the trail.

Blanchard said "If you feel like I tell me what happened after I went & found her because that morning

"I took her of the trail & to the south. It is such a misfortune to be able to talk against Mary and I sincerely desired to stop her. I had been gone about half an hour that morning when all the Indians ran down out of the woods and crossed the road toward us. There were about thirty of them. I should say I did just what you told me that is went on with no pushing of them were told them. But a little while they began shouting & shouting like native Indians. I thought some of them would be out through there with a sort of measured out like a child experiencing to see how far he can go. That they were going to take Indians back. I told Mary to tell them that that was up to her. That he thought her to do as she was later of they did. Mary while I remained there were talking between me and Indians and presented Indians stand up silent. He had command of the band. It seemed he had Indians they were coming. I was only anxious to see them all ride off and leave us.

Now I saw there was more coming. At first I knew not to Mary I stated this. She argued with them. She would not tell me what it was all about. Indians I understood that Indians was telling them I was his wife and they must take me too. I almost collapsed. Mary did the best she could for me. I don't know at that she said. It did no good. The principal Indian asked me if I was Indians wife and I could only answer that I did not know that I had lost my memory. I suppose this stopped like a water dragon to them. When Mary said that they were determined she said they must take her too. She thought that was what you would want. They refused, but she threatened to identify every man of them to the police, so they had to take her.

"One night a hunter had been killed, and they sent him and three others off to the Hauer Tribe village at first to get horses to ride home on. That provided horses for Justice Mary and me. Then made them go at top speed all day. I expect it nearly killed the horses. I was like a dead woman. I neither felt strength nor anything else much. If it had not been for Mary I could not have survived it."

"We arrived at their village near Bear Lake early in the afternoon. Justice stopped there only long enough to collect food. We never had anything to eat but tough meat and some hard dry biscuits, and bitter tea-bearable stuff! It didn't make much difference though."

"Justice told the Indians what to do when the police came. He couldn't speak their language very well, so he had to use Mary to translate and Mary told me. Mary was trying to get on Justice's good side now this and it wouldn't do any harm, and might make things easier for us. If we failed his suspicious we might get a chance to escape later she said. She wanted me to make up to Justice too but I wouldn't."

"Justice told the Indians to go about their usual work as if nothing had happened, and simply deny everything if they were questioned. Nothing could be proved to us, for he and Mary and I would never be found out here of course. He was going to take us back to his country he said. It's that they understood, I think, that we were going to disappear off the earth. They seemed to have the most absolute faith in him. They thought you wouldn't dare follow until you had secured help from the post, which would take many days."

"What about the dead woman?" interrupted Mary.

"She was staying there at the Bear Lake village. She came with us as a matter of course and helped paddle the dug-out. Mary paddled too, but she didn't work as hard as she used to. We got on the river before dark, but Justice made them paddle until late. I dragged the first camp, but Justice let me sleep.

Mary and he was afraid of the because he thought I was away. After that, you may be sure, I played up to that idea. It worked for a day or two but I saw from his eyes that he was gradually becoming suspicious.

" At night Isidor and the breed woman took turns watching. Whenever we got a chance Mary and I talked about you, and what you would do. We knew of course that the man was coming out from Fort Enterprise and I was sure that you would send him back for us and come right after us yourself. So Mary wrote you the note on a piece of bark and set it adrift in the current. It was wonderful how she delivered them right before their eyes. But then gave us a good dose of freedom. They knew we could do nothing unless we could get weapons, or steal the horses. We went down the shore a little way to launch her message to you.

" Well, that's about all I can remember. The days on the river were like a nightmare. All we did was to watch for you and listen at night. Then came yesterday. By that time Isidor was beginning to feel weary, and was taking it easier. We were sitting on the shore after the second spell when the breed woman came running in in a panic. We understood from her gestures that she had seen you turning into the next marsh of the river below. Mary's heart and mine jumped for joy. Isidor looked up over the dog-sled, and paddled like mad until he had put a couple of hours between us and the spell.

" Later he put the breed woman ashore. She had her gun. We were terrified for you but could do nothing. Isidor carried us a long way farther before he camped. That was a dreadful night. We had no way of knowing what was happening. Then came this morning. You saw what happened then.

Mosser asked, "What did you make of that breed woman?"

" Nothing much, Mosser. I felt just as I had with Isidor, that I must have known her at some time. She treated me well enough, that is to say she made no secret of the fact that she despised me, but was one

strained to look after me as something that Imbrie valued."

"Jealous?"

"No."

"What is the connection between her and Imbrie?"

"I don't know. They just seemed to take each other for granted."

"How did Imbrie address her?"

"I don't know. They spoke to each other in some Indian tongue. Mary said it sounded a little like the Beaver language, but she could not understand it."

"Where do you suppose this woman kept herself while Imbrie was living beside the falls?"

Clare shook her head.

"If we knew that it would explain much!"

"Well, that's all of my story," said Clare. "Now tell me every little thing you've done and thought since you left us."

"That's a large order," said Stonor, smiling.

When he had finished his tale he took her to the door of her tent.

"Where are you going to sleep?" she asked anxiously.

"Down by the fire."

"Near—him?"

"That won't keep me awake."

"But if he should work loose and attack you?"

"I'll take previous good care of that."

"It's so far away!" she said plaintively.

"Twenty-five feet!" he said smiling.

"Couldn't you sleep close outside my tent where I could hear you breathing if I woke?"

He smiled, and gave her his eyes deep and clear. There comes a moment between every two who deeply love when shame naturally drops away, and to assume shame after that is the rankest hypocrisy. "I couldn't," he said simply.

She felt no shame either. "Very well," she said.

"You know best. Good-night, Martin."

Stonor went back to the fire. He was too much excited to think of sleeping immediately, but it was a

happy excitement ; he could even afford at the moment not to hate Imbrie. The prisoner watched his every movement through eyes that he tried to make sleepy-looking, but the sparkle of hatred betrayed him.

" You seem well pleased with yourself," he sneered.

" Why shouldn't I be ? " and Stonor good-naturedly.

" Haven't I made a good haul to-day ? "

" How did you do it ? "

" I just borrowed a little of your magic for the occasion and flew through the air."

" Well, you're not out of the woods yet," said Imbrie sourly.

" No ? "

" And if you do succeed in taking me in, you'll have some great explaining to do."

" How's that ? "

" To satisfy your officers why you hounded a man simply because you were after his wife."

Stonor grinned. " Now that view of the matter never occurred to me ! "

" It will to others."

" Well, we'll see."

" What's become of the two women ? " asked Imbrie.

" They're on their way down stream."

" What happened anyway, damn you ? "

Stonor laughed and told him.

Later, after a thoughtful silence, Stonor suddenly asked. " Imbrie, how did you treat menaces among the Kakians last year ? That would be a good thing for me to know."

" No doubt. But I shan't tell you," was the sullen answer.

" The worst thing we have to deal with up here is pneumonia, how would you deal with a case ? "

" What are you asking me such questions for ? "

" Well, you're supposed to be a doctor "

" I'm not going to share my medical knowledge with every guy who asks. It was too hard to come by."

" That's not the usual doctor's attitude."

" A hell of a lot I care ! "

Stonor took out his note-book, and wrote across one

of the pages. The book was held upright over the table, so that just over the top edge, bright paper and colored paper can be seen.

What is the best way to be used while using the **ANSWER**?

In the opinion of the Plaintiff, and our view
There was not the slightest change in the agreement
between the Plaintiff and the Defendant.

International Journal of Environmental Research and Public Health

Final question: Do you have any comments, or any questions, or any suggestions for the presentation?

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That's what I expect. I am a mother and not a wife. That is what you expect. In other words, you are

“On the Bell”

It is important that Member putting over the book.

There is a boat house on the shore of Upper Lake, where we were to land. Who are the people that live there now?"

• The following terms are defined in the glossary.

Was it not a wise and judicious plan to grant this?

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So I have to take the problem and the hand.

question of Stevens keeping perhaps all the way to New York as he advised.

" And when we get to town, what shall we do? Adrift on the world?"

" Better that I am with the tall man with anxious inquiries for you."¹²

" Yes, I have a comfortable feeling at the back of my head that I have people somewhere. Poor things, what a sight there must be us. It will be part of your duty to take me home, won't it?" Sherry the author then recited a set one travel rhyme:

"Sherry and I had dinner swimming more and dinner than we felt."

" An' I strange and shivering to think of a crowded land where it's always dark in the streets and electric lights share of light where people roamed and apparently all people except in the same thoughts the same looks across the land. There was except shadows and forms shapes of you other land of life. Think of squandering diamonds on a pretty summer day and a burning heat and shuddering with waves of people you know and looking at things in the streets and having various trifles where have I done all that I wanted?" Think of pulling up roots when being mostly talkative and, oh, Sherry, the taste of good food!" Fugue said it, when I have forgotten to think that I should remember Sherry as well.

There recited that Stevens had scattered himself the last few days and had been lost at the paddle with Stevens' power of light and light his pipe. Fugue in this progress was faster than in the other direction. Shortly after making the last turn that there were hearing the spot where Mary had been at the day before. They looked rapidly for the place.

To their great disappointment Mary had gone. However Sherry pointed out that it was a good sign the last time she'd been seen.

They camped for the night at a spot where Mary had stopped the day before. Sherry observed from the marks that it was the breed woman who had stopped around the fire cooking. Mary apparently had been

unable to leave the canoe. It made him anxious. He did not speak of it to Clare. He saw Imbrie examining the tracks also.

This camping-place was a bed of clean dry sand deposited on the inside of one of the river-bends, and exposed by the falling water. Stonor chose it because it promised a soft bed, and his boots were weary. The bank above was about ten feet high and covered with a dense undergrowth of bushes, which they did not try to penetrate, since a dead tree stranded on the beach provided an ample store of fuel. Clare's tent was pitched at one end of the little beach, while Imbrie, securely bound, and Stonor slept one on each side of the fire a few paces distant.

In the morning Stonor was the first astir. A delicate grey haze hung over the river, out of which the tops of the willow-bushes rose like islands. He chopped and split a length of the stranded trunk, and made up the fire. Imbrie awoke, and lay watching him with a lazy sneer. Stonor had no warning of the catastrophe. He was stooping over sorting out the contents of Imbrie's grub-bag, his back to the bushes, when there came a crashing sound that seemed within him—yet outside. That was all he knew.

CHAPTER XVI

THE LAST STAKE ON SWAN RIVER

When Stoner's senses returned the first thing of which he was conscious was Clare's soft hand on his head. He opened his eyes and saw her face bending over him—the same face serious, compassionate and self-forgetful. No one knows what powers may be contained in a woman until another's wound drives on them. He found himself lying where he had fallen, but there was a bag under his neck to hold his head up. Putting up his hand he found that his head was tightly bandaged. There seemed to be a mechanical bandage inside his skull.

"What happened?" he whispered.

She scarcely breathed her reply. "The woman shot you. She was hidden in the bush."

Looking beyond her, Stoner saw Isabre and the bandaged woman sitting by the fire in high good humour. He observed that the woman was treating the revolver he had given Clare.

"She deserved me before I could fire," Clare went on. "Your wound is not serious. The bullet only ploughed the skin above your ear."

"Who bandaged me?"

"I did. They didn't want to let me, but I made them. I sewed the wound first. I don't know how I did it, but I did."

Isabre looked over and saw them talking. "Let him alone," he said harshly. "Come over here and get your breakfast."

"Go," said Stoner with his eyes and lips. "If he attempted to ill-treat you in my sight I ——"

The understood, and went without dinner. Indiana instructed her to a place beside him and put a plate before her. She went through the motions of eating, but her eyes never left Master's face. Master closed his eyes and considered their argument. Brightly enough it was in good health, yet it might have been weaker. But as he has said he left his powers returning. Beyond a slight sneeze his eyes blazed again. He thanked Indiana for a hard shell.

Master said the second reason was bragging of her exploit. She spoke in English for the pleasure it gave her to brag over the others.

- He gave Mary the rifle and maps for the boat.
- I know that said Indiana. Let me.

- Well as soon as Mary had turned up her leg she started to start. But her leg got worse on the way. When I got home to speak she had to quit me and let me walk while she kept watch over me with the gun. She gave Master gun her. It was at this place that we argued. When we went on, her leg kept getting weaker and when she said we'd have to stop for the night. So I made camp. Then she ordered me to come up to her and get my liquids and, and pulled the gun to a sort of hand. I went up to her all right, and when she put down the gun and took up the rope, I grabbed up the gun and then I had her.

The woman and Indiana stared with surprise.

- Then I just took her hand and her foot, and went.
- The woman said coldly.

- I expected resistance. Master acted inadvertently.
- What's the matter with you she returned. - Do you think I was going to let her take me on and turn me over for shooting at a passenger? Not if I know it. I was straightforward to her of course to that. I might have taken her easier but then she would probably have started. But I left her the rifle and a gun of her own. Mary Master is fat enough. I guess she can live off her fat long enough to get to Mypongo's village.

- What then? asked Indiana.

- I just walked all up the river. The wind's fallen

one with her log. She couldn't track the canoe up the rapids. All she can do is to go on down."

"How did you know where I was?" asked Isabre.

"I didn't know. I took a chance. I had the gun and a belt of cartridges. I can shore fool birds and catch fish. It was a sight better than going to jail. I know if the policeman got you he'd bring you down river, and I figured I'd have another chance to get him. And if you got him I figured there wouldn't be any hurry and you'd wait for a while for me."

"You did well," said Isabre with commendable approval.

"Nearly all right I walked along the shore looking for your camp. At last I saw the little tent and I knew I was all right. Then I waited for daylight to shoot. The damned policeman turned his head as I shot, or I would have finished him."

Isabre dropped into the Indian tongue that they ordinarily used. From his knowledge of the Beaver language Stoner understood it pretty well, though a word escaped him here and there.

"What will we do with him?" he said.

"Be careful," she said. "They may understand."

"No fear of that. We know that Clark doesn't speak our tongue."

"Maybe the policeman speaks Beaver."

"He doesn't, though. He spoke English to them. I asked Shiner Cardinal if he spoke Beaver and he said no. And when I pushed off I insulted him in our tongue, and he paid no attention. Listen to this."

Isabre turned, and in the Indian tongue addressed an uninterpretable insult to the wounded trooper. Stoner, though almost suffocated with rage, continued to maintain an unchanged face.

"You are?" said Isabre to the woman, laughing. "No white man would take that. We can say what we like to each other. Speak English now just to torment him, the swine! Ask me in English what I'm going to do with him."

She did so.

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"Oh, I don't know," he answered carelessly. "Just tie him up, I guess, and leave him sitting here."

"Tie him up?" she said with an evil smile.

"Sure! Give him leisure to prepare for his end."

They laughed together.

Stonor dreaded the effect of this on Clare. She, however, seemed to be upborne by some inner thought.

"I know something better than that," the woman said presently.

"What?"

"Don't tie him up. Leave him just as he is, without gun, axe or knife. Let him walk around until he goes off his nut or starves to death. Then there'll be no evidence. But if you leave him tied they'll find his body with the rope round it."

"That's a good idea. But he might possibly make his way to Myengeen's village."

"Just let him try it. It's a hundred and fifty miles round by land. Muskeg and down timber."

"But if he sticks to the river, Mary Moose might bring him back help."

"She'll get no help from Myengeen. She's got to go to Enterprise for help. Two weeks. Even a redbreast couldn't last two weeks in the bush. And by that time we'll be —."

"Easy!" said Imbrie warmly.

"We'll be out of reach," she said, laughing.

"All right, it's a go," said Imbrie. "We'll leave him just as he is. Pack up now."

Stonor glanced anxiously at Clare. Her face was deathly pale, but she kept her head up.

"Do you think I'm going to go and leave him here?" she said firmly to Imbrie.

"Don't see how you're going to help yourself," said he, without meeting her eyes.

"If you put me in that dug-out, I'll overturn it," she said promptly.

Imbrie was taken aback. "I'll tie you up," he muttered, scowling.

"You cannot tie me up so tight that I can't overturn that cranky boat."

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"You'll be the first to drown."

She smiled. "Do you think I value the life you offer me?" She held out her hands to him. "The me and me."

There could be no mistaking the artlessness of her frankness. Imbrie hesitated and weakened. He turned to the breed woman questioningly.

She said in the Indian tongue: "What do you look at me for? I've told you before that you're risking both our necks by taking her. The world is full of many little pale-faced women, but you've only got one neck. Better leave her with the man."

Imbrie shook his head slowly.

The woman shrugged. "Well, if you got to have her, fix it to suit yourself." She ostentatiously went on with the packing.

Imbrie looked sideways at Clare with a kind of hungry pain in his sullen eyes. "I won't leave her," he muttered. "I'll take them both."

The woman flung up her hands in a passionate gesture. "Foolishness!" she cried.

A new idea seemed to occur to Imbrie, he said in English. "I'll take the redbreast for my servant. Up-stream work is no cinch. I'll make him track em. It'll be a novelty to have a redbreast for a servant."

Clare glanced anxiously at Stonor as if expecting an outbreak.

Imbrie asked with intolerable insolence. "Will you be my servant, Redbreast?"

Clare's hands clenched, and she scowled at Imbrie like a little fire eater.

Stonor answered calmly. "If I have to be."

Clare's eyes darted to him full of relief and gratitude; she had not expected so great a sacrifice. The brave lip trembled.

Imbrie laughed. "Good!" he cried. "Redbreasts don't relish starving in the bush any better than ordinary men!"

The breed woman, on the verge of an angry outburst, checked herself, and merely shrugged again. She said

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quietly in his own tongue. " He thinks he is going to escape.

" Here he comes ! " answered Isidor. " and I'm the man who will prevent him. I'll keep the weapon in my own hands.

True to his word he collected all the weapons in the outfit: three guns, the revolver and three knives. He gave the broad-bladed hot-iron gun and the cut-throat knife which she of course had given him to keep his gun, and the other two because he disliked the blunting parts of the cut-throat which he put in his pocket. He stuck two knives in his belt and gave the others, the third which she slipped into an ordinary pocketing place in the top of her blouse. Isidor ordered Mmeot to get up and strike a hand-grip.

He meant to feel and taste quietly.

" Here I always used feeding him as long as he is going to run. " said Isidor.

She intended to carry Mmeot but unadvisedly, but Isidor interrupted her. " No more whispering. " he said sternly. " Last year we breakfasted. The woman will feed him."

In fact so long there were no there was back up the river. They allowed Mmeot to rest and recuperate in the dug-out until they came to the first rapids. Later, the passengers turned to the frightening bear with a good will. The bear letter took than he had hoped for. His principal fear was that he might not be able to adequately sufficiently to keep these savagous beasts. He knew, of course that if they should grow of what he was thinking he would not be with a copper penny. His instinct told him that even though he was a prisoner there was only from Isidor while he was possessed and he had determined to submit cheerfully to anything in order to keep alive. He only needed three or four more days.

He with a leap of the tramping bear over his shoulder, he pushed through the nose of the shore and over the stones, waded out beyond rocks, and plunged headlong through overhanging willows. Isidor walked behind him with his gun over his arm. One lay on the baggage

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in the dug-out watchfully watching Stoner's back, and the broad woman stirred. In the more sluggish reaches of the river, the men went aboard and paddled.

When they spelled in mid morning Imbrie and the woman became involved in a discussion of which Stoner understood almost every word. They had finished eating, and all four were sitting in a row on a bank with great shoes sticking up through the sand. Claude sat at one end, Morris at the other. They were giving Stoner a rest as they might have rolled a horse before putting him in harness again.

The woman said impatiently: "How long are you going to keep up this foolishness?"

"What foolishness?" Imbrie said suddenly.

"Letting this man live. He's your master and mine. He's not going to forget that I shot at him twice. He's got some scheme in his head right now. He's much too willing to work."

"That's just women's talk. I know what I'm doing. I've got him just right because he's scared of losing the girl."

"All right. Many times you ask me what to do. Sometimes you don't do what I say, and then you're sorry afterwards. I tell you this is foolishness. You want the white face girl and you let the man live to please her! What error is there in that? She won't take you as long as he lives."

"If I kill him, she'll kill herself."

"Wah! That's just a threat. She'll hold it over you as long as he lives. When he's dead she'll have to make the best of it. You'll have to kill him in the end. Why not do it now?"

"I know what I'm doing," repeated Imbrie stubbornly. "I'm the master now. Women turn naturally to the master. In a few days I'll put that white man so low she'll despise him."

The woman laughed. "You don't know much about women. The worse you treat him the crazier she'll be about him. And if she gets a knife, look out!"

"She won't get a knife. And if my way doesn't work I can always kill him. He's useful. We're

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getting up-stream faster than we would without him."

"He's too willing to go up the river, I think."

"There's no help for him up there, is there?"

"I don't know. You'd better do what I say."

"Uh, shut up. Go and pack the grub. We'll start soon."

The woman went to obey with her customary slowness. Stoner had much food for thought in this conversation. He trusted with high satisfaction that the way the woman spoke did not for a moment suggest that Imbrie had any rights over Clare, nor that he had ever possessed her in the past. Listen as he might, he could gain no clue to the relationship between the two speakers. He hoped they might betray themselves further later on. Meanwhile the situation was hazardous in the extreme. There was no doubt the woman would soon wear Imbrie down. If he himself could only communicate with Clare it would help.

Imbrie turned to Clare with what he meant for an ingratiating smile. "Is your attorney coming back at all?" he asked.

In itself there was nothing offensive in the question, and Clare had the wit to see that nothing was to be gained by unmercifully snubbing the man. "No," she said simply.

"But you're all right in every other way. There's nothing the matter with you?"

She let it go at that.

"You don't remember the days when I was courting you?"

"No," she said with an air of "where was that?"

He saw the trap. "I'll tell you some other time. - Reddick has long ears."

While Imbrie's attention was occupied by Clare, a possible way of reaching her a message occurred to Stoner. The woman was busy at some paces' distance. Stoner was sitting on a flat stone with his feet in the sand. Carelessly picking up a stick, he commenced to make letters in the sand. Clare, whose eyes never left him for long, instantly became aware of what he was

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ding, but so well did she cover her glances that Imbrie took no alarm.

Stoner prancing a yard at a time, and instantly pulling it out with his foot, wrote " Make out to cover me."

Meanwhile Imbrie was making agreeable conversation, and Clare was leading him on sufficiently to keep him interested. Small as his services was, he was charmed with it. Finally he rose regretfully.

" Time to go," he said. " Go get in your harness, Stoner.

The trooper arose and slouched to the trudging-line with a hung dog air. Clare's eyes followed him as well as assumed indignation at his appearance.

" He'll make a good pack horse yet," said Imbrie with a laugh.

" No, it appears," she said bitterly.

They started. Imbrie, much encouraged by this little passage continued to bait Stoner at intervals during the afternoon. The policeman, fearful of appearing to submit too suddenly sometimes retorted, but always suddenly gave up when Imbrie raised his gun. Stoner saw that so far as the man was concerned, he need have little fear of overreaching his part. Imbrie in his vanity was quite ready to believe that there was turning from Stoner to him. On the other hand, the furred woman was not at all deceived. Her lip curled successfully at all that he play.

Clare's glance at Stoner keeping up what she had begun, progressed from surprise through indignation to open scorn. Meanwhile in the same ratio she held herself low and low aloof from Imbrie. The two, was careful not to overdo it. She made it clear to Imbrie that it would be a good long time yet before he could expect any positive favours from her. She did it so well that Stoner, though he had himself told her to act in that manner was foaming by the right. After all, he was human.

Once and once only during the day did Stoner's and Clare's glances meet unobserved by the others. It happened as the trooper was unhooking in the dog-sled

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preparatory to paddling up a smooth reach. Imbrie and the woman were both behind Clare, and she gave Stoner a deep look imploring his forgiveness for the wrong she seemed to do him. It heartened him amazingly. Bending low as he laid the coiled rope in the bow his lips moanly shaped the words:

"Keep it up!"

So long and so hard did they work that day that they were able to camp for the night only a few miles short of the highest point they had yet reached on the river. The camping-place was a pleasant opening up on top of the bank carpeted with pine needles. The murmur of the pines reminded Clare and Stoner of nights on the lower river—nights both happy and terrible, which now seemed years past.

While supper was preparing Clare appeared out of her tent with some long strips of cotton. She went unhesitatingly to where Stoner sat.

Imbrie sprang up. "Keep away from him!" he snarled.

Clare calmly sat down by Stoner. "I'm going to dress his wound," she said. "I'd do the same for a dog. I don't want to speak to him. You can sit beside me while I work."

Imbrie sullenly submitted.

After supper it appeared from Imbrie's evil grin that he was promising himself a bit of fun with the policeman. But this time he was taking no chances.

"I'm tired of toting this gun around. To his hands," he ordered the woman.

The night was chilly and they had a good fire on the edge of the bank. It lighted them weirdly as they sat in a semi-circle about it, the four strangely assorted figures backed by the brown trunks of the pines, and roofed by the high branches. Stoner safety took up. Imbrie put down his gun and lighted his pipe. He studied the policeman malevolently. He was not quite satisfied, even in Stoner's submissiveness he felt a spirit that he had not yet broken.

"You policemen think pretty well of yourselves, don't you?" he said.

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Stonor, clearly perceiving the man's intention, was nevertheless undisturbed. This vermin was beneath him. His difficulty was to curb the sly desire to answer back. Imbrie gave him such priceless openings. But the part he had imposed on himself required that he seemed to be cowed by the man's crude attempts at wit. A seeming sullen silence was his only safe line. It required no little self-control.

Imbrie went on. "The Government sets you fellows up as a kind of bogey. For years they've been teaching the natives that a red-coat is a kind of sacred monkey that all must bow down to. And you forget you're only a man like the rest of us. When you meet a man who isn't scared off by all this hocus-pocus it comes pretty hard on you. You have to sing small, don't you, Redbreast?"

Silence from Stonor.

"I say you have to sing small, Redbreast."

"Just as you like."

"I've heard ugly tales about the police," Imbrie went on. "It seems they're not above turning a bit of profit out of their jobs when it is safe. Is that so, Stonor?"

"I hear you say it."

"You yourself only took me up in the first place because you thought there was a bit of a bribe in it, or a jug of whisky maybe. You thought I was a whisky-runner, but you couldn't prove it. I guess you're sorry now that you ever fooled with me, aren't you, Redbreast?"

Stonor said nothing.

"Answer me when I speak to you. Aren't you sorry now that you interfered with me?"

That was a hard one. A vein stood out on Stonor's forehead. He thought. "I wouldn't say it for myself, but for her!" Aloud he muttered. "Yes!"

Imbrie roared with laughter. "I'm putting the police in their place!" he cried. "I'm teaching them manners! I'll have him eating out of my hand before I'm through with him!"

Clare, seeing the swollen man, fled for Stonor, yet

she gave him a glance of scorn, and the look she gave Imbne caused him to rise as if moved by a spring, and cross to her.

As he passed the broad woman he said in the Indian tongue: "Well, who was right, old woman?"

He sat down beside Clare.

The woman answered: "You fool! She's playing with you to save her lover. Any woman would do the same."

"You lie!" said Imbne, with a fatuous side-glance at Clare. "She's beginning to like me now."

"Beginning to like you!" cried the woman scornfully. "Fool! Watch me! I'll show you how much she likes you!"

Springing to her feet, and stooping over, she drew the knife from her moccasin. She turned on Stoner. "Redbreast!" she cried in English. "I'm sick of looking at your ugly face. Here's where I spoil it!"

She raised the knife. Her eyes blazed. Stoner really thought his hour had come. He scrambled to his feet. Clare, with a scream, ran between them, and flung her arms around Stoner's neck.

"You beast!" she cried over her shoulder to the woman. "A bound man! You'll have to strike him through me!"

The woman threw back her head and uttered a great, coarse laugh. She coolly returned the knife to her moccasin. "You see how much she likes you," she said to Imbne.

Clare, seeing how she had been tricked, unwound her arms from Stoner's neck, and covered her face. It seemed too cruel that all their pains the livelong day should go for nothing in a moment. Imbne was growling at them hatefully.

"Don't distress yourself," whispered Stoner. "It couldn't be helped. We gained a whole day by it anyway. I'll think of something else for to-morrow."

"Keep clear of him!" cried Imbne. "Go to your tent!"

"I won't!" Clare said.

"Better go!" whispered Stonor. "I am safe for the present."

She went slowly to her tent and disappeared.

Stonor sat down again. Across the fire Imbrie scowled and pulled at his lip. The breed woman, returning to her place, had the good sense to hold her tongue.

After a long while Imbrie said sullenly in the Indian tongue: "Well, you've got your way. You can kill him to-morrow."

Stonor was a brave man, but a chill struck to his breast.

"I kill him?" said the woman. "Why have I got to do all the dirty work?"

"What do you care? You've already tried twice."

"Why don't you kill him yourself?"

"I'm not afraid of him."

"Maybe not. With his hands tied."

Imbrie's fist clenched. "Do you want me to beat you?"

The woman shrugged.

"You know very well why I don't want to do it," Imbrie went on. "It's nothing to you if the girl hates you."

"Oh, that's why, eh? You're scared she'd turn from bloody hands! She's made a fool of you, all right!"

"Never mind that. You do it to-morrow."

"Why not to-night?"

"I won't have it done in her sight. To-morrow morning when we spell, you make some excuse to take him into the bush. There you shoot him or stick a knife in his back. I don't care so long as you make a job of it. You come back alone and make a story of how he tried to run away, see? Then I'll beat you—"

"Beat me!" she cried indignantly.

"Fool! I won't hurt you. I'll just act tough to you for a while, till she gets better."

"That girl has made me plenty trouble these last two years. I wish I'd never set eyes on her!"

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"Forget it! The two feet together as he can't wander, and go to bed now!"

Mary Moxon's little mosquito-net was still on Embree's outfit, but the woman preferred to roll up in her blanket by the fire like a man. Soon the two of them were sleeping as soundly as two children, and Moxon was left to his own thoughts.

It was a silent quarter past that took to the river next day. Embree was sulky, it appeared that he no longer found any relish in gazing at Stoeck. Clare was pale and distressed. After an hour or so they came to the rapids where Moxon had intercepted Embree and Clare, and thereafter the man was true to them. Stoeck gathered from their talk that the river was new, too, to Embree and the woman, but that they had received information as to its course from Balala too often.

For many miles after that the current ran smooth and slow and they paddled the dug-out slowly in the bow Embree guiding him with the gun. Clare behind Embree and the bearded woman with the stamp-paddle. All with their backs to each other and silent. About ten o'clock they came to the mouth of a little creek entering in at the left, and here Embree ascertained they would spill.

"So this is the spot designed for my murder," thought Moxon looking over the ground with a natural interest.

The little brook was deep and sluggish. Its surface was powdered with tiny blue and, at its edges, long grass trailed in the water. A close grassy bank sloped up gradually. Farther back were white-stemmed sugar-trees gradually thickening into the forest proper.

"Ideal place for a party," thought Stoeck grimly.

As they went on he perceived that the bearded woman was somewhat agitated. She continually wiped her forehead on her sleeve. The two Indians were measuring their own Indian stability. Embree clearly was anxious too, but not about Moxon.

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at what was going to happen to him. His eyes continually sought a bear's face.

The breed woman glared suspiciously at Indore. He said in the Indian tongue. "We'll eat first."

"So I have an bear's traps" thought Stover.

None of them displayed much appetite. Stover turned himself to Indore. Indore glared at him oddly from time to time. "He's sorry to see good food wasted" thought the trapper. "Well, it won't be, if I can help it!"

When they had finished the woman said in English with a very nervous air "I'm going to see if I can get some fresh meat."

"She means me" thought Stover.

She got her gun and departed. Stover was aware likewise of the bear's staring out of the top of his enclosure. Both Indore and the woman had a self conscious air. A field could have seen that something was about. The woman walked off through the grass and was presently lost among the trees.

Indore commanded Stover to walk the doghouse.

Stover reflected that since they meant to kill him anyhow if they could there was nothing to be gained by putting up with further indignities.

"Wish them a curse" he said finally.

Indore struggled but said no more.

Pretty soon they heard a shot at no great distance.

Stover thought "Now she'll come back and say she's got a bear or a boar and then I'll order her to go back with her and bring in the meat. Shall I go, or shall I refuse to go?" If I refuse they're almost sure to suspect that I understand their language, but if I go I may be able to disarm her. I'll go.

Presently they saw her returning. "I've got a boar" she said steadily.

Stover emitted a grim inward smile. It was too simple to ask her to believe that she had walked into the bush and brought down a boar within five minutes with one shot. He knew very well that if there was a boar as prospect her face would be wreathed in smiles. He was careful to betray nothing in his own face.

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Indie was a better actor. "Good work!" he said. "Now we'll have something fit to eat."

She said, "I want help to bring in the meat."

"Please go help her," said Indie rudely.

The trooper got up with an indifferent air.

"Mister, don't go." I have said so reluctantly.

"I am not afraid of her. Where's her?"

The woman forced him to walk in advance of her through the grass. The thought of her behind him with the gun made Indie a skin-pimple uncomfortable, but he reflected that she would certainly not shoot until they were hidden in the bush.

When they reached the edge of the bush he stopped and looked at her. "Which way?" he asked, with an unaccustomed air.

"You can follow the tracks, can't you?" said she.

He saw that she was pale and panting freely. She unloosened her lips before the words.

Half a dozen paces farther on he stopped again.

"Come on," she said hurriedly.

"Look to the left, therefore," he said, dropping on one knee and turning half round so that he could keep an eye on her. She gave a swift glance over her shoulder. They were not yet fully out of sight of the others.

"Your movement is not natural," she said suddenly.

At the same instant Indie still watching sprung at her, taking care to keep under the sun. Leaping her knees he threw her to the ground. He got the gun, but before he could fire it she sprang at him from all fours like a cat and clung to him with a passionate fury no man could have been capable of. Indie was unable to shake her off without dropping the gun. Meanwhile she screamed for aid.

Both Indie and Chas came running. Indie, casting round the struggling pair clutched his gun and brought it down on Indie's head. The trooper went to earth. He did not altogether lose consciousness. The woman unclenched, recovered her gun, and was for discharging him on the spot, but Indie, thinking of Chas, prevented her.

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Stoner was soon able to rise, and to make his way back, albeit somewhat groggily, to the creek. Clara wished to support him, but he stopped her with a look.

When they got back to their camp Ibune demanded with seeming indignation. "What was the matter with you? What did you expect to gain by jumping on her?"

"What did she take me into the brush for?" countered Stoner. "To get a bullet through me?"

Ibune made a great parade of surprise. "What makes you think that?"

"She's tried twice already, hasn't she? I saw it in her eye. She saw it too," pointing to Clara. "You heard her warn me. She never shot a moose. That was too simple a trick."

"I did shoot a moose," said the woman suddenly.

"Then why don't you bring some of it in and let's eat it. You have your knife to cut off as much as we can carry."

She turned away with a discomfited face.

"Oh, well, if you won't take the trouble to bring in the meat we'll go without it," said Ibune quickly.

Stoner laughed.

As they were making ready to start Stoner heard Ibune say bitterly to the woman, in their own tongue: "You made a pretty mess of that!"

"Well, do it yourself, then," she snarked back.

"Very well, I will. When I see a good chance."

"This is only the 2nd," thought Stoner. "By hook or by crook I must continue to keep alive a couple of days longer."

Above the camping-place the character of the river changed again. The banks became steep and stony, and the rapids succeeded each other with only a few hundred yards of smooth water between. Stoner became a fixture in the tracking-line. He worked with a right good will, hoping to make himself so useful that they would not feel inclined to get rid of him. It was a slim chance, but the best that offered at the moment. Moreover, every mile that he put behind him brought him so much nearer safety.

That night in camp he had the satisfaction of hearing Jimmie say in answer to a question from the others:

"You can't be right. All day he's been working like a slave to try and get on the good side of me. Well, let him work. I've no need to break any back while I have him to work for me. According to the Indians we'll have rapids now for a long way up. Let him pull 'em."

The Indian could allow himself to sleep with an easy mind for that night anyway.

The next few days were without special incident. Jimmie lived from moment to moment by fate hanging on Jimmie's courage and unceasingly suspicious. Fortunately for him he was still able to inform himself from the talk of the men. Each day this Indian camp, tracked up streams, braked and passed up the rapids, splashed and tracked again. In the rapids it was the Indian women who had to help Jimmie. Jimmie weighed himself by working with his gun over his arms. Jimmie concluded at the moment a perfect.

At the end of the second day they found another soft speech track to camp on. Jimmie was so weary he could scarcely remember having strength to eat. They all turned in immediately afterwards. Late in the Indian had been carrying his gun & he had to leave at night, and the rest of the time that Jimmie had been awake had avoided Jimmie's side. The broad roadway lay on the other side of the fire and there a tent was pitched beyond her.

Jimmie was awakened by a soft knock on his cheek. Having his nerves under good control he gave no start. Opening his eyes he saw there a face smiling gaily, not a look from his own. At first he thought he was dreaming and not aware of it, breathing for fear of disrupting the charming phantom.

But the phantom spoke. Jimmie was jolted in time to sight & made no cry. I could not sleep. I had to come and speak to you. Did I do wrong?

He fixed his tired eyes on her. How could he blame her? "Dangerous," he whispered. "These Indians sleep like cats."

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"What's the difference? It's as bad as it can be already."

He shook his head. "They have not ill-treated you."

"I wouldn't mind if they did. It is terrible to see you work so hard while I do nothing. Why do you work so hard for them?"

"I have hope of meeting help up the river."

She smiled incredulously. "None, seeing her regard to the work and no more about the horses. After all they might fail and it would be better not to raise her hopes only to dash them."

"Better go," he urged. "Every little while through the night one or the other of these horses wakes, gets up, looks around, and goes back to sleep again."

"Are you glad I came Martin?"

"Very glad. Go back to your tent, and we'll talk in fancy until we fall asleep again."

Linbore was awakened the next time by a loud, jolting laugh. It was full daylight. The broad woman was crouching at his feet pointing mockingly to the tall tell point of Clare's little body in the sand-bank bed. A blinding rage filled Moran at the implications of that crude laugh but he was helpless. Linbore started up, and Moran attempted to roll over on the depression but Linbore saw it, saw also the little tracks leading around behind the sleepers to Clare's tent.

No sound escaped from Linbore but his smooth face turned indigo with rage, the lips crept over the clenched teeth, the ruddy skin livid and blotchy. He quickly seized the hand between him and Moran. The woman, with a wicked smile drew the knife out of her bosom and offered it to him. He eagerly snatched it up. Moran's eyes were fixed unflinchingly on his fire. He thought. "It has come."

But at that moment Clare came out of her tent. Linbore had the knife and started away. As he passed the broad woman Moran heard him mutter

"I'll fix him to-night!"

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That day as he trudged the shore, lost under the thickening haze Shimer had plenty to occupy his mind. Once and over he made his calculations of time and distance.

"This is the twenty-seventh. It was the fifteenth when I sent Tom Grampierre back to Enterprise. If he could have had time to get there about noon on the seventeenth. The steamboat isn't due to start up stream until the twenty-fifth but Lassell would surely let her go at noon when he got her message. She didn't need to get around alongside and start up. The wind steers right and don't last at this stage of water. She's done it before. That is, if there had not been the river's righting of the engine. There are plenty of points. Twenty-four miles would suffice for her stream right and day when he had to set her. Let's suppose they didn't get away until the morning of the eighteenth. That would bring them to the Lanning on the twenty-second.

Lassell I know would not have an hour or setting out over the prairie and long enough to get horses together and make their return. I can depend on him. Nodaway is only half far off as originated from the crossing to the Iowa River. Nodaway is here that way. But the changes are so sudden and rapid going down the river are about the same distance apart up there. Lassell ought to reach the Nodaway on the twenty-fifth, or at the latest the twenty-sixth. That's with yesterday. But we must have made two hundred or two hundred and fifty miles up stream. The Nodaway makes a straighter course than the Iowa. It must be less than a hundred miles from here to the spot where Lassell would let the stream. He could make nearly five miles or more a day down stream. He would work. If everything has gone well I might meet him to-day.

But things never go just the way you want them to. I need not remind you of how often they have delayed. He's as careful of his previous steamboat. Or she may have run into a log. Or Lassell may have met unexpected difficulties. I must know what

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I'm going to do. Once my hands are tied to night my grave is sealed. Shall I meet the woman when she tries to tie my hands? But lumber always stands beside her with the gun that would simply mean having shot down before Clare comes. What I set them lumber and take what comes?" "No." I must put up a fight somewhere. "Suppose I make a break for it as soon as we land?" If there happens to be cover I may get away with it. Better be shot on the wing than falling down with my hands tied. And if I get clean away Clare would know there was still a chance. "I'll make a break for it!"

He looked at the sky, the shimmering river and the shapely trees. "This may be my last day on the old hill land old world too." You don't think what it means until the little rumble to see to it all turns mornings and starry nights with the double trail of the Milky Way meandering across the sky. I've scarcely tasted life yet hasn't think of that! Twenty seven years old and nothing done! If I could feel that I had left something solid behind me it would be easier to go."

Patches of his bewilderment in the old Canadian city presented themselves suddenly. the maple foliage, incredibly dense and verdant, the shabby comfortable houses behind the trees and the honest happy generally people who lived in the houses and sprawled their leaves on summer evenings. friendly people like people everywhere prone to laughter and a smile to thought. People are so foolish and blithesome it's amazing." thought Stanor, realising his hand for the first time.

The sights and sounds and smells of the old town were thronging back, the school bell with its flat clangour exactly like no other bell on earth it rang until five minutes before the hour stopping with a rattling complaint and you ran the rest of the way. There was the Immigrant Hotel, with a tar pavement in front that became wet beyond on hot days on account of that town ever forgot the peasant smell compounded of tar, shale, burnt, asphalt, and cabbage, that greeted

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you in passing. And the ready state was best done; the butterflies there add there."

How he used to get up early on summer mornings and, with his faithful mangled Jack, with the ridiculous pack and all and for a mile to the railway station to see the Transcontinental stop and pass on. How the two dogs down the empty streets before sunrise used to "strange" here for those big wagons to be followed by the noisy, rumbling. And the long train with the mysterious, hissing, sleeping cars, an enormous-bowed head at the window, bony head, bound on a long journey!

"Well, I've passed over myself more than," thought Maxie, "and I have a longer journey before me!"

They stopped at ten o'clock and again at three. "The last stop," thought Maxie as they took to the river after the second stop. "I depended on the agent Inisher should come for them next camp. Maxie studied the surface of the ground around. The banks continued to rise steep and high almost from the water's edge. These slopes for the next part were wooded but a wood up a steep, short slope down to a flat grassy spot.

"Small chance of surprising over the top or such a place without stopping a bullet," thought Maxie. "If the chance to a more favorable spot should I suggest camping." No, for Inisher would be sure to keep an eye of gate stations. I might have a chance if I am rugged up the hill. The wood part will be running away from there. Suppose she goes out of there to follow. If I could warn her."

But Inisher was taking very good care that no communication passed between the two to-day.

They came to a place where a limestone ridge made a rapid water than over there had passed on the upper river almost a cataract. Much time was consumed in dragging the dug out over the shelves of rock alongside. The ridge made a sort of dam in the river, and above there was a long, rough, smooth and stepped. Inisher ordered Maxie ashore to paddle, and the Cooper was not sorry for the change of routine.

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The sun was dropping low now, and Stoner little by little gave up hope of making trip that day. In the center of the smooth reach there came upon an island, quaintly shaped like a woman's hat, with a rocky beach all around for a brim, a high green crown, and a clump of pines for an aglette. In its greatest diameter it was less than a hundred feet.

Coming abreast of the island, Labore without saying anything in advance of his intention, started the dug-out so that she grounded on the bank. The others looked round at him in surprise.

"We'll camp here," he said curtly.

Stoner's heart sank. An island! "It's early yet," he said, with a curious air.

"The dug-out's leaking," said Labore. "I want to be here before dark."

"There's no gun on the island."

"I have it with me."

Labore said this with a meaning grin, and Stoner could not be sure but that the man suspected his design of trapping. There was nothing for it but to submit for the moment. If they attempted to land him he would put up the best fight he could. If they left him free until dark he might still escape by swimming.

They landed. The bearded woman at a matter of course prepared to do all the work while Labore sat down with his pipe and his gun. He ordered Stoner to sit near. The policeman obeyed, keeping himself on the qui vive for the first hostile move. There used to be doing something put up but can't tell. The bearded woman started preparing supper and then, taking everything out of the dug-out, pulled it up on the stones and turning it over applied the gun to the little crack that had opened in the bottom.

They supper as usual Stoner being guarded by the woman while Labore ate. Stoner and Labore were kept at a little distance from each other. There was nothing that they could to say to each other within hearing of their jahors. Soon afterwards Labore went to her tent. Stoner watched her disappear with a gripping pain at his heart, wondering if he would ever see her again.

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"She might have looked her good right," he thought resentfully, even while better sense told him she had refrained from looking at him only because such indications of an understanding always infuriated Imbrie.

The dusk was beginning to gather. Imbrie waited a little while, then said curtly:

" Tie him up now."

The woman went to get the piece of line she used for the purpose. Stenor got wardy to his feet.

"What do you want to tie me up for?" he said, seeking to gain time. "I'm helpless without weapons. You might let me have one night a comfortable sleep. I work hard enough for it."

Imbrie's suspicions were instantly aroused by this changed attitude of Stenor's, who had always before indefinitely submitted. He raised the gun threateningly. " Shut up!" he said. " Hold your hands behind you."

The woman was approaching with the line. Stenor moved so as to bring himself in a line between Imbrie and the woman. Out of the tail of his eye he saw Glare at the door of her tent anxiously watching. He counted on the fact that Imbrie would not shoot while she was looking on without strong provocation. They were all down on the stony beach. Stenor kept edging closer to the water.

Stenor still sought to parley. "What are you afraid of? You're both armed. What could I do? And you sleep like cats. I couldn't move hand or foot without waking you. I can't work all day, and sleep without being able to stretch myself."

While he talked he maneuvered to keep himself between Imbrie and the woman. Imbrie, to avoid the danger of hitting her, was obliged to keep edging toward Stenor. Finally Stenor got him between him and the water. This was the moment he was waiting for. His muscles were tauted like steel springs. Plunging at Imbrie, he got under the gun barrel and bore the man back into the river. The gun was discharged harmlessly into the air. The beach sloped away sharply,

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and the force of his rush carried them both into the foot of water. They went under. Indore dropped his gun and clung to Moran with the desperate involuntary grip of the non-combatant. Like a ray of light the thought flashed through Moran's brain. "I have been with you before now."

As they went under he was aware of the woman pushing into the water after him with the knife raised. He twisted his body so that Indore came uppermost and she was unable to strike. Moran saw Clare running to the water's edge.

"Let her go!" he cried.

Clare seemed to have it almost leaning against the gunwalled dug-out. The woman turned back but Clare seized the gun before the top out of the water, and dashed into the thick bushes outside. Meanwhile Moran dragged the struggling Indore and a deeper water. They lost their footing and went under again. The woman, after a pause of agitated silence, rose to the dug-out and righting it paddled it into the water.

Moran striking out as he could armed his broadsword and leaped a man's depth. The current carried them steadily down. They were as much under the water as on top, but Moran rapidly held his breath while Indore struggled upwards. Moran with his hand against the other's chest broke his stranglehold and got him leaped over on his back. Indore's struggles began to weaken.

Meanwhile the dug-out was leaping down on them. Moran wasted water at eyes gleamed and the woman driving her paddle to strike. Then letting go of Indore, he sank and swimming under water rose to the surface again yards distant. He saw that the woman had Indore by the hair. In this position it was impossible for her to wield her paddle and the current was carrying her down. Moran turned about and swam hitherto back to the island.

Clare still carrying the gun, came out of the bushes to meet him. They clasped hands.

"I knew there was only one bullet," she said. "I was afraid to fire at the woman for fear of hitting her."

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"You did right," he said.

Stonor found the gun that Ibstone had dropped in the water. From the beach they watched to see what the bound woman would do.

"When she gets near the rapids she'll either have to let go Ibstone or be carried over," Stonor said grimly.

But the woman proved to be not without her resources. Still with one hand clutched in Ibstone's hair, she continued to wriggle out of the upper part of her dress. Out of this she made a sling, passing it under the unconscious man's arms, and tying it to the thwart of the dug-out. She then paddled ashore and dragged the man out on the beach. There they saw her stand looking at him helplessly. Save for the dug-out she was absolutely empty handed, without so much as a match to start a fire with.

Presently she loaded the inert body in the dug-out, and, getting in herself, came paddling back towards the island. Stonor grimly awaited her, with the gun over his arm. The dusk was thickening, and Clare built up the fire.

When she came near, Stonor said, fusing the gun: "Come no closer till I give you leave."

She raised her hands. "I give up," she said apathetically. "I've got to have fire for him, blankets. Maybe he is dead."

"He's only half-drowned," said Stonor. "I can bring him to if you do what I tell you."

"What do you want?"

"Throw your ammunition-belt ashore, then your knife, and the two knives that Ibstone carries in his belt."

She obeyed. Stonor gratefully buckled on the belt. She landed, and permitted her hands to be bound. Stonor then pulled the dug-out out on the shore, and turning it over rolled Ibstone on the bottom of it until he got most of the water out of him. Then, laying him on his back, after half an hour's unceasing work, he succeeded in inducing respiration. A little colour returned to Ibstone's face, and in the end he opened his eyes and looked stupidly around him. At these eyes

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of returning now when the wings of a swan suddenly lowered her head and broke out a dry loud whining.

The several were there upon the matter in hand they never thought of breaking out on the river. It was a dark hour as it would be and anyway the glow of the fire blinded them to what lay outside the cabin. Suddenly out of the dark came with swooping flight a deep-throated bird.

"Swallow is that bird?"

The passenger straightened like a man who recovered an electric shock. A great light broke on his face.

"Lambert! Thank God!" he cried.

The ruddy little fat-bellied sulphur-bird had grounded on the stones before their fire and, as it seemed to their confused vision, there was immediately surrounded by a whole crew of friendly flocks. "Swallow the swallows, and of course most but of these and the sulphur-birds. The returning fire of his resounding silver Major Egerton. Paticque Egerton, the last loved man on the earth, as far as below the eye, sulphur or other he continued to sing.

"I have the honour to turn over this passenger, sir. This man who claims to be Major Egerton, Lambert, and this swallows, name unknown to me."

"Good work, Lampard! Having released his gaoler the little Major turned and offered Major the hand.

"This is a surprise for to see you, said the latter.

"I had just got to the crossing on my rounds when your note came to Lambert. So I came right on with him. Major Egerton's place back to Major's bandaged head and dropping feathers like swallows' plumed heads and I before just returning to examination. I judge you've been having a strenuous time," he remarked dryly.

"Somewhat, sir.

"You should tell me all about it when we've settled down a bit. We had already camped for the night, when we saw the reflections of your fire and came down to investigate. Introduce me to the lady."

The little Major bowed to them in his best style.

His face betrayed no consciousness of the strangeness of the situation, in that while Dr. Imbrie was a prisoner, Mrs. Imbrie was obviously under Stonor's protection. He engaged her in conversation about the weather as if they had just met at a lawn fête. It was exactly what the shaken Clare needed.

Meanwhile, Stonor slipped aside to his friends. "Lambert!" he cried, gripping his brother-sergeant's hand. "God knows your ugly phiz is a beautiful sight to my eyes! I knew I could depend on you! I knew it!"

Lambert silently clapped him on the back. He saw from Stonor's face what he must have been through.

Beyond Lambert, Stonor caught sight of a gleaming smile on a dark face. "Tele!" he cried. "They brought you! How good it is to find one's friends!"

CHAPTER XVII

THE MEETING

They moved to a better camping place on the mainland. Major Egerton could rough it as well as any youngster in the service but as a matter of principle he always carried a folding bed, table and chair in his outfit. These simple articles made a great impression on the natives. When the Major's tent was pitched, and the table and chair set up inside, the effect of a court of justice was immediately created, even in the remote wilderness.

Next morning they all gathered in his tent. The Major sat at the table with Coulter his orderly and general factotum sitting on a box at his left with pen and note book before him. Munro stood at the Major's right. The two prisoners stood facing the table with Lambert keeping an eye on them. Clark sat in the place of honour on the Major's right against the side of the tent. Tusk and Arrow squatted on their beds just inside the door.

"It start with the woman," said the Major. Addressing her directly he said sternly. "It is my duty to tell you that anything you may say here can be used against you later and it is therefore your privilege to refuse to answer. At the same time a refusal to answer naturally suggests the fact of incriminating yourself, so think well before you refuse. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah, you speak good English. That simplifies matters. First, what is your name?"

"Anne Alexander."

"Married?"

"No, sir."

"Age?"

"Forty-four."

"Hm! You don't look it. What is your relation to the other prisoner here?"

"No relation, just a friend."

"Ah! Where do you come from?"

The woman hesitated.

Imbrie murmured. "Winnipeg."

"Be silent!" cried the Major. "Sergeant Lambert, take that man out, and keep him out of earshot until I call you."

It was done.

"How long have you been in this country?"

"Since Spring - May."

"How did you come in?"

"By way of Caribou Lake and the Crossing."

"Alone?"

"Yes, sir."

"By what means did you travel?"

"I got passage on a York boat up the river, and across Caribou Lake. From the lake a freighter took me on his load across the long portage to the Crossing."

"Annoye," said the Major, "you watch the prisoner outside, and ask Sergeant Lambert to step here."

Meanwhile he went on with his questions. "How did you travel from the Crossing?"

"I built a little raft and floated down the Spur River to Carcassou Point."

Lambert came in.

"Lambert," said the Major, "this woman claims to have come over the portage to the Crossing in May with a freighter and to have built a raft there and floated down the river. Can you verify her story?"

"No, sir, never saw her before."

"Is it possible for her to have done such a thing?"

"Possible, sir," said Lambert cautiously, "but not likely. It's part of my business to keep track of all who come and go. There are not enough travellers to make that difficult. Such an extraordinary thing as a woman travelling alone on a raft would have been

the talk of the country. If I might ask her a question, sir?"

The Major signed to her to do so.

"What was the name of the freighter who brought you over the portage?"

"I don't know his whole name. Men called him Jack."

Lambert shrugged. "There's many a Jack, sir."

"Of course. Let it go for the present." To the woman he said "What was your object in making that long journey alone?"

"Doctor Imbrie wrote to me to come and live with him. He had nobody to take care of his house and all that."

"I see. What do you mean by saying he was your friend?" The Major asked this with an uneasy glance in Clare's direction.

"Just my friend," answered the woman, with a hint of defiance. "I took care of him when he was little."

"Ah, his nurse. When did you get the letter from him?"

"In March."

"Where was it sent from?"

"Fort Enterprise."

"Sergeant Stonor, can you testify as to that?"

"I can testify that it is not true, sir. It was a matter of common knowledge at the post that Doctor Imbrie neither received nor sent any letters. We wondered at it. Furthermore, the only word received from him all winter was in January."

The Major turned to the woman. "According to that you are telling an untruth about the letter," he said sternly. "Do you wish to change your statement?"

She suddenly shook her head.

The Major shrugged and went on. "Was Doctor Imbrie waiting for you at Carcassou Point?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why didn't you meet at Fort Enterprise, where there was a good trail to Swan River?"

" He didn't feel like explaining things to the white men there. He likes to keep to himself."

" Where did you go from Carcason Point ? "

" We bought horses from the Beaver Indians and rode overland to Swan Lake."

" Bought horses ? " said the Major quickly. " How did Doctor Imbrie get to Carcason in the first place ? "

She corrected herself. " I mean he bought extra horses for me and for the outfit."

" And you rode to Swan Lake on your way back to his place ? "

" Yes, sir."

" Did you go to his place ? "

" No, sir, I got sick at Swan Lake and he had to leave me."

" But if you were sick you needed a doctor, didn't you ? "

" I wasn't very sick, I just couldn't travel, that was all."

" But why did he have to leave you ? "

" He had business at his place."

" Business ? There was no one there but himself."

The woman merely shrugged.

Major Egerton waved his hand in Clare's direction.

" Do you know this lady ? "

" Yes, sir. It's Doctor Imbrie's wife."

" How do you know that ? "

" I saw them married."

" Where was that ? "

" I won't answer that at present."

The Major turned to Clare apologetically. " Please excuse me if I must ask a painful question or two."

Clare nodded reassuringly.

" Why had Doctor Imbrie left his wife ? "

The woman's eyes sparkled with resentment. " He didn't leave her. She left him. She . . . "

" That will do ! " ordered the Major.

But the woman raised her voice. " She threw up the fact of his having red blood to him though she knew it well enough when she married him. He was all cut up about it. That was why he came up here."

The Major, slightly embarrassed, turned to Stonor.
" Will you question her ? " he asked testily. " You are better informed as to the whole circumstances."

" If I might hear the man's story first, sir ? "

" Very well. Send for him. What is the charge against the woman ? "

" Shooting with intent to kill, sir."

" Enter that, Coulter. Whom did she shoot at ? "

" At me, sir. On two occasions."

" Ah ! An officer in the performance of his duty. Amend the charge, Coulter. Please relate the circumstances."

Stonor did so.

" Have you anything to say in regard to that ? " the Major asked the woman.

She shook her head.

By this time Imbrie was again facing the tribunal. At Stonor's request the woman was allowed to remain in the tent during his examination. After stating the usual formula as to his rights, the Major started questioning him.

" Your name ? "

" Ernest Imbrie, M.D."

" Age ? "

" Twenty-six."

" Place of birth ? "

" Winnipeg."

" Father's name ? "

" John Imbrie."

" His occupation ? "

" Farmer."

The Major raised his eyebrows. " In Winnipeg ? "

" He lived off the income of his farms."

" Ah ! Strange I never heard the name in Winnipeg. Do you wish to give any further information about your antecedents ? "

" Not at present, sir."

" You have Indian blood in your veins ? "

" Yes, sir, my grandmother was an Indian. I never saw her."

" How long have you been in this district ? "

"A year, sir."

"How did you come here?"

"I got employment with a crew of boatmen at Minnewau Landing. I travelled with them as far as Great Buffalo Lake. There I bought a canoe from the Indians and came up the Swan River to the Great Falls and built me a shack."

"You were alone then?"

"Yes, sir."

"How did this woman come to join you?"

"I sent for her to keep my house for me."

"How did you get word to her?"

Imbrie blandly cracked the trap. "I sent a letter out privately to be passed along by the Indians—what they call messenger telegraph."

"Ah! Why did you choose that method?"

"Because I wished to keep my album to myself. I had heard of the curiosity of the white men at Fort Enterprise concerning my movements, and I did not care to gratify it."

"Very well. Now, when you started back with her, did she go home with you?"

"No, sir. She was taken sick at Swan Lake, and I had to leave her there."

"How did you come to leave her if she was sick?"

"She was not very sick. Her leg swelled up and she couldn't travel, that was all."

Stonor signed to the Major that he wished to ask a question, and the Major bade him go ahead.

"Tell us exactly what was the matter with her, as a doctor, I mean."

"You wouldn't understand if I did tell you."

The Major rapped smartly on the table. "Impudence will do you no good, my man! Answer the Sergeant's question!"

"I decline to."

Stonor said. "I have established the point I wished to make, sir. He can't answer it."

Major Egerton proceeded. "Well, why didn't you wait for her until she got well?"

"I had to make a garden at home."

" You travelled three hundred miles down the river and back again to make a garden ! "

" We have to eat through the winter."

" Stonor, was there a garden started at Imbrie's place ? "

" Yes, sir, but it had been started weeks before. The potatoes were already several inches high."

Imbrie said " I planted the potatoes before I left."

" Well, leave the garden for the present." The Major indicated Clare. " You know this lady ? "

" I should hope so."

" Confine your answers to plain statements, please. Who is she ? "

" My wife."

" Have you any proof of that ? "

" She says so. She ought to know."

The Major addressed Clare. " Is it true that you have said you were his wife ? "

" I cannot tell you of my own knowledge, sir. Sergeant Stonor has told me that before I lost my memory I told him I was Ernest Imbrie's wife."

The Major bowed and returned his attention to Imbrie. " When and where were you married ? "

" I decline to answer."

The excellent Major, who was not noted for his patience with the evil-doer, turned an alarming colour, yet he still sought to reason with the man. " The answer to that question could not possibly injure you under any circumstances."

" Just the same, I decline to answer. You said it was my right."

With no little difficulty the Major still held himself in. " I am asking," he said, " for reformation which will enable me to return this lady to her friends until her memory is restored."

" I decline to give it," said Imbrie hardly. His face expressed a pleased vanity in being able, as he thought, to wield the whip-hand over the red-coats.

The little Major exploded. " You damned scoundrel ! " he cried. " I'd like to wring your neck ! "

" Put that down, please," said Imbrie to the clerk with ineffable conceit.

The Major put his hands behind his back and stamped up and down the four paces that comprised the length of his tent. "Stonor, I wonder—I wonder that you took the patient to bring him to last night!" he stammered. "Go on and question him if you want. I haven't the patience."

"Very well, sir. Imbrie, when I was taking you and the lady back to Fort Enterprise, why did you carry her off?"

"She was my wife. I wanted her. Anything strange in that?"

"No. But when we came to you at your place, why did you run away from us?"

"I hadn't had a good look at her then. I thought it best to keep out of the way."

"Why weren't you willing to come to the post and let the whole thing be explained?"

Imbrie's face suddenly turned dark with rage. He burst out scurvy coherently. "I'll tell you that! And you can all digest it! A fat chance I'd have had among you! A fat chance I have now of getting a fair hearing! If she came all this way to find me, it's clear she wanted to make up, isn't it? Yet when she saw me she turned away. She'd been travelling with you too long. You'd put your spell on her. You and she'd lost her memory. Hunk! Looks more like hypnotism to me. You wanted her for yourself. That's the whole explanation of the case. You've got nothing on me. You only want to railroad me so that the way will be clear for you with her. Why, when I was bound up they made love to each other before my very face. Isn't that true?"

"I am not under examination just now," said Stonor coldly.

"Answer me as a man, isn't it true?"

"No, it's a damned lie!"

"Well, if it had been me, I would!" cried the Little Major.

Sergeant Lambert concealed a large smile behind his large hand.

Stonor, outwardly unmoved, said: "May I ask the

woman one more question, sir, before I lay a charge against the man?"

"Certainly."

Stonor addressed the woman. "You say you are unmarried?"

"Yes."

"What are you doing with a wedding-ring?"

"It's my mother's ring. She gave it to me when she died."

"Tole," said Stonor "take that ring off and hand it to me." To the Major he added in explanation: "Wedding-rings usually have the initials of the contracting parties and the date."

"Of course!"

The ring was removed and handed to Stonor.

Examining it he said "There is an inscription here, sir. It is 'J.I. to A.A., March 3rd, 1888.' It stands to reason this woman's mother was married long before 1888."

"She was married twice," muttered the woman.

Stonor laughed.

"What do you make of it, Sergeant?" asked the Major.

"John Imbrie to Anne Alexander."

"Then you suspect——?"

"That this woman is the man's mother, sir. It first occurred to me last night."

"By George! there is a certain likeness."

All those in the tent stared at the two prisoners in astonishment. The couple bore it with sullen inscrutability.

"I am now ready to make a charge against the man, sir."

The Major sat down. "What is the charge?"

"Murder."

Imbrie must have had this possibility in mind, for his face never changed a muscle. The woman, however, was frankly taken by surprise. She flung up her manicured hands involuntarily; a sharp cry escaped her.

"It's a lie!"

"Whom did he murder?"

"A man unknown to me, sir."

"Where was the deed committed?"

"At or near the shack above the Great Falls."

The woman's inscrutability was gone. She watched Stonor and waited for his evidence in an agony of apprehension.

"Did you find the body?"

"Yes, sir."

"Under what circumstances?"

"It had been thrown in the rapids, sir, in the expectation that it would be carried over the falls. Instead, however, it lodged in a log-jam above the falls. As I was walking along the shore I saw a foot sticking out of the water. I brought the body ashore."

"You brought the body ashore--out of the rapids above the falls?"

"Yes, sir. A woman I had with me, Mary Moose, helped me."

"Describe the victim."

"A young man, sir, that is to say under thirty. In stature about the same as the prisoner, and of the same complexion. What remained of his clothes suggested a man of refinement."

"But his face?"

"It was unrecognizable, sir."

A dreadful low cry broke from the half-breed woman. Her manacled hands went to her face, her body rocked forward from the waist.

The man rapped out a command to her in the Indian tongue to get a grip on herself. She tried to obey, straightening up, and taking down her hands. Her face showed a ghastly yellow pallor.

"What proof have you of murder?" asked the Major.

"There was no water in the dead man's lungs, sir, showing that he was dead before his body entered the water. There was a bullet-hole through his heart. I found the bullet itself lodged in the front of his spine. It was thirty-eight calibre, a revolver bullet. This man carried a thirty-eight revolver. I took it from

him. I sent powder and bullet out by this Conscript."

Lambert spoke up. "They are in my possession, sir."

The broad-trimmed beret tilted about to collapse. Indra, who had given no sign of being affected by Blaauw's speech, now said with a more consciousness of than he had yet shown.

"If you please, sir, she is unconscious by the Conscript's command now. Will you let her go outside for a moment to recover herself?"

"Very well, said the good-natured Major. "Fetch her, Lambert."

As the woman passed him, Lambert whispered to her in the Indian tongue. There was a look in the eyes."

Indra was the alert for a trick of some kind unawares. "You're a dog!" he said, stepping forward.

The woman made a sudden dash for the door, but Lambert seized her. She struggled like a mad thing, but the tall sergeant's arms closed around her like a vice. Meanwhile Major resolved to unchain the chain around her neck. The two breeds guarded Indra to keep him from interfering.

Blaauw put the beret off at last and opened it with his thumb nail. The woman suddenly ceased to struggle and sagged in Lambert's arms. As the clamorous escaped from Blaauw and he glanced sharply into Indra's face. Within the beret on one side was a tinted photograph of the heads of two little boys, oddly alike. On the other side was an inscription in the usual Sephardic characters of three years before: "Ernest and William Indra" and a date.

Blaauw handed the beret over to the Major without speaking. He "cried the latter. "By that is the explanation. There were two of them?"

CHAPTER XVII

A LETTER FROM JOHN BROWN TO THE EDITOR OF THE BIRMINGHAM DAILY HERALD.

BY JOHN BROWN.

You will have had two copies of the correspondence qualifying the Indian murder case of which you have legal file, extract in the Annual Report of the B. N. W. B. P. just published. You are right in supposing that a strong and exciting law is hidden behind the cold and formal phrasings of the report.

The first letter was the Reverend Everett who went up to the Indians' village away back in '70. I gather that some time these Indians were absolutely unconverted, and had a reputation for savagery. I suppose that was what stimulated the good man's visit. He left a written translation behind him. The Indians have since up the course of the Rock & Colorado, on the left-bank of the Colorado River one of the main tributaries of the Colorado River. The Colorado River you may know runs west of the Rocky Mountains and breaks through. There is not a more remote spot than this on the American side nor one more difficult of access.

The Indians brought with him his son John Ingalls, a boy just approaching manhood. Very likely the danger of bringing up a boy absolutely cut off from the ways of his race never occurred to the father. The circumstances happened. The boy fell in love with a Indian girl born girl the daughter of a wandering prospector and a Indian squaw and married her out of hand. The Indian father was however compelled to perform the ceremony. This was in 1866.

The Indians were as far out off from their land that in time they were forgotten. The country sup-

BY A LITTLE FROM MAJOR BELLON

justed himself by turning on a small way and trading in surplus products with the Indians. John turned out to be a good farmer and then prospered. This time was the next subject of agreement in that direction. From the time he went on with his father John did not see the outside world again until 1880 when he took his wife and babies and with a team horse I think, of trying to re-ignite the woman. Most of these marriages have tragic results and this was no exception. During all the years of her husband's illness this woman received every comforting influence except that she learned to hate herself and other white women.

She bore her husband three sons, the three brothers Ernest and William. They have a strong resemblance to each other but as they began to develop it appeared, as is so often the case in these mixed families that Ernest had a white man's nature and William a red man's. When the latter came into the world and to Winnipeg he was lost but William grew to be a savage, untamed in mind and feelings and had to be sent home. On the other hand Ernest proved to be a intelligent and scholar and went on through school and college. During the time period between his birthmark and his friend's death was the most interesting of these boys. William returned at last and gave up his opinions. John, like the father I gather was a worthy man, but somewhat weak in his family relations.

Ernest went on to a medical college with the idea of practicing among the Indians. He had no children. During his second year his father died long before he could reach him of course. He remained outside until he got his diploma. Meanwhile his mother and brother gradually relapsed into a state of savagery. They gathered around with the Indians and the sons which had been so painstakingly born out of the wilderness by the two preceding generations grew up to them.

Ernest had a peaceful homecoming I expect. How ever he probably set to work to restore his father's wealth. He managed to persuade his mother and brother

to struggle and live on while most others had died. They made the life a hell for him according to all accounts. They were constant victims of the superior opponents. Neither did the Indians believe a victory could be maintained. Now the health of the opponents they had been gradually sappling took with their greatest strength and with the result that with the part of the Indians against the Indians and the two opposing tribes a draw with the very Indians living among them stronger. He has been described to me as a charming Indian teacher, teacher and preacher. And so the way I have just mentioned that these young Indians were unmercifully persecuted. 10 days or so the Indians the Indians, the rest of the Indians before I ever met.

Remember that small parties was being killed about outside an amount of the gold deposits along the upper region of the Mimbres river without I believe. However that will be strengthened by the strength and with the number of them not being enough Indians outside from village. The Indians and in a manner of the Pueblo Indians. In fact in the course and subject I suppose. Indians brought with him his daughter. Indians coming with him and relatives. Indians.

That is the Indians who had come to him according to the way you. Alfred and his son going to the Indians. However the greatest strength would not be possible for lack of water but the young Indians would not and the Indians & wife as well. I do not suppose that the Indians or lack with him though apart from the lack strength he was not afraid of an easy victory. Indians had always the Indians had been and continued to be taught like many a good woman before her she was married Indians to strengthen for the Indians strength struggling against the Indians only.

The Indians strangled his mouth and took her out and Indian Indians tortured them. There were married in the same spring at the Indians up the occupied River where the Indians were exterminated. Indians married the Indians had by many hundreds of miles throughout the wilderness.

These Indians, I believe they were very happy. The

ON A LETTER FROM MAJOR BUCHANON

of total desolation. Whatever may have been at it, the struggle was desperate. I could see the bound woman, armed like a hired mercenary. I have been told, and I can quite believe it, having witnessed signs of her subsequent performances. Then there was the husband, who was always hanging around the house, nursing his evil purposes, but too bad-tempered a scoundrel. And in the back ground the greatest and most terrible Indians.

The Indian wife was principally led by a great malice directed to the girl by her husband & brother. He broke up her tribe, the eight squatters, assuming he frequented as his husband. Her husband saved her from her, but in the end it was not so she preferred a squatter against the lot of them, and went to another.

Her husband is her own friend, though her father's her father. That is one of the points though in the story, but Major's no squatter but that he loved her desperately. The loss of her brother has struck, which had resulted in death. He never went back home. He left poor father as of he were not and with his wife and children, and has undertaken to find a place where he could bury himself for these all happenings!

He was next bound off at the one leading a thousand miles away across the mountains. Here he got employment with a north west tribe and travelled with them down hill over hundreds of miles north to Great Buffalo Lake. Here he obtained a canoe from the Indians and with a small store of grub set off on the river. He made his way up the Bear River an unexplored stream emptying into Great Buffalo Lake, as far as the Great Falls, and there he built himself a camp.

He could hardly have found a spot better suited to his purpose. No white man as far as known had ever visited these falls and even the Indians avoid the neighborhood for superstitious reasons. But even here he could not quite cut himself off from his kind. An operator of moccasin traps, and among the Kuten Indians up the river from here, and not of pure Indianity he went among them and cured them. These Indians were gentle, strange to say, they almost doted the

white men who had appeared so strongly in their country.

Meanwhile the wrong she had done him began to prey on his wife's mind. She could not rest under the thought that she had worked his suffering. Edward Ingles had with the idea of keeping his mind from troubling rest in various hidden certain papers and books sent to him at Fort Enterprise. His wife learned of this address through her medical college and in the spring of the year following her marriage that is to say the spring of the year just past, she set off in search of him without saying anything to anybody of her intention.

She and her father were still at Fort Edward when I said that the girl had no mother" and Nathan Ingles had been there too during the winter not daring to approach the girl's parents but just hanging around the neighborhood. She can't help feeling for the poor wret he had to be why he was hard but her. He Ingles is not so wrong to when he the letter giving his brother a salutation, and when the girl set off, he instantly gathered her strength, and determined to prevent their meeting.

Now it is only a short distance from Fort Edward over the height of land to the mouth of the main northwardly branch of the St. Paul and Nathan was therefore able to proceed direct to Fort Enterprise by water a distance of more than a thousand miles, sending men to go up the Wabash to pick up his mother, who was ripe for work on adventure. At a certain Point where they had almost reached Enterprise, they heard the legend of the White Wolverine Man off in the unknown. They later and then decided to avoid Enterprise and set straight across the prairie.

Meanwhile the girl was obliged to make a long detour south to the Mississippi then across the mountains and north again by all sorts of conveyances, with many delays. So Nathan and his mother arrived a few weeks before her but they at last were delayed at Sioux Lake by the woman's disease.

You have read a transcript of the statements of this

THE A LETTER FROM MAJOR INGEMAN

poor girl at the hunting before me. Read it again, and observe the ingenious web of truth and falsehood. For instance at one time the woman fell sick at Bear Lake and Hauden after waiting awhile for her health to get down the river without her only a few days in advance of Sergeant Bluster and General Ingeman who at that at Hauden visited Bear Lake he began to meet Indians who had seen his brother and therefrom he was certain he had among them the White Medicine Man. The Indians were too much to apprehend the murderer but he had got to Bear Lake because there seemed enough power to keep him there.

What happened between the brothers when they first met is not known for certain. Hauden avers that he did not intend to kill Bluster but that the dead was done in self defense during a quarrel. However that may be Bluster was shot through the heart with a bullet from Hauden's gun, and his body cast in the river.

You have read the rest of the story how Bluster arrived with Elmer's wife and how at the shore of Bear Lake he buried his brother's body the poor girl had been. Then Hauden sought to escape upstream, and Bluster's comrade when he was told by an Indian that the White Medicine Man was still alive. Then Hauden kidnapped the girl from Bluster and tried to get back to the mountains and his own country by way of the unexplored river.

We established the fact that Hauden did not tell his brother what had happened at the Great Falls. He thought that Hauden had found Bluster gone still further north. You can see at the hearing how when Bluster first told of the兄弟 in his letter of the discovery that one brother had killed the other the truth hardly came out. Though she had always taken Hauden's part she could not altogether deny her feeling for the other son.

Well that's about all. I consider that they got off easily. Hauden with twenty years, and the woman with half that sentence. but in the man's case it was impossible to prove that the murderer was a deliberate

me, and though the woman certainly did her best to put them out of the way, as it happened he escaped.

You ask about the English actress Mrs. Moore, who arrived here yesterday and Mrs. Justice in particular. We understand her of Long Lake on the way out. She did not give the depth on the river bed measured from her vessel.

When we got up at 4 o'clock this morning we met Mrs. Justice's chartered boat returning to search of her. The morning had been there was very cold. I am happy to say that the young girls have now recovered her mother's condition and at the last general trip they will.

You are anxious to know what kind of fishes there is. I can only assure you that in the narrow, deep, quiet and protected as a harbor might be. With a moderate strong wind and a good sea, there is no fish in the greatest abundance of any kind we have seen. There are however some difficult to get. I am going to see. I had many fish on my boat and they all got off at 1 have recommended him for a compensation. He is a man of great birth and education. However I am glad of the idea's compensation here we do him here for he wants to get married. As a result of the terrible trials they lived together he and General Justice's widow have recovered a deep affection for each other. General this was not allowed to marry. They make a fine pair however. It makes an old fellow sort of happy and always loves them together.

There is one of the officers friend of General Thompson and of his plan has arrangements will be made accordingly the matter.

With much pleasure about this interesting case when you return bring us together again. In the meantime, my best regards.

Yours faithfully,
Frank Johnson.

EPilogue

In a bare and spartan company room on board-quarters in Illinois eight weary troopers in fatigue uniforms were waiting. Down one side of the room a row of tall windows looked out on the town's parade-ground, and beyond the buildings on the other side there could see a long Trans-Mississippi train slowly gathering way up the westward grade.

"Hey boys," cried one, "How d'you like to be aboard her with your shoulder-straps and spurs?"

They cast admiring glances at the speaker and snorted.

"Don't try to be an ass, Custer," said one. "It don't repeat the effort."

They received their interrogator in characteristic ways. Several were polishing bits of bacon already decided, one sat motionless chewing gum and staring into vacancy, one puffed up and down like a caged animal, another tried to perch a quizzed with his mate, and the eighth, Sergeant Major, the hero of Sioux River they called him when they wished to gather him out in a corner writing a letter.

To the right entered a hardened sergeant major, purpled pointed and suddenly. All eight pairs of eyes sprung to his face in a kind of agony of suspense. He turned his mustache and a wicked, dancing light appeared in his little blue eyes.

"You're a sore set of dullards," he hissed, "Black-heads all right of you. Why they ever sent you down here we. I've seen some raw kids, but never your equal. Plunked, every man of you."

The eight pairs of eyes were cast down. Nobody said anything. Each was thinking "Is that drawn

is over. I didn't let anything on before the others. Those who were polishing brass gave an extra twirl to the chamois.

Stone suddenly suspicious, narrowly searched the sergeant-major's face. "Fellows, he's joshing!" he cried. "It isn't possible that every one of us has flunked?" It wasn't reasonable!"

The sergeant-major roared with laughter. "Wonderful penetration, Birkbeck! When I saw your face I couldn't help it. You were asking for it. All passed! That's straight. Congrats!" He passed on down the corridor.

There was a silence in the company-room. They looked shyly at each other to see how the news was being taken. Each felt a sudden warmth of heart towards all his mates. All of them displayed an elaborate and perfectly transparent assumption of indifference. Stone added a postscript to his letter, and sedately folded it.

Then speech came, at first softly. "Daron old Haggis, anyway. Almost gave me heart-failure! Wot t'hell, Bill! Poor old Haggis, it was his last chance. Sure, we'll have him where we want him now. Think of being able to tell Haggis down . . . Lordy, Lordy, am I awake!"

Suddenly the unnatural tension broke, and a long-limbed trooper jumped to his feet with his arms in the air. "Boys! Are you dumb! We've passed! We've got the straps! All together now. Mumbo-Jumbo!"

They searched around the room with their hands on each other's shoulders, singing:

"For I've got rings on my fingers
And bells on my toes.
Balloons to ride upon——"

In a little house in Vancouver, embarrassed in such gaudiness as only the mild moist air of Puget Sound can produce, a young woman sat in her drawing-room, regarding a letter she had just read with a highly disinterested air. It was a pretty little room, but the

not funny, but expressing the charm of an individual woman no less than the clothes she wore.

To the mistress entered the maid, to wit, a matronly Indian woman with an intelligent face. She looked from her mistress' face to the letter, and back to her mistress again. When the latter made no offer to speak she said, for she was a privileged person.

" You hear from Stonor ? "

Clare nodded.

" He not pass has 'xamination, I guess ? "

" Certainly he has passed ! " said Clare sharply.

" If anybody can pass their examinations he can."

" Why you look so sorry then ? "

" Oh—nothing. I didn't expect him to write it. A five-word postscript at the end of a matter-of-fact letter "

" Maybe he couldn't get leave."

" He said he'd get leave if he passed."

" Maybe he cooman' anyhow "

" He never says a word about coming."

" You ask him come ? "

" Of coarse not ! "

" Don't you want him come ? "

" I don't know whether I do or not."

Mary looked perplexed.

Clare burst out, " I can't ask him. He'd feel obliged to come. A man—man like that anyway, would feel after what we've been through together that I had a claim on him. Well, I don't want him to come out of a sense of duty. Don't you understand ? "

Mary shook her head. " If I want something I ask for it."

" It's not so simple as all that ! "

" Maybe he think he not wanted here."

" A man's supposed to take that chance."

" Awful long way to come on a chance," said Mary.

" Maybe I write to him."

Clare jumped up. " Don't you dare ! " she cried.

" If I thought for a moment—if I thought he had been brought, I should be perfectly hateful to him. I couldn't help myself—Is that a motor at the gate ? "

"Yes, Miss, a taxi-eh?"

"Stopping here?"

"Yes, Miss,"—with absolute calm: "Stonor is gettin' out."

"What—Oh, Mary!—It can't be—it is!"

A bell rang.

"Oh, Mary! What shall I do? Don't go to the door! Let him wait a minute. Let me think what I must do. Let me get upstairs!"

Stonor got up and sat down, and got up again. He walked to the window and back to the door. He listened for sounds in the house, and then went back to his chair again. He heard a sound overhead and sprung to the door once more. He saw her on the stairs, and retreated back into the room. She came down with maddening deliberation, step by step. She did not look through the door, but paused a second to straighten a picture that hung askew on the wall. Stonor's heart was beating like a trip-hammer.

She came into the room smiling in friendly fashion with a little gush of speech—but her eyes did not quite meet his.

"Well, Martin! Congratulations! I just got your letter this morning. I didn't expect you to follow so soon. So it's Inspector Stonor now, eh? Very becoming uniform, sir! Was the examination difficult? You must tell me all about it. I suppose you are just off the train. What kind of a trip did you have? Sit down."

He was a little flabbergasted by her easy flow of speech. "I don't want to sit down," he muttered huskily. He was staring at her from a white face.

She sat; glanced out of the window, glanced here and there about the room, and rattled on: "Haven't we got a jolly little place here? But I expect we'll be ordered on directly. Mary and I were talking about you the moment you rang the bell. Mary is so good to me, but her heart is already turning to Fort Enterprise and her children, I'm afraid."

He found his tongue at last. "Clare, don't!" he

cried brokenly. "I didn't come eight hundred miles to hear you make parlour conversation. What's the matter? What have I done? If you've changed towards me tell me so plainly, and let me get out. I can't stand this!"

Panic seized her. "I must see about lunch. Excuse me just a moment," she said, making for the door.

He caught her as she tried to pass. "Damn lunch! Look me in the eye, woman!"

She relaxed. Her eyes crept imploringly up to his. "Bear!" she whispered. "You might at least have given me a moment's respite!—Oh, I love you! I love you! I love you!"

THE END



